

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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ITS GROWTH, ORIGIN AND OBJECTS—  
BIOGRAPHY OF ITS GRAND OFFICERS,  
ETC.

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America is growing rapidly in influence and numbers. It will be only a matter of a few years until it is one of the most powerful societies on this continent. The large field from which it draws its membership, the character of its members and the care exercised in admitting none but the right type of men, warrant this prophecy. Benevolence is its corner-stone—to relieve the distress of disabled brothers, to care for their widows and orphans, and to see to the decent burial of deceased members—these are the chief objects of the order. The growth of the association is ascribable largely to the spirit of the times, to the more general organization of men of all callings, but no small share of the credit for the wonderful progress being made should be accorded to the able and energetic Grand Officers chosen at the recent convention held in Chicago. When these gentlemen give an account of their stewardship at the next annual gathering the voice of the delegates will surely be, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

James L. Monaghan, the Grand Master, is in many respects an ideal officer. He is a man of keen intelligence, a hard worker and a good speaker. He is gentlemanly in his demeanor and stands well with his asso-



JAMES L. MONAGHAN.

ciates. Mr. Monaghan was born in Philadelphia in April, 1855. He graduated from the public schools of the City of Brotherly Love and read law for a year. Bad health, however, impelled him to abandon an indoor life and he took to railroading. He first

did duty as a clerk, but he found that that was little better for him than the law, and next started as a switchman on the P. W. & B. R. R. He came west in 1879, and after traveling about considerably he settled permanently in Chicago three years ago.

John Drury, the Vice-Grand Master and Instructor, is five years older than his chief. He was born in England in 1850, and when but six years of age came to America with his parents. He entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada as a brakeman, in 1867, and afterward was employed for some time as a conductor. He came to Chicago in 1872, and ever since has been employed as a switchman. Mr. Drury has devoted a great deal of his time and thought to the association. He is pleasing in speech, and displays commendable zeal and activity.

John Downey, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, is looked upon by every member of the order as eminently the right man in the right place. For several years he has worked as a switchman, and has always been a firm believer in the good results of associated efforts. He is of regular habits, upright and conscientious, with his head full of that rare thing called common sense.

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of to-day, strong as it is in numbers, is but the child of yesterday. It is not yet two months of age. It must be borne in mind, however, that it was not born so recent as that—it was evolved, rather—the conditions for its growth and progress having been prepared by time and circumstance. The first switchmen's association was founded in Chicago on August 18, 1877.

That was a local society, and was chartered by the state of Illinois. The charter members were: Edward W. Jennings, Thomas Griffin, James Culberton, William Hopper, Thaddeus Boyd, Thomas Green, Edward Scanlon, John Kenny, William Short, Charles Richardson, William Rosencrance and John Reily. The officers elected were: President, William Hopper; Vice-President, Thaddeus Boyd;



JOHN DRURY.

Trustees, Thomas Griffin, James Culberton and Edward W. Jennings. While for several years the association made little headway it succeeded in maintaining a nucleus for something better. In 1884 new life was instilled into it by the demands and spirit of the times, coupled with the selection of a set of officers with unusual energy, ability and enthusiasm. Rapid growth and the creation and dissemination



of sentiments of organization were the immediate results. Other cities followed Chicago's example, and very soon there were a number of flourishing associations throughout the United States.

Then the necessity of a national organization became manifest. Several associations moved by the same spirit took hold of this matter about the same time. A call for a meeting of delegates of the various local bodies, to meet at 112 East Randolph street, Chicago, on February 22, 1886, was issued, and in response thereto a large assemblage of representative switchmen met at the place and on the day named. The meeting lasted eight days, and was quite harmonious and exceedingly enthusiastic. The convention was called to order by Mr. John Drury, who stated that the object was to amalgamate the different organizations into one grand body whose authority should extend throughout the United States. The convention was duly organized by the election of Mr. John Drury as chairman, Mr. James A. Healey, of Chicago, as Secretary, Mr. Joseph D. Hill, of Kansas City, Reading Clerk, and Mr. M. J. Keegan, Sergeant-at-Arms. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following grand officers elected for the current year: Grand Master, James L. Monaghan; Vice-Grand Master and Instructor, John Drury; Grand Secretary and Treasurer, John Downey; Board of Directors, M. J. Keegan, of Chicago; James A. Kelly, of Chicago; W. A. Simmons, of Chicago; James A. Healey, of Chicago; Joseph D. Hill, of Kansas City; J. L. Hyer, of Rock Island, and W. R. Davison, of Joliet.

A great deal of important business was transacted in secret session pertaining to the order, after which the Grand Lodge resolved to aid Mr. C. R. Woolbridge in the publication of a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the order. A uniform pin was adopted, and an invitation to attend the second annual ball, given by Local Lodge, No. 1, in honor of the Grand Lodge, was accepted with thanks. The convention then adjourned, to meet in Kansas City, Monday, September 20, 1886.

The life of the switchman is a most perilous one. He knows not the hour when some fearful mishap will launch him into eternity, or compel him to live the rest of his days maimed and helpless. In consequence of this was it not necessary that a class of men engaged in such a hazardous employment should band themselves together for the purpose of mutual advancement, mutual protection and mutual good? In doing so they but follow the customs of all thinking men of all the ages that have gone past.

No order that was ever organized was more badly needed than the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association. No order that was ever organized is doing more good. The greatest of all the virtues—charity—is daily practiced by our order. It sees that the maimed brother or his family does not suffer want, and extends to wife and children no empty hand should their breadwinner be cut off by one of the many accidents incident to his dangerous calling. Could there be a more ennobling object?

NEVER reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

## THE TELEGRAPHIC SIGNAL.

CHARLES BARNARD.

John Mills, the hero of this sketch, was a railroad engineer, and had been for a long time in the company's employ. When the new engine "59" was completed and placed on the road John was given charge of it, and he evinced a natural pride in his preferment. At one of the stations there was a young girl, a telegraph operator, between whom and the engineer there had sprang up a mutual attachment, and whenever "59" came along, Kate generally managed to be at the door and exchange signals with her lover. One day the train was detained at the station, and the locomotive detached and sent up the road, to do some additional work, and Kate went along for a ride. As she listened to the sharp, shrill notes of the whistle it occurred to her that she might teach John to sound her name in the Morse telegraphic characters, so that she could distinguish his signal from that of the other engines whenever his train approached. The plan worked to a charm, and far and near the whistle shrieked K-a-t-e, until one day, as the operator stepped upon the platform, she overheard a conversation between two young men, and learned that they understood the signal and were laughingly wondering who *Kate* could be. Their means of communication having been discovered they were obliged to discontinue it. In the meantime Kate had, by means of the telegraph, made the acquaintance of a young lady, an operator in a distant city, but whom she had never seen, and to her she made known the fact that the secret had been discovered. Then her friend suggested a plan as brilliant as it was ingenious. It was simply to arrange a means of telegraphic communication between the approaching train and the station, so as to ring a bell hidden away in the closet in Kate's office, engine "59" being the only one provided with the means of completing the circuit, which was done by laying the poker upon the tender-brake so as to touch the wire in passing. Kate found an opportunity to acquaint John with the proposed plan, and in the meantime had found an abandoned wire which ran for a long distance close by the track, and which she proposed to use for carrying out her purpose. Thanksgiving day came soon after, and John fortunately having a holiday, he and Kate went bravely to work and before the day had ended, the task was completed, and proved a complete success. The dramatic finale of their love episode is told in the following sketch.

It was very singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was on the day that the great scientific enterprise was finished. No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new

line work? Would her little battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival.

Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a cry of delight she put on her dainty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and 59 appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused.

"Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to a charm."

With a spring she reached the cab and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said the fireman. "He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see, he laid the poker on the tender-brake there, and it hit the tree slam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime!"

But the happy moments sped, and 59 groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special with the director's car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the brightly lighted waiting room.

Suddenly, with furious rattle, her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Every spark of color left her face, and

her book fell with a dusty slam to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang it? With affrighted face she burst from her office and brushed through the astonished people and out upon the snow-covered platform. There stood the directors' train upon the track of the on-coming engine.

"The conductor! Where is he? Oh, sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding! The express! The express is coming!"

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pitching and dancing through the darkness, and they were lost in wonder and amazement. The girl is crazy! No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must be ——

Ah! that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on a winter's night! The men sprang to the train, and the women and children fled in frantic terror in every direction.

"Run for your lives," screamed the conductor. "There's a smash-up coming!"

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The headlight gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great 59 slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on into the bright glow of the headlight.

"Kate!"

"Oh! John, I ——"

She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the stationhouse and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gather round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?

"She is my daughter," said the

old station-master. "She tends the telegraph."

The president of the railroad, in his gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?" said the president, taking her hand.

"Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want——"

They handed her some wine in a silver goblet. She sipped a little, and then looked among the strange faces as if in search of some one.

"Are you looking for any one, Miss?"

"Yes—no—it is no matter. Thank you, ma'am, I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleepers when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good heavens! if she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been; it was very careless in the superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"Do you feel better, my dear," said the president.

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I knew John—I mean the engine—was coming."

"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph——"

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you knew the engine was coming?"

"Must you know?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The president and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said that they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all."

John Mills, the engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation she put her hand on John's grimy arm, and said:

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had best tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the president actually kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress and put their arms about her neck and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

Poor child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away her tears and smiled.

The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the president said aloud:

"Gentlemen and directors, you must pardon me, and I trust the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."

There was a sudden hush, and the room, now packed to suffocation, was painfully quiet.

"The secretary will please take minutes of this meeting."

The secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. President!"

Every eye was turned to a corner where a gray-haired gentleman had mounted a chair.

"Mr. President."

"Mr. Graves, director for the state, gentlemen."

"I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolution."

Then he began to read from a slip of paper.

"Whereas, John Mills, engineer of engine Number 59, of this railway line, erected a private telegraph, and whereas he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this company, and for other than railway business:

"It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as engineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign——"

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the president commanded silence, and the state director went on.

"——resign her place."

"It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be and is appointed chief engineer of the new repair shops at Slawson."

A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

How it all ended they never knew. It seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true till they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside that glorious 59. The few cars the engine had brought up had been joined to the train and 59 had been rolled out on the siding. With many hand-shakings for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped

away. The idlers had dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the lovers. 59 would stay that night on the siding, and they had walked up the track to bid it a long farewell.

For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away its fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers, they had no need of its light. The winter's stars shone upon them, and the calm, cold night seemed a paradise below.

### "THE MAN WHO TRAMPS."

"Can you do something for a fellow in a starving condition?"

The speaker had opened my office door so quietly that the first intimation I had of his presence was the plaintive request quoted, softly spoken, as if expecting a refusal.

I looked up. The beggar or tramp appeared to be anything but a starving man. His weight could not have been less than 180, and his big, fat face would have furnished a phrenologist a good picture of alimementiveness, inflated to the point of gluttony. He was heavy set and shabbily dressed.

"You don't tell me you are famishing?" I said, half indignantly.

"Fleshy people get hungry as well as others," he answered, with a sickly grin.

"You seem to have been well kept," I remarked, "and if your rations have been cut off you certainly don't show it yet."

"I have not eaten a bite for thirty-six hours. Can you help me?"

"I might; but I don't feel inclined to under the circumstances—at least not until I know more about you. What brought you to this condition?"

"Want of employment," and as he said this he walked slouchily to a chair and sat down, uninverted.

"Are you tired?"

"Yes—of living. What you take to

be laziness is the languor of despair. If you could this minute suggest some plan by which I might become useful to myself and others I could stand up and talk about it without a thought of resting or reclining."

"What have you done with your pride since you began begging?"

"I never had much to lose, and when necessity drove me to the road I didn't miss it."

"Do you use liquor?"

"Very seldom, and never because I relish it; but it makes me forget my misery. For this reason I sometimes abuse compassion by turning its contributions into the bartender's till."

"Your confession is an honest one, at least."

"Not necessarily. I tell you the truth because I have little hope of assistance from you. Whenever a man begins to catechise me I give up. It requires both skill and energy to deceive an acute questioner, and I have neither."

"I am surprised, then, that you don't move on. You doubtless feel that you are wasting talk on me. You might have raised a quarter by this time."

"Hunger makes me weak, and this is the first time since morning that I have felt warranted in inviting myself to sit down by the warm stove."

"If I give you a dollar what will you do with it?"

"Whatever you make me promise to do."

"Then there it is—on condition that you will not spend it till you get a job, and that you will not taste a drop of liquor till you spend it."

"But I can't promise this. Hunger will make me break my word."

"I observe that you have a conscience. I will see that you get a good breakfast. Will you promise?"

"Yes, I promise. And what's more, I'll stick to it. Friend, there are three things in you that spur me up—your good will, your liberality and your confidence. I feel like I was called out of a deep sleep. Maybe this

kindness will do me good. I wasn't always bad, and never criminal. But I never had the grit to steal. Too much risk in it. I've been tramping about a month. I have no family, and used to job about the shops. I never was 'fired,' but just quit for lack of energy and want of aim. I shan't forget you, though."

While he was talking I had written an order on a restaurant where I was known. He took the money and order and left, thanking me.

As this incident occurred six months ago, I had forgotten it, till reminded of it yesterday, when a well-dressed man stepped into the office, and I recognized him at once.

"Here is your dollar," he said, "and a quarter to pay for that meal. I have a hundred and ten dollars in my pocket, and am a respectable man. I have a good job and the confidence of my employers, and you are the cause of it. You see I kept my promise." And before I could reply or offer him my hand he was gone. Just before he closed the door he thrust his head in and said:

"If you need any help judgment day I'll be there to put in a word." And that was the last I saw of him.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

## LABOR LOST.

The following incident is authoritatively told of a New York merchant residing on Hancock street, in Brooklyn. Although a gentleman of comfortable means, the merchant has frequently economical fits. Desiring to surprise his wife upon her return from the country, Mr. ——— concluded to undertake the task of varnishing his dining-room, which had lost some of its luster. After devoting some little time to searching for a pot of varnish which had been used on previous occasions, the merchant, coatless and with rolled-up sleeves, began the job, which, after a labor of over eight hours, he finished to his entire satisfaction.

The following morning he rose early and his first mission was to examine his work. Greatly to his surprise he found that upon entering the room that the "varnish" had not dried a particle, although both doors and windows had been left open. A closer examination disclosed the fact that unfortunately he had not found the pot of varnish, but had actually varnished his entire dining-room with maple syrup! This is a true incident in which the facts are exactly as here related.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

## A DRAPED ENGINE.

The somber streamers floating from the engine as she passes;  
Festoon and fold that drape and swathe her brightly polished brasses,  
Rosette and band of black and white, concealing gold and red,  
Convey along the line the news: "An engineer is dead!"  
Perchance some woman, overworn with grief and weak with weeping,  
Has left her heart within the grave where he, for ay, is sleeping;  
Perhaps some little orphaned child is sadly wondering why  
The "dear papa" so long is gone—and why mamma should cry.  
What matter though I knew him not? Is he the less my brother?  
Or, can a heart that bleeds for one be hardened toward another?  
Or, may not we, in verity, the old commandment keep:  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep?"  
Whether within a peaceful home, or at his post of danger  
This engineer saluted Death—I do not know; a stranger  
He was to me; yet tears will spring—I cannot keep them back;  
I am conquered by the pathos of the engine draped in black!"

—J. C. Davis, in *Railway Age.*

## MEN OF THE FOOTBOARD.

CHICAGO THE HOME OF 3,000 OUT OF THE 20,000 IN THE COUNTRY—JOHN BARTHOLOMEW'S DARING RUN—SOME OLD TIMERS ON THE CHICAGO LINES.

Comparatively few people who ride in the passenger trains over our great railroads ever give a thought to the engineer, who, for the time, carries their very lives in his hands—the one man who has the power at times to save or destroy thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property, whose quick thought and prompt action has in innumerable instances saved hundreds of lives, and who, even in the face of the deadliest danger, stands at his post and often gives his own life a willing sacrifice to save those intrusted to his care. Of the 20,000 engineers employed by the railroads of this country, over 3,000 are in the service of the companies whose lines reach Chicago, and at least two-thirds of this number are on freight engines. Of these hardy, intrepid men the general public know but little. Their hours of work are long, and the time they have away from their engines is generally spent with their families, or in getting rest and sleep. The master mechanic of one of the largest roads says: "My men are as fine a lot as ever stepped on a 'footboard.' They are sober, reliable and intelligent, and we never have to watch them, either on the road or away from it. Most of them either have homes of their own, or are making preparations to get homes, and when we want one of them for extra service we know that we can always find him." This is the way the officials of all the roads speak of their employees.

Their business is of necessity an extremely dangerous one, and narrow escapes they often have from death or mutilation. From the time the heavy freight train is started until it arrives at the end of the run dangers are thick around them, and constant

watchfulness is the only price of safety, and in many cases they only escape death by accident to succumb to disease brought on by exposure. After years of hard work in the freight service, they are, if they have the necessary qualifications, promoted to passenger engines, and here the advancement stops, generally. In the passenger service the work is easier, the hours of labor much shorter, and the danger is somewhat lessened. Here the engineer has entire control of his train, and can, if need be, stop it in a very short distance. Among the passenger engineers are to be found the "old timers" of the service, men who have grown gray at their work and will only leave the footboard for the grave.

Instances of their daring and bravery are of every-day occurrence, and although they often see danger in time to escape themselves, they seldom leave their post while there is still a chance to save either lives or property.

Probably no railroad man is better known on the Pacific coast than John Bartholomew. A few years ago he was the engineer of a passenger train on one of the divisions of the Central Pacific Railroad. One day on his run he passed a heavy freight train at the summit of a steep grade, and only about a mile from the entrance to a tunnel. The track was very crooked approaching the tunnel, and the entrance could only be seen a short distance. When Bartholomew came in sight of the tunnel he saw that the timbers with which it was braced were on fire. Looking back, he could see the smoke of the freight train following him down the hill. He could have stopped his train, but it would have been impossible to signal the freight train or to get all the passengers out of the coaches. His resolution was taken instantly. He would save all or perish with them. Increasing the speed of the train he made a bold dash for life. The awful heat burned the paint from the coaches and broke the glass from the windows. The jar of the swiftly

moving train caused some of the timbers of the tunnel to fall, but Bartholomew brought his train through without serious injury to any one but himself. In the most exposed place on the train, with the glass gone from the windows of his cab, he was badly burned about the face and one hand was crippled. The result justified his daring act, for the engineer of the freight could not stop his train, as it was wrecked by the falling timbers, the men saving themselves by jumping.

Another instance of gallant self-sacrifice comes from our own state. Henry Morris, an engineer on the Wisconsin division of the Chicago & Northwestern, went bravely to his death trying to stop his train before it reached a wash-out. He was taken from the ruins dead, and his was the only death that resulted from the accident. His engine was found reversed and the air-brake was set. If he had had time to do this he would have had time to save his own life, but without his effort the train would have gone to certain destruction and many lives have been lost. His opportunity was here, and he met it like a man. It cost him his life, but his memory to-day is blessed in many homes that but for his sacrifice would have been homes of mourning.

These are only examples of the dangers that the men who work on the engines meet every day. Many more could be cited, for every railroad has its hero, but these are enough, and the ranks of the engineers of America to-day hold many hundred men who only need the opportunity to write their names as these have done, where it will never fade.

In a walk through a few of the round-houses near the city the *Herald's* man met with many men whose records for long and faithful service are worthy of special mention. On a bench near his engine, eating his lunch, the writer found H. G. Stone, who has probably seen the longest continuous service of any engineer running into Chicago at

present. Mr. Stone was employed by what is now known as the Cleveland, Sandusky & Cincinnati Railroad on the 7th of May, 1847, as a fireman. He worked for this company until August 7, 1851, when he entered the service of the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana, now the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road, as an engineer. The passenger trains at that time were only running to Burr Oak. Mr. Stone is now running a passenger engine between this city and Elkhart, Ind. In his thirty-nine years of service on an engine Mr. Stone has never been responsible for the loss of a single life, and has never had an accident the cause of which could be in any way attributed to him.

John Dillon has been with the same company for twenty-one years, and has been on the dummy train between the Stock Yards and the Van Buren street depot for ten years. To use his own words: "I've never broken a slat in my pilot or cost the company a dollar for repairs." Mr. Dillon goes to his work at 4.30 a. m., and is through at 7 p. m., and in ten years' service on this one run has only been ordered out three times when he has failed to go. Charles Mee has been with the Lake Shore road for twenty-eight years, and has been on passenger engines twenty years. He has never had an accident that resulted in loss of life. The Rock Island has a number of old engineers in its employ. Among them are J. R. Tucker, who has been with the company since 1853, and is still sitting on the right hand side of one of their passenger engines. John Hill has one of the soft jobs. He is running the pay car engine, and has to work only about twelve days out of a month, for which he draws a full month's pay. Mr. Hill has been an engineer since 1855, and is "one of the finest." He is now nearly sixty years of age, but says he is good for many a year yet.

Looking over a bulletin board in the engine house of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at Western



avenue one finds the name of Charles Marsh, the engineer who brought the first regular passenger train on that road into Chicago in 1871. Mr. Marsh ran one of the engines engaged in the construction of the road between this place and Milwaukee, and has been identified with the company since 1860. George Huntingdon is probably the oldest engineer in the employ of this company at this place, he having commenced his work as an engineer in 1858. C. C. McCullom has run an engine for the same road twenty-two years, and enjoys the distinction of having made the fastest run on record over this division. Mr. McCullom brought General Grant from Milwaukee to Chicago, eighty-six miles, in ninety minutes.

The Illinois Central has quite a number of engineers in its service who were on the company's pay rolls "before the war." Among them are Ed Dana, Peter Coyle, Charles Draper, Henry Smith and W. T. Perry. Mr. Dana was promoted a few years ago to the position of roundhouse foreman, but did not like it, and asked to go back on his engine. He has never had an accident and has never been called "to the office" since he has had charge of a locomotive. This is enough to show the character of this class of men for careful and reliable work, and the men mentioned are only fair examples of the engineers as a body, and to meet one who is not a gentleman under any and all circumstances is a rare exception.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has 310 divisions in the United States and Canada, and a membership of about twenty thousand. The order is growing very rapidly, and already over 90 per cent of all the engineers of America are members. Only men of good moral character, who have been running an engine for one year or more, are eligible to membership. It was founded early in 1863 at Detroit, Mich., and until 1874 was known as the Brotherhood of the Footboard. In

that year its name was changed to its present one, and to-day it is known as one of the most powerful organizations of laboring men in the world. In its early years it was the subject of much distrust on the part of the officials of the railroads, and some of the roads refused to employ men who were members. This feeling has now entirely disappeared, and the relations between the Brotherhood and the companies are now very friendly. Its principles are pure, and its teachings all on the side of charity and right. It is, of course, largely a protective alliance, but it is not, as some suppose, an organization for the propagation of strikes and labor troubles. Their dealings with the officials of the roads have invariably been fair, and disputes are settled by arbitration, if possible. They have a large insurance and benefit fund, and if one of their members becomes disabled he is taken care of until he is in a condition to resume his work. There are five divisions of this order in Chicago with a membership of about six hundred, the majority of the men running into this city being members of divisions at the other end of their route.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE railroads south of the Ohio river have designated May 31 and June 1 as the time for a general change of gauge from 5 feet to 4 feet 9 inches, to correspond with the railroad gauge in the northern and western states. This is the most stupendous undertaking of the kind ever attempted, the change including over 13,000 miles of road, located in ten states, as follows: South Carolina, 1,320 miles; North Carolina, 960; Georgia, 2,413; Florida, 1,250; Alabama, 1,803; Mississippi, 776; Louisiana, 313; Kentucky, 1,118; Tennessee, 1,886; Virginia, 981. This change will make the various railroad systems of the country uniform, from Maine to California and from Manitoba to Mexico. It will save the immense expense and inconvenience caused by the transfer of freight from car to car.

## THE FIRST CIRCUS.

"I remember, Bill" (thus ran a conversation which *Peck's Sun* overheard), "when you and I used to set up all night, the night before a circus came, and watch for a few wagons that came on ahead, and we were as interested seeing the team driven by the agent who bought hay for the horses, and who came on ahead, as though we never saw a bay horse before with a white spot on the side. We felt as proud as kings to be allowed to hold the tired team while the circus man went around behind the buggy to take out the valise, in front of the country tavern, and to be allowed to drive the team to the barn at midnight and help unharness the horses by the light of the hostler's tin lantern was more bliss than we get now days, though we are worth fortunes. Egad, I would give more for the feeling of happiness I have had in driving a circus horse, with the landlord's daughter looking out of her window to see me, than I would give now for a pointer on wheat. And then, Bill, to get out two hours before daylight in the morning, and walk out five miles on the road the circus was coming in on, to meet it, was better than a trip to Europe would be now. Barefooted, trudging along in the dewy grass, with eyes strained for the first sight of the elephant! Trousers rolled up to the knees, so they would be clean when we rolled them down when we got back to town. O, Bill, those were days that will never come back. Bill, didn't an elephant loom up of a foggy morning when we met the circus out on the road? We could smell the circus half a mile before we got to where it was resting on the road, and then we could hear the circus men swear, and pretty soon we would be within thirty feet of the elephant, and how surprised he looked, and how still we would keep for fear of waking up the performers who were asleep in the wagons, and with what awe we would look into a

carriage and see the sleepy face and frowzy head of one of the female performers, who looked so mad in the carriage, and so smiling when she got on a horse in the ring. And when daylight came and the procession started for town, how proud we marched along in front of the elephant, and how we admired the bravery of the man who punched the elephant with a sharp stick. And how we prayed to grow up to be a driver of a cage, and hold the ribbons over four horses. Somehow, Bill, when we escorted a circus into town, we always felt that a great responsibility rested on us, didn't we? By gracious, a circus traveling with wagons is the only way to inspire the people. This going around on the cars takes all the romance out of it. Bill, how many circus horses do you suppose we have rode to water, when we were boys, after the circus had got to the ground where it was to show? How we would look now, wouldn't we, church members that we are, to go barefooted and straddle a sweaty roan circus horse, and ride him down to the creek to water and lead three more. I 'spose we would be 'churched' if we did it now. But wasn't it happiness? And then the putting up of the canvas had to be superintended by us boys, and how many pails of water we have carried to make lemonade, of which we didn't get a taste? Those fakirs who concocted lemonade along in '50 wouldn't know us now if we should happen to visit the states prison where they are, would they? If there was happiness in those of other experiences, Bill, how shall we describe our feelings if we would embezzle ourselves into the dressing-room, where the performers were getting ready for the grand entree. If we should try as hard to get to heaven, Bill, as we have tried to get into the dressing-rooms of circuses or to crawl under the canvas of the show, there would be joy in heaven, Bill, and don't you forget it. The old-fashioned circus took the cake for making boys happy, and I don't suppose we could

spend \$10,000 and have as much pleasure as we have had for two shillings on circus days long ago. Why, we have been so excited we would forget to go home to meals, and our mothers would think we were lost. We have gone for twenty-four hours without eating a meal, except a yard of gingerbread. Bill, did you ever have any spring chicken, or anything lately, taste as good as a hunk of gingerbread and a dipper of that red lemonade? Well, if I could be set back thirty years, barefooted, on the road out of town to meet a circus, before daylight, with two shillings in my pocket, and feel as I used to feel, you could take all my money and do what you darned pleased with it, Bill."

### SUNRISE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than a summer sunrise in those regions. There is a curious effect in nature just before the break of day that is impossible to describe, but that I think all who have passed many nights under the stars will recognize. There comes a sort of strange, uneasy feeling through the atmosphere, a faint tremor as of cold air moves over the earth, as if nature shivered in her sleep, grew restless, and half awoke.

That sensation will be the first token of the great change at hand. Then the morning star shines out bright and strong, and the other constellations begin to fade. The highest peaks seem to approach one quickly, commence to look nearer, to stand out clearer and whiter than before. A faint, a very faint light, steals over them, a radiance deepening quickly into the beautiful color of a fresh rose, deepening still, flushing, glowing, and spreading downward, coloring the snow a most delicate pink, gilding with bright gold the yellow grass, burnishing and shining like silver on ice and rock. Mists creep up the hill-

sides, gray in the valleys, pink on the tops, brooding sluggishly in heavy clouds among the lower masses of timber, gauzy, thin, transparent, and hanging in long wisps and shreds from the higher summits of the range. Of a sudden a bare, naked crag, piercing the heavens, blazes into dazzling light, like a fiery beacon. Peak after peak answers the signal. The light flows down. The mists float up. Black darkness still reigns in the valleys, the eastern slopes are still wrapped in sleep, but the western hillsides are sparkling with the brightness of a white frost or dew-drops under a dazzling sun, and all the fells and peaks above them are bathed in light. There is nothing so beautiful as beautiful scenery, and it is never seen to better advantage than in the first hour of the dawn.—*Nineteenth Century*.

### HOW TO TAKE LEAVE.

Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, with no dallying. Don't say, "It is about time I was going," and then begin again and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand around the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless state. After the door is opened, the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, and his friend must risk a cold in order to hear it to the end. There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go, go, and have done with it.—*Home Companion*.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

It is said that a witness who was being examined in a divorce case at Laurens, Ga., was recently asked the maiden name of his wife, and was unable to give it. Cases of this kind are a great deal more frequent than one would be led to suppose, especially where a man marries an old maid for her money. He does not love the woman, and therefore does not stay in the house long enough to learn her name. Down town he speaks of her as the old woman, and at home he addresses her as Mrs. Jones, White, or whatever her name may chance to be. As long as there is plenty of money in the till, and he does not have to work for her support, he is happy, and don't care whether she is or not. Of course this kind of a fellow sometimes catches a Tartar in the shape of a woman a little larger and huskier than he is; a woman who, until married, has been obliged to fight her own battles, and when her husband tries to impose on her, there is a low, muffled noise that sounds something like "biff-biff"—and the neighbors are obliged to interfere to save his worthless life. It would be a blessing to humanity if every man who marries for money and takes pleasure in making his wife unhappy could be knocked end over appetite every time he causes the tears to come to her poor eyes. If this could be done there would be less suffering in this world, and fewer divorce cases on record. It would not be a bad scheme for rich old maids about to marry, who know that they are to be married simply for their money, to get a pair of Indian clubs and practice every day, and thus be able to meet the old boy on his own ground. It might be a good plan to go into cahoots with some old maid friend, purchase a set of boxing gloves, and learn the manly art of self-defense. Then, after the wedding, if the young husband turns out to be an old "rounder," and insists upon spending all of the money

among the boys and loafing around billiard-halls and barrooms, suffer him to go forth into the stillly night no more. It would be well, as a starter, to call him one side and reason with him gently, but firmly. If he is penitent, and weeps, it will show that he at least has a heart, and to encourage him to do better it would be well to increase his allowance. If he still has a tendency to tear the town to pieces, and color it a roseate hue, be at the door some night and give him a warm, motherly welcome. If he has whiskers long enough for the wind to circulate freely through, take hold of those whiskers as if they were the forelock of a balky horse. After toying with them for a few moments, and getting the hair and fingers snugly interlaced, jerk his head suddenly to one side and give it to him with the other hand until he shows signs of being tired of life. In nine cases out of ten this kind of treatment will have the desired effect, and papa will stay at home as meek and quiet as a little lamb. There are exceptions to all cases, however, and even a broken jaw will not make some of them mend their ways. If after all this he still craves excitement, make a sure thing of it next time by breaking his back with one of the Indian clubs. A shot-gun may have to be used as a last resort, but an Indian club will generally do the work all right.—*Peck's Sun*.

## CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

The Connecticut editor who wrote the following evidently knew what he was talking about:

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy.

All mothers know this, so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

### THE CURLIN AUTOMATIC FROGLESS SWITCH.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* of March 26 says: "Yesterday a number of railroad officials assembled at Ludlow to witness a test on the Southern road of the Curlin automatic frogless switch. The Southern people had a train made up of an engine, baggage car and two passenger coaches. The switch was first set for the side track, the train run up the main track and the wheels set the switch and crossing for the main track without damage to the train or track. The switch was again set for

the siding and the train run in on the side track. At that moment a long freight train came up the main track. The switch was thrown for the siding. The front wheels of the engine on the freight set the switch for the main track, and the entire train passed along the main track as smoothly as if it had never struck a misplaced switch. The engine and cars were run through the switch several times, it being set wrong, and it always performed its work. The device differs in almost every particular from the frogs and switches now in use, and is absolutely auxiliary to the main track, but does not change the construction, strength or form of the main track. All the parts of the switch and crossing that are movable are so arranged as to form a continuous rail for the siding, and the wheels of a passing train can pass from the main to the side track without jolting. When the switch is set for the main track all the parts of the switch and crossing are thrown entirely away from the main rails and leave the main track clear and unbroken. In case the switch is left thrown for the siding through carelessness, a device is provided for the automatic opening of the switch by the contact of a passing train, which sets it entirely clear of the main track."

### HUSBANDS ARE DELICIOUS WHEN PROPERLY DONE.

Mrs. Corson said at the Baltimore cooking-school that a Baltimore lady had written a recipe for "cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good." It is as follows: "A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed

that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silken cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious, some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently. Watch the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want unless you become careless and put him in too cold a place."—*Baltimore American*.

RECENTLY, at Crozet Station, on the Chesapeake & Ohio road, C. T. Morton, general agent of the Staunton Life, was invited by the engineer of the fast express to ride on

the engine thirteen miles to Charlottesville and see how a fast train went over a smooth track. Before the train had gone a mile, however, the blast of the engine got out of fix and a great volume of flame and smoke burst out of the fire-box, enveloping everything. The clothing of the engineer and fireman took fire, and they were driven out of the cab back onto the tender. The engineer's clothing being oily, was burning fiercely, and he snatched off the top of the manhole of the tank and jumped down into the water. Capt. Morton climbed out of the cab window and clung on to the outside of the engine, which was flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour. The situation all around was most perilous, but the engineer, after quenching his burning clothing, scrambled out of the water, rushed into the flame and held there until he could get hold of the lever and reverse his engine. This soon slackened the speed, the train was stopped and the fire extinguished with water from the tank. The interior of the cab was badly burned, and the cushion on which Capt. Morton had been sitting was burned up. The face and hands of the engineer and fireman were badly scorched, as were Capt. Morton's.

### THE SON-IN-LAW.

The typical American mother-in-law is the ideal mother-in-law. She is affectionate, kind, and reasonably indulgent to her son-in-law, and she is devoted to his children, helping to rear and train them in the way they should go, and in sickness being at once, very often, physician, nurse and ministering angel. There are few deserving sons-in-law in this country who have not an angelic mother-in-law, and to the credit of most Americans be it said, that the mother-in-law is generally the recipient of a filial affection only second to that rendered to one's own mother. Every man almost looks upon his mother as being worthy of the highest seat in

heaven, and blessed indeed is he (and there are many such men) who can in his heart feel that his mother-in-law is entitled to a seat by her side.

"Worthy and dutiful sons-in-law make loving and sweet-tempered mothers-in-law." This rule holds good in nine cases out of ten, and certainly that case makes it a pretty good one. It would be well for every young man who is about to take upon himself the important and happy relation of son-in-law to write the above rule on the tablet of his memory, and redouble the joys and lighten the sorrows of life by so conducting himself as to be, at once and for all time, deserving of the love and confidence of the mother of the wife of his bosom.—*Savannah News*.

#### BIGGER THAN ANY LAID ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Museum of Natural History, Central Park, has been offered an egg that, if sold by the dozen, would bring \$3,600, the individual one being valued at \$300. Its size is a little over a foot in length, its holding capacity two gallons, and in round numbers it equals 150 hens' eggs; its lineal measurement is double that of the ostrich's egg, and its cubic bulk eight times greater. The monster egg comes from Madagascar, and the museum now possesses an admirable cast showing its dimensions. The first discovery of these interesting relics of a past time was made by the captain of a merchant vessel who stopped at a port on the southern part of the island to trade with the natives. During his stay there the curious vases that the natives used to carry water and food in attracted his attention, and upon investigation he found that they were eggs cut in halves, and upon being questioned the natives informed him that they obtained them from the great sandbanks some distance away in the up-country. An offer to purchase some soon resulted in the discovery of others, that fell into the hands of the

naturalist, Isidore G. St. Hilaire, who succeeded, also, in finding the bones of the bird, which he named *epinornis*, or tall bird. Since then (1850) the remains of three or four distinct species of these monsters have been unearthed in the sandbanks of the southern portion of the island, a skull, part of vertebrae, a tibia sixty-four centimetres long, being the principal find—quite enough to establish its colossal stature.—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### CAR DRIVER'S DAUGHTER.

"I have a little girl," said the street car driver, "and it makes me sick when, every once in a while, I notice that she is growing big. It will be a sorry day for me when she gets so big that she has to be dignified. Why? you ask. Well, it's a plain enough case to me, though I don't wonder at your failing to understand it. You see, I live about half a mile from the car track, and my little girl brings me my lunches twice a day, and as the lunches are fresh, and the coffee hot, of course, that is a comfort. But that isn't anything compared to the pleasure I get out of having her ride a ways with me on the platform. It's against the rules of the company for a driver to carry on conversation while on his car, but I don't do it, bless you. She carries on the conversation all by herself. She stands close behind me and talks faster than the horses trot, and never stops for streets, either. She tells me all about her mamma, and home, and the neighbors, and herself, and the dog, and I stand there and hold my lines and twist the brake and take it all in with delight. If it weren't for that girl I believe I should lose all recollection of the appearance of my own home and its surroundings, as, in this business, we have to get up so early and stay up so late. When that girl gets so big and dignified that she can't make a run with me every day I'll quit driving."—*Chicago Herald*.

## UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

There is just about humility enough in the whole world to supply one man with what he needs; and pray, what are the rest of us going to do?

I can find plenty of people who can improve every line I have ever written who can't write one good one of their own.

The world don't ask to be instructed; they simply ask to be amused and cheated.

Gratitude pays all our debts.

Pride is located half way between vice and virtue, and a little of it won't hurt a saint, and a good deal of it often helps a sinner.

Don't forget this, my boy: There are ten thousand ways to miss the bull's eye, and only one way to hit it.

What a man can't prove never ruined any one yet; it is what he can prove that makes it hot for him.

There are lots of things in this world we can't explain, and that is just what makes the things we can explain the more certain.

Repentance is a commodity always in market. The purchaser names the price for it; lucky for him if he doesn't name the price too high.

I discover this difference between indolence and laziness: Indolence is a disease of the soul, laziness of the body.

If we knew the exact value of things we should be comparatively free from envy.

The great struggle of life is first for bread, then butter on the bread, and at last sugar on the butter. This is the best any of us can do.

All cunning men are dishonest, or will be the first good chance they get.

There are two things that everybody thinks they can do better than any one else—punch the fire and edit a paper.

We make our own destinies. Providence furnishes the raw material only.

Revenge is a barren victory at best; its spoils are remorse.

I don't believe in special providences. When a mule kicks a man and knocks him anywhere from eight to twenty feet off, I don't lay it to the Lord; I say to myself, That man got a little too near the mule.

There is pedantry in all things. Any man who loads up a double-barrel gun to kill a cockroach with is a cockroach pedant.

When a man begins to travel around the world on his religion I am as afraid of him as of a three-card-monte sharp.

My dear boy, don't begin a fight, but once begun stay to the finish and pick up the fragments.—*Century*.

## HOME-MAKING.

The woman who is to be happy and useful as the maker and mistress of a home must know the art of home-making and home-ruling. Yet how very small a place is given to the teaching of these arts in our schemes of education for girls! We should call that man a fool who hoped to see his son successful as a merchant or a banker, but neglected to have him instructed in the principles of arithmetic and bookkeeping. But thousands of girls are married every year who do not know how to make a loaf of bread, or to set a table, or to iron a napkin, or to make a bed becomingly. Is it expected that servants shall do these things? So the young man, who is to be made into a merchant or banker, will have his bookkeepers to write out his accounts and make his arithmetical calculations for him, but he must understand these processes for himself or he will be at the mercy of his servants. Moreover, in the woman's case, there may not always be servants or the means with which to command their services, and their incompetence, at best, needs the supervision of a mistress skilled in all their arts.

This seems a homely matter, doubtless, to those persons who see the complete salvation of women in university education; but it is a matter which



touches the happiness of women themselves, and closely concerns the well-being of a world whose whole life centers and is founded on the home. It is not too much to say that no girl ought ever to come to maturity without having acquired both skill and taste in every art of the household, or that no woman deficient in this particular can marry without serious risk to her own happiness and to that of the persons about her. It does nobody any harm for the mistress of a household to know how to calculate an eclipse, but it is disastrous for her to be herself eclipsed by her Bridget.—*Harper's Magazine.*

#### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* celebrates its semi-centennial by issuing a facsimile of No. 1, Vol. I, of the *Public Ledger*, dated March 25, 1836. It is a four-page paper, 14½ by 11 in. in size, and of very respectable appearance, although a dwarf compared with the *Ledger* of 1886. The transportation advertisements present a striking contrast to those of to-day; they are four in all. The "People's Line of cars and stages" starts every morning from Philadelphia for Downingtown, Lancaster, Columbia and Pittsburgh; "through in 2½ days."

Leech & Co's line for Pittsburgh "via railroad and canal packets," will go into operation as soon as navigation on the canal opens. "The cars on the railroad are all new and in good order. The packet boats have had their cabins lengthened and fitted up with every convenience."

The proprietors of the Pennsylvania & Ohio Transportation Co. announce that a daily line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, "via the Union and Pennsylvania Canals and Portage Railroad," will begin running "as soon as the navigation will permit."

The Good Intent State Co. "respectfully informs the traveling public that they have established a line of

first-rate post coaches direct for Wheeling, leaving Philadelphia at 8 a. m. daily (through in 50 hours), via Columbia Railroad, through York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford and Washington."

The stockholders of the West Philadelphia Railroad Co. are notified that an installment of \$5 per share will be due on April 23, and another on May 23.

It is stated that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was organized twelve years ago and now has a membership of 15,000, has distributed among the needy, the sick and the injured of its flock the magnificent sum of \$447,000. This is indeed a most creditable showing. The men who have done this are the present and coming locomotive engineers of this country. They are illustrations of the truth that the two qualities—bravery and benevolence—go hand in hand. No man who is a coward ever gets to be a locomotive engineer, and hence engineers and their firemen are always benevolent and brave. To such men can those who travel intrust their lives, feeling certain that no accident will happen as the result of their neglect of duty. No class of men in the world realize more thoroughly the responsibilities of their employment than do the locomotive engineers and firemen.

BE prompt. No man can expect to succeed who is not prompt in meeting every emergency. If you make a promise be prompt to fulfill it. Don't make a promise unless you can be prompt. If you agree to meet a person at a certain time, be promptly on hand. Don't run away from a debt. Be prompt to meet your creditor if but to explain the cause of your being unable to meet the obligation. Promptness is the keynote to establishing confidence. Be prompt in all things. That established, a man has a fair start toward final success.

## GREAT SALT LAKE.

This body of water covers an area of 2,500 square miles, and its surface is higher than the average Allegheny mountains. Its mean depth, probably, does not exceed twenty feet, the deepest place, between Antelope and Stansbury, being sixty feet. The two principal islands used to be accessible from the shore by wagon, but the lake gradually filled five or six feet, from 1847 to 1856, and then slowly receded to its old level. In 1863 it began to fill again, and in four or five years had attained a stage considerably higher than its present level, perhaps four or five feet. In 1875 a pillar was set up at Black Rock, by which to measure this rise and fall, resembling a tide, but having no ascertained time. It is very slight compared with what it formerly was. Professor Gilbert, of the geological survey, says that twice within recent geological time it has risen nearly 1,000 feet higher than its present stage, and, of course, covered vastly more ground.

Within the last few years the lake has become of great interest as a watering place. In the long, sunny days of July and August the water becomes deliciously warm, and it is much warmer than the ocean water a month earlier and later. It is so dense that one sustains himself indefinitely without effort, and vigorous constitutions experience no inconvenience from remaining in it a long time. A more delightful and healthful exercise than buffeting its waves when a little rough can hardly be imagined. But for its tendency to float the limbs to the surface and the necessity of keeping it out of the nostrils, it would afford the best swimming-school in the world. As it is, all ages and sexes in Salt Lake are fast mastering the art. Experience has proved its hygienic benefits. Whether it be the stimulating effect of the brine on the skin, of the saline air on the lungs, or the exercise of the muscles involved in swim-

ming, or all of them together, many have come to the conclusion that a few weeks' sojourn on the lake shore in the hot season is absolutely essential to their weathering the year. The lake coast at the north end of the Oquirrh for two or three miles is sand, soft to the feet, clean and shelving. During the hot months cheap trains leave for the bathing-ground daily at the close of business. The run is made in forty minutes, and the excursion, aside from the bathing, is not unpleasant.

The waters of the lake carry 22 per cent of salt, and with competing railroad lines this industry will assume immense proportions.

## COFFINS OF GLASS.

"It's worth while dying to be buried in one of them," said the inventor of a glass coffin to a *Times* reporter.

"In the first place one has perfect preservation. Before being placed in the vial the patient is embalmed. I may say that the coffin is devised on the walnut-shell principle, in two halves. After my customers are once securely packed in coffins I apply an exhaust pump, take out all the air and hermetically seal up the aperture. Then the thing is accomplished. I believe, sincerely, that the whole business will last through several generations.

"There is the advantage that no infectious disease can come through the glass. The flesh of the subject will preserve its tints, and relatives and friends will be able to view the deceased for years to come.

"As a sanitary reform it is unparalleled," he went on; "tenanted coffins can be piled up like any other merchandise anywhere, and stay there for years. Some people might prefer to keep relatives in their own houses, nicely put away in the coffins. There is nothing objectionable in the idea. When buried in cemeteries there will be no exhalations whatever, and in case of the removal of graveyards the coffins can be taken up and carted

away with no more offense than would be given by so many kegs of nails."

"What are the dimensions and shape of the coffins?" asked the reporter.

"They can be made of all sizes. The glass is three-eighths of an inch thick and the coffin is oval with a concave top. It would not do to have it flat, as with a vacuum inside it the glass would collapse."

"Wouldn't they get smashed in cemeteries?" queried the incipient investor.

"On the contrary. We have a system of toughening the glass that makes it like iron. A spade struck against it with a great deal of force will not break it.

"Body snatchers would get their fingers cut, but that's all right. I don't legislate for ghouls. There is no end to the variation which can be made of these coffins. The glass can be clouded so that only the face is visible. It can be colored, or butterflies and weeping willows can be placed at intervals all over the surface. There are a thousand ways of ornamenting the exterior."—*Philadelphia Times*.

### MISSSED IT.

A young man dying in New York city a few years ago was visited by the doctor, who found him in his lodgings alone. He told him he could not live. He said: "Is it possible I have to die so young?" "Yes," he said, "you have to die." And the young man exclaimed with a good deal of sadness, "Well, I have missed it at last!" And the doctor said: "Missed what?" "Oh sir, I have missed heaven!" And then he went on to tell how his friends pleaded with him, and how he said there is time enough. And the last words heard to fall from him were just in a faint whisper: "I have missed it," and he was gone. Whatever you do, don't miss heaven. It would have been a thousand times better never to have been born than die in sin and miss heaven.—*English Paper*.

### HUMOROUS.

IS IT a dude? Yes it is a dude. Was it always that way? Yes, natural born. What does it do for a living? It breathes, dear; don't disturb it.

THE startling query greets the eye from the window of a candy shop on Washington street: "Have you tried Miss Jones' kisses?"—*Boston Transcript*.

FATHER—"What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling?" Clara—"The one you chased away over the fence last night, dear pa."—*Lowell Citizen*.

JONES (to the restaurant waiter)—"You may bring me a couple of songes of ye olden tyme. Don't know what I mean? Why, eggs, of course—ancient lays, you know."

WOMEN are liable to make mistakes, but the one hasn't been born yet who would mistake a plush sacque for a sealskin if another woman had it on. —*New Haven News*.

PROFESSOR—"Name an oxide." Student—"Leather." Professor—"Oxide of what?" Student—"Oxide of beef." The professor came very near fainting.—*Boston Beacon*.

SAYS an exchange: "With money come poor relations." But poor relations never come with money. This is one of the rules that won't work both ways.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE custom of kissing babies is being justly censured these days. It is cowardly to kiss the poor little helpless things. We'd rather take somebody of our size.—*Dansville Breeze*.

"WHAT branches do you find most useful to your pupils?" asked a visitor of a professor at the University of Texas.

"Any branch is good, but I find that the branches from a peach tree are the most useful of all."

## TRAIN DISPATCHING.

"People who climb on a passenger train when she is two or three hours late little imagine what endless planning and management it takes to get her through safely. Let a freight get behind time and we can handle her by running her on another train's time, but a passenger breaks up everything on the road. A train dispatcher must be familiar with every circumstance and every combination of circumstances. He must know on just what portions of the road fast time can be made and give orders accordingly. He must never give an order for a certain time to be made unless he is positively certain that the grade and condition of the weather will permit of such time being made. To-day I may order a train to run from station A to station B, and another for a train to run from B to A, when the same order to-morrow would precipitate a collision. You have got to know all the men on the line. Why, on the road that I worked on there would be engineers and conductors that could never get a train through on time. Then there would be others that would never be late except in case of accident. Why, sometimes during my eight hours of duty I would give 250 train orders. Just think of that for a moment. Here is a passenger train four hours late and a freight side-tracked at almost every station. Of course that puts every train behind time. First I have to order the operator to put out his flag and hold the train for orders, and then I have to send the order and wait for it to be repeated back. At the same time a train may be passing a station five miles away, where I want to hold and side-track her. All this time I must not only keep a clear track for the passenger train, but must not unnecessarily detain the freights. Sometimes right in the middle of a rush of business like this the wire will break or some operator will leave his key open. Then everything is to pay.

Fortunately the train dispatcher's order is law. Every employe is bound to obey it. So we do not have to worry about that."

"Why did you leave the business?"

"Because I was growing a year older every week. I had the work of ten men upon my shoulders. You often hear about the brave engineer, clinging with firm resolve and calm resignation to the throttle while the engine is plunging on toward inevitable destruction. His responsibility is nothing. He has only a single train and has no duty but to obey rules. The train dispatcher has a hundred trains under his finger that presses upon the key. A moment's delay to a freight and the dispatcher is cursed. The eight hours you put in bending over your key seems like a week. Your head swims and grows dizzy beneath its awful responsibility. No more train dispatching for me, if you please."—*Exchange*.

WHEN the poet wildly exclaimed to the Greeks:

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires!

Strike, for your altars and your fires!

Strike, for the green graves of your sires!"

he little realized that soon men would begin to strike for a great many other things which are not susceptible of poetical treatment. Fancy how it would sound to implore railroad employes to strike for higher wages. It might run like this:

"Strike, for an increase in your pay!

Strike, for a shortening of your day!

Strike, and so make things come your way!"

But this lacks the spirit and the rhythmical smoothness of the other "strike" poetry, and we are inclined to believe that any excursion into this hitherto unworked poetical field will be a failure, no matter how much of a frenzied genius the adventurous bard may be.—*Cincinnati Times*.

AN engine is "killed" when it is deprived of fire and water; a politician is "killed" when he is deprived of whisky and water. It is almost impossible to turn a wheel in either case.

## JONES WAS INTERVIEWED.

The Rev. Sam Jones does not like St. Louis interviewers. They are entirely too personal. He gives the following as a *verbatim* report of one of the interviews had with him while in the big village:

"You use tobacco, don't you, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"Chew?"

"Yes."

"What brand do you use?"

"Graveley."

"Drink coffee, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"What kind do you drink, Mocha or Java?"

"Generally mixed."

"Use milk and sugar?"

"Sugar."

"About how much?"

"Three lumps."

"Smoke, don't you, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"What brand of cigar do you prefer?"

"I care more for the cigar than I do for the brand. Sam Small smokes cigarettes; says cigars are too strong for a gentleman to smoke."

"Wear undershirts, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"What color, please?"

"White; Sam Small wears slate-colored ones."

"Wear socks, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"What color?"

"White."

"How many studs do you wear in your shirt-front?"

"Three."

"Do you use a bone, pearl or plated collar button?"

"Gold plated."

"How many buttons of your vest do you generally leave unbuttoned?"

"All but two."

"Why do you wear your vest décolleté?"

"To save button-holes."

"You have answered my queries without any evasion or mental reservation, whatever, Mr. Jones?"

"Certainly."

"Do you consider the question of using tobacco one of manners or morals?"

"Manners."

"Ditto, Mr. Small?"

"Ditto."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## RAILROAD EMPLOYEES IN AUSTRALIA.

A correspondent of the *Indian Railway Service Gazette*, who formerly ran a locomotive in India, writes as follows from Geelong, Victoria:

"I must inform you that the railways here are behind yours in some respects, but not in others. They have got all the best brakes and signals, and they say they have slide valves that have run 130,000 miles without anything being done to them; but they are behind in their rolling stock, which are unpleasant to ride in from the continual jolting, and the method they have of working single lines is fraught with danger. They work them on the staff system, and many accidents have happened in consequence thereof. There is nothing like the line-clear message system. As regards labor there is no chance in Victoria for railroad men to find employment. The railway companies bring up their own men, and a first-class body they are. I don't think you could find better anywhere. As a rule they do not work longer hours than men in India, but they don't have shed days, and considering the climate I think those employed on engines here have the best of it. Enginemmen get from 13 to 15 shillings a day (\$3.17 to \$3.65); firemen 9 to 10 shillings (\$2.19 to \$2.43), but all these have been cleaning in the service and began before they were twenty-five years of age. They must pass an educational test, be of a certain height, five feet six inches, and of good moral character. All the old hands get com-

pensation—a month's pay for every year in the service—when they retire, and I am told the new hands have to insure their lives upon entering the service. All claims have to be settled by the railway commissioners. Locomotive men are without a doubt the best paid servants in the state. Sunday work is not known out of Melbourne. A lot of lines do not pay, owing to the sparsely populated country they run through. Don't let any man be foolish enough to come here, if you can help it, to look for work."

### LINKS.

IF wages were increased as promptly when business will warrant it as they are docked when business furnishes an excuse, there would be fewer strikes.—*Boston Herald.*

DURING the month of February twenty-one patents for car couplers were issued. It would seem that it ought not to be difficult for railways to supply themselves with an automatic coupler if this rate is kept up for a few years.

AN old railroad conductor was watching a deacon take up a collection in church. "Ah! what a splendid run," he murmured; "wouldn't I like to get it, though! Not a ticket offered on the trip; all cash fares, and no spotter on the whole train!"

COMING into the station: Brakeman—"Pawtucket! Pawtucket!" Train boy (at other end of car)—"Car-amels! Car-amels!" Troublous old gentleman (unfamiliar with route)—"Dear me, dear me, did you understand what station they called?"

A RAILROAD company in southern Kansas has established a large artificial plantation of forest-trees to supply their future needs. Over a square mile of land near Farlington has been planted with young saplings of the catalpa and ailantus. The prospective success of their experiment has brought about the similar planting of another

equal area. These trees are of rapid growth, and are valuable for ties and fencing-material.

AN exchange says: "Elmer Marsh, of Harrisburg, had his leg mashed while coupling cars below the knee." It strikes us that it was dangerous to couple a car below the knee. It should be coupled between the hip and fifth rib, at least, or possibly higher.—*Newman Independent.*

THE old locomotive "Muckalee," on the Southwestern Railroad of Georgia will be finally retired when the change of gauge occurs, not being considered worth the necessary alterations. This engine was first put on the Southwestern road in 1856, and has been doing constant service for 30 years.

THE Texas and Pacific bridge over the Trinity river, at Dallas, Texas, is ninety feet above the water level. A negro walking across the bridge recently was overtaken by a train and so scared that he jumped from the bridge, went plumb down into the water, and after half a minute arose and swam ashore unhurt.

PERSONS who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

SHE went in and sat down.—"Do I have to go in there and take a seat with all them cattle," said a handsomely dressed lady to a conductor of a day accommodation as she looked into a crowded car that was about to start. "No, madam; there is a train on the siding that takes the track as soon as we leave, and you can have a whole cattle car to yourself." She went in and took a seat.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED AT CHICAGO, ILL.

TERMS: \$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Remit by postal order or registered letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

Correspondents will bear in mind that under no consideration will we give their names to any inquirers. Write on one side of the paper, and give us your name with your *nom de plume*. Address

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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C. R. WOOLDRIDGE, EDITOR.

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## SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Society, held in Chicago February last, the question of a journal devoted to the interests and aims of the order was discussed at length, and it was finally agreed that authority be given the undersigned to publish a monthly journal devoted to the order.

In entering this field of journalism I am conscious of all the perplexities and responsibilities pertaining thereto. But after a long association with railroad men, and switchmen in particular—experiencing the trials and meeting the dangers of the switchman's life—I firmly believe with their coöperation and support the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL can be made a success at the start.

It is quite proper at this time that I should give some idea what the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL is to be. As the official organ of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States

it will look after the interests of our order at all times and under all circumstances. Recognizing that the mutual banding together of a class of workmen—whose lives while in active service are constantly endangered—for the purposes of extending "social relations, and affording assistance one to another in cases of injury, accident or death," is as worthy and commendable an object as ever prompted the organization of any society. It will be my earnest endeavor to keep patrons of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL thoroughly posted on the progress of the order and railway matters in general. Making its columns a channel through which questions of interest to the order may be intelligently discussed and railway matters generally commented on.

Correspondence on questions pertaining to the order as well as matters of interest to railway men is solicited from all localities in order that the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL may be made of interest to all.

The JOURNAL will contain each month short stories, sketches and miscellaneous reading culled from the best publications in the country, thereby making it a welcome visitor in each household.

I do not wish the reader to understand the present number of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL is a fair sample of what it is to be. Having issued it hurriedly, and not having yet opened up correspondence with all the local lodges, the difficulties under which I have labored will be readily seen.

Hoping to receive the earnest support of all railway employes, I am,

Respectfully,

C. R. WOOLDRIDGE.

How to be a happy man—Subscribe for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. Take our advice and be happy for one year to come.

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THE Spear-head plug tobacco is becoming quite a favorite among railroad men, many insisting on having none other.

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THE whereabouts of Mr. Andy McGowan and Mr. Joseph Collins is wanted by Secretary John Downey, of the Grand Lodge. Address him at 670 Thirty-seventh street.

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BUY a half-pound of "Your Pick" plug tobacco and get one of those elegant enameled rolled plate tooth picks given by the manufacturers to introduce this brand.

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THE many friends of Mr. William Burke will be grieved to learn that he met with a serious accident at the C. & N. W. R. R. yard, April 6, whereby three fingers on the left hand were badly broken. His injury was occasioned by coupling cars.

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WE desire all subscribers to receive the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL as soon after publication as possible. Therefore they will confer a favor on us if they will notify us if their addresses are not correct or any other error that tends to delay the early receipt of the JOURNAL.

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THE many friends of Mr. John Drury, desiring to show their appreciation of his earnest work in behalf of the switchmen of Chicago, surprised him, March 14, by presenting him with

an elegant gold watch and chain. Grand Master Monaghan made the presentation speech. Mr. Drury replied in a feeling and appropriate manner. It would seem by the many friends that Mr. Drury has made since his residence in this city that the Grand Lodge has made no mistake in selecting him as organizer.

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WE are glad to note the fact that in several of the eastern states the managers of railroads are filling up the frogs on their roads with wood. It is to be hoped that western roads will follow their example. Should such be the case many lives would be saved and many less cripples for life made.

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OUR brothers of the Association will recognize the familiar name of J. S. Townsend, which occurs in an advertisement on another page of the JOURNAL. The Grand Lodge having selected him to furnish the official pins, rings, charms, etc., we take pleasure in adding our recommendation to that of the Grand Master and Vice Grand Master. Switchmen and others will find Mr. Townsend an honorable and liberal man to deal with.

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WE take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Putnam clothing house in another column. The business of this house is conducted on the theory of "live and let live." They keep nothing but the best and in such large quantity that they never fail to please. Mr. C. M. Babbitt, the gentlemanly manager, is one of our staunch friends, and we take pleasure in recommending this house to our readers.



## THE GREAT STRIKE.

It matters little as to the insignificance of the cause that prompted twelve thousand men to go on a strike in the southwest. An organization that has for its motto, "an injury to one is the concern of all," could not consistently allow even one of its members to be sacrificed without at least a protest. Nations have engaged in deadly conflict, spent millions of money and sacrificed thousands of human lives on equally as small provocation. The spirit of the age, however, is adverse to the old theory that all differences should be settled by conflict. If nations can, as they have, settle their differences by arbitration, why cannot corporations, individuals and labor organizations do the same?

It would seem from all accounts at hand that Mr. Powderly, representing the one side, has not only been willing, but anxious, that the differences should be left to arbiters. He has been conservative, frank, dignified and manly throughout all this unfortunate trouble—condemning all acts of violence, and urging reason to govern all the acts of those engaged in it. The same cannot be truthfully said of Mr. Jay Gould. He has refused to entertain any and all propositions to arbitrate, claiming that there is nothing to arbitrate. He has not scrupled to mislead in order to gain an advantage, and when cornered shifted the whole matter over onto the shoulders of a subordinate, Mr. Hoxie.

As we have before stated it matters little to the people what the cause of the trouble is. They want it settled. The people will not submit much longer to being discommoded and having the business of the country para-

lyzed. They will not countenance violence any more than they will tolerate tyranny or trickery. It is useless for Mr. Jay Gould to attempt to convince the people of this country that twelve thousand men quit work without provocation—that they are all wrong and he alone right. We all know there is a fight between him and the Knights of Labor. This being the case there certainly was, and still is, something to arbitrate.

The SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL is the official organ of an association separate and distinct from the order of the Knights of Labor. Many of the members of this association are affected by this trouble—hence it will be seen why we are interested in its settlement—and at this writing the question, "When will this trouble be settled?" will have to be asked Mr. Jay Gould.

## EIGHT HOURS.

The proposed inauguration of the eight hour system is the all-absorbing topic of discussion not only among all trades unionists and Knights of Labor, but among the business and professional men. The advocates of its adoption present very plausible arguments in its favor—such as the claim that the introduction of labor-saving machines should mean more than a cheaper and greater production; that the benefits derived by the introduction of labor-saving machinery (invented, as a rule, by working men) should be enjoyed alike by both employer and employee; hence by reducing the hours of labor the laborer derives some benefit from the results of his own brain. Another claim is that each succeeding generation has gradually grown weaker by overwork;

that man both physically and mentally demands more rest, in order that he may not become a physical and mental wreck—and still another claim is that society demands that man shall have more time for mental improvement, and that by reducing the hours of work two hours per day gives him so many hours more for that purpose, besides giving more work to the millions unemployed, thereby removing, in a great measure, the temptation that no work and no money hold out to the unemployed to violate the laws of society and state. These are a few of the many arguments presented by the advocates of the eight hour system.

All of these proposed reformatory propositions seem logical and worthy of careful consideration; but logic and actual practice are not always easily harmonized. Are the workingmen all ready for this important change now? If so, can it be inaugurated at this time without creating serious breaches between employer and employe, thereby affecting the business interests of the country? These are questions that should also be carefully considered. To enforce it by a strike is liable to make affairs react upon the wageworker.

No one questions but that the eight hour movement is becoming formidable, hence the necessity of calm deliberation. A few years ago the advocates of an eight hour system were like angels' visits, "few and far between"; but now it would seem by the monster meetings being held all over the country, and the personnel of its orators, that the tables have been turned. For example, at a meeting held recently in Chicago, there were at least fifteen thousand people, representing all phases in life, present.

The speakers on that occasion were equally varied. Judges of the courts and coopers, prominent lawyers and printers, eminent divines and cigar-makers, all discussed the question from one platform. The rhetoric of the eminent scholar seemed to flow harmoniously with the "sledge-hammer" argument of the tradesman—all being equally applauded by the assemblage. Hence it will be seen that the eight hour question is assuming a different phase than ever before. Let us all hope it will be settled without interfering with the business interests of the country and satisfactory to all concerned.

#### SWITCHMEN'S PAY.

The schedule of wages paid switchmen on all railroads running into Chicago is as follows:

Day foreman, per month.....	\$70
Day helper, per month.....	65
Night foreman, per month.....	75
Night helper, per month.....	70

Twenty-six days constitute a month, and ten hours a day's work. All overtime to be paid for at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour.

We have received from Local Assembly 3863, of the Knights of Labor, located at Hannibal, Mo., a set of resolutions passed by said assembly, with a request to publish, in which they stigmatize the following named conductors as "scabs": Byron Panches, W. E. Reynolds, Jake Hukill, John Manning and John L. Walsh. The cause of this action by 3863, they explain, is that they left their positions as conductors between Hannibal and Sedalia and took the places of striking switchmen in the Hannibal yards.

## CHICAGO STRIKES.

On the 12th of April the switchmen employed in the B. & O. yards sent a committee to the general yardmaster requesting the removal of R. S. Fink, Harry Kenton, Frank Hampton, Charles Pierce, Jeff McAdoo, Jasper McClintock and John McCague to some other point along the line, or to some other employment. The reasons for this request, they stated, was that in 1881 these men took the places of some of the switchmen who were then struggling to establish a fair and equitable rate of wages, and that they could not work harmoniously together, owing to the fact that all switchmen working with these men were criticised, ridiculed and every obstacle possible thrown in the way of their expediting their work, by other switchmen, and these seven men had on every occasion, by slurs and otherwise, made themselves so obnoxious that "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue," and they requested their removal to other fields. This request was signed by all the other switchmen, many of whom were not members of our association. The yardmaster gave the committee to understand that their request would be granted. But it seems a higher authority ordered otherwise. The switchmen waited for the authorities to act until noon of the 16th, when they all quit work. They behaved themselves admirably, resorting to no violent measures, and giving the officials no reasons for looking upon them in any other light than honest workmen with grievances that ought to be righted. This action on the part of the switchmen caused a complete tie-up, which lasted until the evening

of the 18th. By this time all the officials of the road had arrived in the city, and shortly after their arrival the committee representing the switchmen was sent for. Upon responding they found the officials waiting for them. They were asked what their grievances were. They explained them, when they were informed that two of the objectionable men had been transferred to other points and the balance had resigned. The committee informed the officials that such being the case they had no further grievances, and that all the wheels would be started in a few hours. After a pleasant hour's conversation with the officials, the result of which will evidently be a better feeling between all concerned hereafter, the committee took their leave in order to report to a meeting to be held that evening. The meeting received the report of their committee with satisfaction and the strike ended.

The following communication from the committee who represented the switchmen explains itself:

*Editor of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL:*

For the information of the public and on behalf of the switchmen of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, we would like you to publish the real cause and the exact facts of the late trouble. Owing to misstatements of facts by the press, the public have been led to believe that the trouble was an Association matter, and that the Association was backing us up in the fight, and that we demanded the discharge of all non-Association men. We wish most emphatically to deny all this. We did not question for a moment the right of the B. & O. officials to employ any switchman, be he a member of the Association or not. We did ask that they remove to some other employment the objectionable parties, and we did that as B. & O. employes, not as members of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association. As a proof of this assertion we would state that several switchmen signed this request who are not members of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

Very truly yours,  
COMMITTEE.

On Monday, April 12, the switchmen on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern sent a similar communication to the general yardmaster of that road. Their grievances were the same as that of the switchmen of the B. & O. road. After a great deal of diplomacy, in which some half dozen letters were exchanged, they were informed by Mr. Jones, the yardmaster, that their request would not under any consideration be granted. Hence the switchmen were left with the alternative to either grin and bear it or strike. After mature deliberation they concluded that they would strike. So on Saturday evening, April 17, they all quit work. This strike, like that on the B. & O., was ordered by the Lake Shore switchmen and not by our Association.

The men causing this trouble came here also in 1881 and took the places of old switchmen when they were having trouble with the road, and were equally as obnoxious in other respects. Their names are Thomas Hogan, John Whelan, Patrick Doyle, John Burger, D. F. Webster, Ed Chaffee and George Floss.

The Lake Shore switchmen deserve equal praise with their brothers of the B. & O. for the orderly and manly way they conducted themselves during this trouble. They passed through more trying ordeals than their other brothers did, and only on one or two occasions, when they were grossly insulted by some of the "thugs" that were imported to take their places, did any of them lose their temper. For four days very little effort was put forth by the company to move any cars. The governor of the state, by a *strange coinci-*

*dence*, came to Chicago, and went out to look over the field of inactivity. The boys treated him well, and called on him for a speech. He responded in his usual style, and was cheered numerous times, but the boys remained just as firm after the speech as before.

Thursday was the advertised day for all the wheels to be started to move—but not a wheel moved. The company had forced men on their line outside of the city to come here to take the places of the strikers under penalty of discharge. They had gathered a lot more men from the "free lunch routes" of the city also. The sheriff was called upon for protection, and he swore in nearly three hundred specials and used all of his available regulars. Pinkerton's "whelps," of course, were engaged by the company, and we are sorry to say that other more respectable police protective associations allowed themselves to be used. This army of men were taken to the scene and remained there all day sucking their thumbs, eating stale sandwiches and drinking rye—coffee—at the company's expense. But not a wheel was turned. Everything was quiet and orderly. Nothing occurred worthy of note except that the West Division Car-drivers and Conductors' Association—remembering how the switchmen stood by them in their trouble—sent a committee out to the switchmen to tender them a thousand dollars in money and the privilege to draw on them at will.

It seems that the company desired to provoke a riot in order to enlist public opinion and have the militia called out. If not, why did they introduce the Pinkertons? They well know the feeling against them. If

there is anything that will provoke a riot it is the Pinkertons. Fortunately, however, numerous business men took hold of the matter, and when, on Friday evening, the following document was presented to the Lake Shore switchmen they accepted it and the strike was over:

To W. L. STAHL, J. O'KEEFE and T. SHAW, Committeemen—*Sirs:* If all the switchmen of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad in Chicago or Cook county return to work at once, I will personally guarantee that within sixty days from this date the eight objectionable switchmen will be furnished other employment and permanently removed from their present positions.

For prudential reasons we withhold the signature to the above. It is proper, however, to state that the signature is not of any one in authority in the Lake Shore road, but will unquestionably be carried out. The switchmen in accepting this proposition showed a manly disposition not to "split hairs"—only wanting these men removed, not caring how or who did it.

MR. JOHN DOWNEY, treasurer of Lodge No. 1, informs us that the total benefits disbursed by Lodge No. 1, from March 8, 1885, to March 28, 1886, was \$5,183. This is a most commendable showing when we take into consideration the fact that the lodge one year ago numbered less than 200 members, and the benefits were not nearly so large. Now, with a membership of almost 900, a much greater showing will be made. The secret of its wonderful growth the last year is evidently owing to the changes made in its constitution, whereby an endowment of \$500 is given in case of death, and a benefit of \$10 per week in case of injury. Many brave switchmen have had

reason to be thankful that they were members of Lodge No. 1. The beauty of our association is that members receive benefits when injured without the humiliation of asking for it. And when death overtakes them those near and dear to them are not left in penury and want.

### ONLY A PRAYER.

On the morning of March 27th the chaplain of the house of representatives made the following remarkable prayer:

"Give ear, oh, God of Jacob, and awaken us to see the danger which threatens the civilized world, a revolution more tremendous than any of which history tells, in which the scenes of the reign of terror may be enacted in every capital of Europe and America. For long the few have mastered the many because they understood the open secret—the tools to them that can use them; but now the many have learned the secret of organization, drill and dynamite. Rouse the rich of the world to understand that the time has come for grinding, selfish monopoly to cease; that corporations may get souls in them, with justice, honor, conscience and human kindness; teach the rich of this country that great fortunes are lent them by thee for other purposes than to build and decorate palaces, to found private collections of art, to stock wine-cellars, to keep racing studs and yachts, and find better company than hostlers, grooms and book-makers.

"Teach them, oh God, that it is thee who has given them power to get these fortunes; that it is to prove them, to know what is in their hearts, whether they will keep thy commandments or no, and that those commandments are: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself'; that if the rich men of our land keep these commandments the poor will follow the example, and we at least will be saved from the days of tribulation that are fast coming on all the world. Help us, oh God, and save us."

The dispatches that heralded this prayer all over the country also state that at the close of this unusual appeal a hearty "amen" could be distinctly heard in several portions of the house, while quite a number of members looked under their seats to make sure there was no dynamite there. One

member was so frightened that he wanted the prayer stricken from the records, for fear it would explode.

It does not require much of a stretch of one's imagination to portray the effects of precipitating so many unheard-of sentences in the senate of the United States.

Of course the learned senator from New York would fire a hundred-and-seventeen word sentence of a constitutional point of order at it. And then the eminent senator from Vermont would with cold dignity move that it be referred to the judiciary committee. Next comes the *oily* senator from Ohio with a motion to amend by striking out the words, "grinding, selfish monopoly to cease," and insert in lieu thereof "them to gobble up the earth," so the clause would read: "rouse the rich of the world to understand that the time has come for them to 'gobble' the earth." The senior senator from Delaware desires that that portion of it in reference to "wine-cellars" be read again. And the senator from Kentucky, with musical Scotch accents, moves to substitute for the document under consideration the bill introduced by him for the unlimited coinage of silver. The chair read a dispatch from the senator from Florida stating "that his reasons for lingering at Detroit were that he could comply with that portion in reference to loving 'thy neighbor as thyself,'"—and suggested that "inasmuch as the subject-matter before the senate was new to most of the senators it be referred to secret session"—which prevailed, and after a general "mopping" of the perspiration from their brows, caused by the hard day's work, the senate adjourned for the day.

### KANSAS CITY TROUBLE.

On March 15 the switchmen at Kansas City went out on a strike for Chicago pay. The difficulty was settled by a compromise. On Sunday, March 21, Grand Master Monaghan received a telegram stating that the officials had broken the terms of the compromise, and requesting him to come on immediately. He could not possibly reach there until Tuesday morning. In the meantime, however, the switchmen had all quit work. Soon after Mr. Monaghan's arrival he arranged a consultation with the superintendents of the different roads, and inside of twenty-four hours exacted a written agreement from them whereby the switchmen are to receive Chicago pay, and all differences hereafter are to be settled by arbitration. The switchmen of Kansas City are to be congratulated over the satisfactory ending of their trouble.

### SECOND ANNUAL BALL.

The grand complimentary ball given by Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association No. 1, at Cavalry Hall, lake front, Chicago, on February 22, was undoubtedly one of the largest gatherings ever assembled at a ball in Chicago. Carriages began arriving at about 8 o'clock, and for at least two hours there was a constant stream of pleasure seekers pouring into the hall, the countenances of all indicating an anticipation of a delightful evening's enjoyment. The hall was so crowded that each party arriving was compelled to wait their turn to reach the doors leading to the dressing rooms. However, little inconvenience arose and all were soon divested of their wrappings

and eager to join the grand march—three hundred couples participating.

The hall was quite neatly and tastefully decorated, mottoes emblematic of our order adding to the interest of the occasion, and showing good taste and skill on the part of those having charge of the preliminaries. Some of the designs were beautiful and called forth compliments from all sources. The management of the floor was so well conducted that none failed to enjoy the ball. Evidently the switchmen's balls will hereafter be looked forward to as one of the events of the year. Professor Neeley's band of twenty-two pieces furnished the music for the occasion, and gave general satisfaction. The committee of arrangements omitted nothing that would add to the comfort and pleasure of all.

At the recent convention of coroners held in this city some interesting statistics were shown. During the year ending December 1, 1885, there were 2,124 inquests held in the state, 450 of them over females. Only 17 of these remained unidentified. There were 353 suicides, 74 being females. The principal causes of sudden death were drowning and heart disease, 205 and 117 respectively. There were 121 homicides and 18 infanticides. Intemperance in drink killed 58 persons. Railroad accidents destroyed 322, elevator accidents 28, lightning stroke 12, and street-car accidents 11. The suicidal tendency was equal between the ages of 30 and 40 years and 40 and 50 years, each division showing 62 persons. There were 2 suicides between 80 and 90 years, while between 10 and 20 there were 17. Shooting was the favorite method, 105; hanging being preferred by 82, poison by 72, drowning by 42. Domestic troubles drove 30 to self-slaughter, while drink made 42 take

the quietus, and insanity ended 60 lives by self-inflicted means. As a class the furriers were most despondent, 28 killing themselves; all other trades, 31. These figures show that railroads and bodies of water are most perilous to human life and that lightning is more dangerous than even the cable-cars.

### SURVEYING FOR LADIES.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the professor of astronomy at Vassar College, thinks that "surveying would be a healthful and pleasant pursuit for women," especially "as surveying is done mainly in pleasant weather."

With all due respect to the worth and wisdom of Miss Mitchell we fear that her practical experience in the use of the Jacob's staff and surveyor's chain under normal conditions is limited. Doubtless to a Vassar girl all things are possible; but we can better imagine than describe the state of mind of the Vassar surveyor who first aspires to the every-day duty of the professional. She will find, among other things, that the ungallant sun will not always shine upon her labors; that mud will stick to her dainty boots, and that briars will lovingly entwine themselves about her back hair. And, then, how about the horrid cows? Certainly her lot will not be a happy one.

If the Vassar girl *will* link her fate with those "who engineers would be," we earnestly advise her to practice in the church chancel rather than in a plowed field or on the mountain side. She will find the first much more "healthful and pleasant."—*Engineering News*.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to be informed what they raise in a beer garden. Well, at first they crook their elbows and raise about seventeen schooners of beer per capita, and after that they begin to realize that they are citizens, when they generally raise a merry L with their chairs, tables, tumblers and other portable furniture.

## RAILWAY COMPANIES AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

The statement is made that fully 70 per cent of the train hands employed on railways become crippled in the course of five years' service. This statement, which has not been denied, falls probably considerably short of the actual number of accidents, if we take into account injuries which do not involve the crippling of the employe. Of course a large number of these accidents are perhaps chargeable to the carelessness of the employes, but with improved mechanical contrivances they are nearly all avoidable.

The train hands, having accepted a hazardous employment, receive in return for it a wage which is presumed to be the equivalent of the work done and the risks run in their employment. This is the aspect of their contract, and were the employes only machines, or even cattle, the matter might be left to rest in its present position, but they are human beings and units of mankind, akin to all others of humanity. In the aggregate of units all mankind are equal. It is only in individuality that the vicissitudes of fortune and intellect produce inequalities and differences.

These differences and inequalities are, however, only social, and the state in its duty to the aggregate must provide protection for every unit alike. The first and greatest protection is that of life and limb, and any employment which swallows up, or maims, seventy per cent of its workers within five years is an employment which it is the state's urgent duty to control and limit. Men who are compelled to labor are not free agents in the sense of creating their own employment. Earning their daily food by daily work compels them to accept any risks involved in that work. In the contract with their employers they are not on an equality of terms, and as the selection of the means used belongs entirely to the employers the state should hold

them responsible for their servants' lives—criminally if willful, financially if accidental. This principle, which is known as the "employers' liability," is now recognized all over the civilized world except in the United States, England being the last country to indorse it. About four years ago the first employers' liability act was passed in England by a very small majority. This year the law was made to cover double its previous extent, and it passed without discussion and almost unanimously. This shows an immense advance, and the old legal myth of equivalent consideration in wage or of community of labor is doomed to disappear. In England, according to the latest report of the Amalgamated Protection Society of Railway Servants, the accidents to railway employes had decreased nearly fifty per cent during the last ten years, viz:

Year.	Killed.	Injured.
1874 .....	1 in 320	1 in 89.
1884 .....	1 in 634	1 in 149.

Some such a decrease as this would result from the state holding the railway corporations responsible for all accidents to their employes, and the corporations themselves would certainly prefer a clean law of responsibility for accidents to the risk of repeated pottering legislation compelling the adoption of improved mechanical safety contrivances. Left to their own resources, with self-interest to push them on, the corporations would soon settle the mechanical difficulties, and thus hasten the public object all should have in view.—*Railway News.*

AN enraged steer took possession of the railroad track between Sheffield, England, and Victoria Station a couple of weeks ago, and held it against all comers for three hours, necessitating a suspension of travel on the section for that time. The bovine ran back and forth between the two points until put an end to by a rifle shot.



## PUBLIC DEBT AND SILVER DOLLARS.

The reduction in the public debt during March amounted to \$14,087,-884. The net cash in the treasury to-day was \$76,381,099, an increase of \$4,082,896 since March 1. The store of silver dollars is now \$174,700,985, or about \$3,000,000 more than a month ago. There has been a reduction during the month in the interest-bearing debt of \$10,000,000 3 per cents under the last matured call, and the total interest-bearing debt is now \$1,240,-681,462. Customs receipts for March amounted to \$18,176,162, or \$2,250,-000 more than in March a year ago. Internal revenue receipts were \$9,595,-569, or nearly three-quarters of a million more than in March, 1885, and miscellaneous receipts were \$750,000 greater than in March a year ago. Compared with the first nine months of the preceding fiscal year government receipts from all sources this year show an increase of nearly \$10,-000,000, and amounted to \$247,774,820, while expenditures for the first nine months of the current fiscal year were \$187,588,104, or nearly \$23,000,000 less than for the corresponding period of 1884-5.

## A HORSE SHAKES A DONKEY.

A nobly attired statue stood upon the corner of Kearney street and Pine yesterday afternoon, and paid strict attention to his work of ogling lady pedestrians. At last a short, stout lady in blue brushed past him, and he took advantage of her proximity to tap her on the back with the slender bamboo cane which he carried in his hand. As quick as a flash the lady turned, and with her gloved hand smacked the impudent fellow across the cheek, making his eye-glasses fly in one direction and his hat in another, as he threw back his head. Not content with thus avenging the insult offered the lady raised her parasol and dealt the statue a blow on the head.

Then, after venting her indignation in words, she passed on.

But the statue's punishment was not yet done. In backing away from his fair assailant he fell against a horse that was attached to a coupe, and the animal, as if it was cognizant of the character of the rascalion, grabbed him by the swell of the back with his teeth and shook him so heartily that the thin goods of which the coat was made tore from the collar to the tails.

A crowd had gathered by this time, and the now thoroughly frightened statue was greeted with a round of jeers. He certainly presented a dilapidated appearance when the horse dropped him. As soon as he could regain his feet he snatched his broken hat up from the ground, and steered down the street at a lively rate of speed, holding his torn coat with his hands, while the coupe horse neighed and looked about at the crowd, as if asking for its approval of his actions.—*San Francisco Call*.

COAL dust, mixed with pitch, and pressed into the form of bricks, is largely manufactured for fuel in France. Engineers, desirous of regulating heat accurately, find the bricks preferable to ordinary coal. As each brick is warranted to weigh a certain amount, consumers are enabled to ascertain by the eye the weight of a load of coal—a consideration which will be appreciated wherever on the broad earth the dropping coal-cart trundles.

JOHN BORRELL was driving near the railroad track in North Reading, when his hound, that had been following him, ran on the track just in time to be struck by a fast locomotive, and hurled fifteen feet in the air. John thought that there wasn't enough left of the dog to mourn over, and drove on. Looking back after a while he saw the hound trotting behind the wagon, little the worse for his interview with the cowcatcher.

## HE WANTED IT LET ALONE.

Soon after two o'clock the other day the sash in a fourth-story window of a business house on Madison street was raised and a man's head appeared in sight. Next he thrust out an arm, and pedestrians saw a small rope in his hand. Twenty men halted in less than a minute. A plank was lying at the curb, and the general line of reasoning was that the plank was to be drawn up through the window.

"You'll break the glass if you try it!" shouted one of the fast-growing group.

"That cord isn't stout enough!" yelled another.

"Why don't they carry it up by way of the stairs?" demanded a man as he flourished his gold-headed cane around and seemed much put out.

The cord came part way down and stopped. Some ten different persons volunteered the information of "more yet," and presently it was lowered so that one of the crowd could grasp it. He pulled down and the man above pulled up, and four or five men seized the plank and brought it to the rope.

"Lower away!" yelled the man at the rope.

"Pull down on it!" cried a dozen voices.

The man above let out more rope and waved his hand.

"He wants it over that hitching post!" screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

"No; he wants it fast to the lamp post!" shouted a man, and it was carried there.

"Let that rope alone!" came from the man above.

Six men had hold of the plank, ready to boost on it, and three more had hold of the rope.

"Do you want the plank?" asked one.

"No!"

"Do you want the hitching post?"

"No!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want you to let that rope alone.

I had a bet of a box of cigars that it was long enough to touch the walk, and I've won 'em. What's the row down there—somebody dropped dead?"

The plank was hurled away, emphatic words indulged in as toes were trodden on, and in fifteen seconds the crowd had melted away to a squint-eyed boy and an organ grinder.

## COOKING AND COOKING CONVENIENCES.

I once heard a lady say, "I wish I were a good cook." "Well," remarked a neighbor, "if you had plenty of everything to cook with you would be a good cook, and if everybody had plenty there would be fewer poor cooks in the world." So herein lies one secret of good cooking. Cooking conveniences also have something to do with poor cooking. If a kitchen is not provided with proper utensils how can it be expected that a woman can do her work well. In the first place the stove should be in the most convenient place for both the pantry and the woodshed, to save as many steps as possible. A good, stout table should be placed in the pantry. On the back of this, next to the wall, place a row of gallon jars, each provided with a tight cover; into these put sugar of different grades, currents washed and dried ready for use, raisins, rice, suet, lard, buttermilk and eggs, and in one put flour, for there is scarcely a day passes but what it is needed. In the wall over the table drive a row of nails. On these hang your rolling-pin, potato-masher, egg-beater, nutmeg-grater, skimmer, ladles, spoons, biscuit and cake-cutters, gem and jelly pans, muffin rings and whatever else is needed. On the shelf over the table place boxes containing soda, baking powder, cream of tartar, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, mace and nutmeg; also bottles of lemon, vanilla and other flavoring extracts. Each jar, box and bottle should be plainly labeled, so there need be no mistake in opening them.

## A WOODPECKER'S INSTINCT.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception; but he does not eat the acorn, for as a rule he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided at a time when the ground being covered with snow he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

THAT a railway company should be successful in its business transactions is of vital importance to its employes as well as to the general public. But it is not intended that they should use their finances to virtually overpower and crush their employes' welfare and interests. The interests of capital and labor are identical, and they should unite in a harmonious principle that could only develop good results to both. Capital cannot be sustained without the assistance of labor, neither can employes subsist without some aid from capital. Organized capital has never been slow to use its power and take advantage. Labor can only cope

with capital by being firmly organized. We believe all the great employes' organizations were formed with a view to a protection of the members' interests. Some of these associations have had a growth that is beyond the most sanguine expectations, developing great power that could be made a curse to the country if improperly directed by their leaders. The temptation to abuse power is as powerful in an organized multitude as in an individual, and restraints not nearly so strong. The actions of these organizations should be conducted with the utmost prudence, and calm, thoughtful consideration, with a view that would not only bring thorough protection, but unanimous praise from the public. If the workers will endeavor to bring their organizations to the pinnacle of perfection, and will keep from striking, unless imperatively demanded, and the employes will only be gentlemen in reality, instead of the veneered specimen, a great deal of the present industrial irritation will be allayed.—*American Railroader*.

THERE are more churches and chapels in London than in the whole of Italy. It has six hundred and eighteen railway stations. Nearly fifteen hundred passenger trains pass Clapham junction every day, while the underground railways run more than twelve hundred trains a day, and carry twelve million passengers a year. The omnibus companies run a thousand stages and carry fifty-six million passengers a year. About one hundred and thirty persons are killed, and two thousand injured every year by vehicles in the streets. There are in London fourteen thousand policemen, fourteen thousand cabmen, and fifteen thousand persons connected with the postoffice. The cost of lighting London by gas, annually, is three million dollars. London has over four hundred daily and weekly newspapers. Last year there were twenty-three hundred and fourteen fires.—*Ex.*

WORDS more truthful were never spoken than the following from an exchange: "The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary schemes which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and if he is foiled in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which he has already mounted and in full view are the temptations to crimes, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison waiting trial, all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would bring with it its sure reward. Then let young men spurn the idea of obtaining money without rendering an equivalent; let them be ready and willing to occupy positions in life which will give them the best possible opportunity to develop their natural talent, and do good to others while helping themselves."

### WASTE PAPER.

Down in the basement of the United States treasury department is a room in which about a dozen girls sit and sort over the waste paper which has accumulated from the work of the 2,500 clerks in the rooms above. All of the waste paper of the department is transferred to this room by the sweepers at the close of each day. Then the girls go over it carefully piece by piece, and they frequently make very valuable discoveries. Not

long ago \$10,000 worth of bonds were found in a waste paper basket in the office of the comptroller of the currency, and there was a great howl about it at the time, but in the end nobody was punished for the gross carelessness. But such large sums as this seldom find their way into the sorting room. The principal discoveries are penholders and stationery which have been accidentally dropped into the waste basket. Sometimes a valuable document disappears in an unaccountable manner from the files of the department. The rooms are ransacked, and everybody connected with the division becomes well-nigh crazy. As a last resort the waste paper room is appealed to. In nine chances out of ten, if the paper has been disposed of in that way, the girls will find it. They have become remarkably expert in sorting over this rubbish. A girl will take a mess of it in her hands, and in less time than it takes to tell it her sharp eyes will have seen the different pieces, and if there is a scrap that looks as though it might be valuable it is carefully laid aside for future examination. Experience has convinced the treasury officials that these girls annually save many times their salaries to the government. The sale of the waste paper is one of considerable importance, and the revenue each year is in the course of business turned back into the treasury, where it properly belongs.—*Ex.*

### MIND YOUR BUSINESS.

Nine-tenths of all that goes wrong in this world is because that some one doesn't mind his business. When a terrible accident occurs, the first cry is that the means of prevention were not sufficient. Everybody declares we must have a new patent fire-escape, an automatic engine switch, or a high-proof, noncombustible sort of lamp oil. But a little investigation will usually show that all the contrivances were on hand, and in good order. The real trouble was that somebody didn't mind

his business; he didn't obey orders; he thought he knew a better way than the way he was told; he said, "Just this once I'll take the risk," and in doing so he made other people take the risk, too; and the risk was too great.

At Toronto, Canada, not long ago, a conductor, against orders, ran his train on a certain siding, which resulted in the death of thirty or forty people. The engineer of a mill at Rochester, N. Y., thought the engine would stand a higher pressure than the safety-valve indicated, so he tied a few bricks to the valve to hold it down; result: four workmen killed, a number wounded, and the mill blown to pieces. The City of Columbus, an iron vessel fitted out with all the means of preservation and escape in use on shipboard, was wrecked on the best-known portion of the Atlantic coast, on a moonlight night, at the cost of one hundred lives, because the officer in command took it into his head to save a few shiplengths in distance by hugging the shore, in direct disobedience to the captain's parting orders. The best ventilated mine in Colorado was turned into a death-trap for half a hundred miners because one of the number entered with a lighted lamp the gallery he had been warned against. Nobody survives to explain the explosion of the dynamite cartridge factory in Pennsylvania, but as that type of disaster is almost always due to heedlessness, it is probable that this instance is not an exception to the rule.

What is most wanted in this rule is people that will mind their business. All the devices, inventions, contrivances you can shake a stick at won't insure safety; the real need is automatic *obedience*, patent *honesty*, non-combustible *brains*, high-proof *character*. Men that can furnish these are in demand. Be sure, whatever your disadvantages, however humble your present position, your services will not long go begging if you have that one faculty of *mind your business*.—*Treasure Trove*.

## PATHFINDERS.

On the Lehigh Valley road, the cage that holds the wrecking tools on the passenger cars is marked, "ax, bar, saw, spade, bucket, hammer." Now how could the master machinist who designed the cabinet, how *could* he refrain from making his sentence read, "axe-bar saw spade hammer bucket?" That would be good English.

The fat man in the plain clothes went out of the car and left the door of the car standing open so wide the wood-box was out doors. As the brakeman closed the door with a slam that made the engine bell ring, he said, "I'll bet ten dollars that man's a fool." "I'll take that bet," said the commercial traveler; "he's one of the directors of this road." "Gimme your ten dollars," said the brakeman.

Suggestions to Summer Tourists.—If you are going to Saratoga, take the Grand Trunk. If you are going into camp, take the Pan Handle. If you go in for scenery, go by the old C. C. and I. C. Take the Grand Rapids line for Niagara. The old Utica, Ithaca and Elmira, is a good road for a small party, just U., I. and E. Take the Credit Valley for Little Rock. Take a Mann boudoir car if you are going down with the boys. Take anything you're asked to in Texas, unless you'd rather be shot than poisoned.—*Burdette*.

## POOR BOYS CAN RISE.

No boy need despair of success because he is poor. Most of the great men of America rose to eminence from poverty. So many have done so that we could not enumerate all.

Benjamin Franklin was a printer's devil, earning one dollar a week; Patrick Henry, a hunter and tavern-keeper; Robert Fulton, a poor landscape artist. Abraham Lincoln and Garfield began life in a log cabin; Henry Wilson was a farm laborer and then a cobbler; Elias Howe, a mill

hand. Washington Irving, J. L. Motley and W. C. Bryant were once poor law-students; Blaine, A. T. Stewart and Fisher Ames, the friend of Washington, were teachers, while Alexander Hamilton, John Hancock, G. W. Childs and P. T. Barnum were clerks in offices or stores.

Turning to other centuries, Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer, George Whitefield of an inn-keeper, Cardinal Wolsey and Daniel Defoe, were the sons of butchers; J. M. W. Turner, whose paintings earned him immortal renown and a million dollars, was a barber's son; the famous philanthropist, Howard, was a grocer's apprentice, and John Bunyan was a tinker. The Latin poet, Terence, was a slave, and Homer was a blind beggar.

The list might be prolonged indefinitely, but these instances are enough to show that in no country, and least of all in America, is poverty a bar to success.—*Home Companion*.

### HOW TO GET ALONG.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich when sitting around stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your brains, rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Young man, cut this out, and if there be any fallacy in the argument, let us know it.

A LARGE dog belonging to Contractor Groniger, of the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth road, was upon the White Oak bridge when a construction train made its appearance at the west end of the bridge. The dog took in the situation instantly and started for the east end, but as the train had on a full head of steam to make a heavy grade, and the dog had about 1,000 feet of trestling to cross, he had no show in the race. Did he jump? Oh, no! He was too sensible a dog for that, but instead ran out on the end of the ties and laid down close to the guard-rail, until the train passed, and then got up and wagged his tail as though he had played a joke upon the locomotive that was thirsting for his blood.

"CAN you tell me," he asked, as he entered an office on Broad street the other day, "why the railroads should discriminate so heavily against dressed meat over live stock?"

"Certainly, sir. Dressed meat is dead, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, anything which can't kick is always bulldozed by a railroad company."

General Master Workman Powderly, it seems, began his working life as a switch-tender. Mr. Hoxie, manager of the Gould system of railroads in the southwest, was at one time hostler in a hotel near Des Moines. Afterward he became chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and United States marshal of Iowa. Mr. Gould himself earned his first money as a map peddler.—*New York World*.

## ROBERT INGERSOLL ON EIGHT HOURS.

Every man ought to be willing to pay for what he gets. He ought to desire to give full value for what he has received. The man who wants \$2 worth of work for \$1 is no honest man. The man who wants others to work to such an extent that their lives are burdens is utterly heartless. The toil of the world should continually decrease. Of what use are your inventions if no additional comforts find their way to the homes of labor?

Why should labor fill the world with wealth and live in want?

Every labor-saving machine should help the whole world. Every one should tend to shorten the hours of labor.

Reasonable labor is the source of joy. To work for wife or child, to toil for those you love, is happiness provided you can make them happy. But to work like a slave; to see your wife and children in rags; to sit at a table where food is coarse and scarce; to rise at 4 in the morning to work all day, and throw your bones on a miserable bed at night; to live without leisure, without rest, without making those who love you comfortable and happy. This is not living; it is dying—a slow, lingering crucifixion.

The hours of labor should be shortened. With the vast, wonderful improvements of the nineteenth century there should not only be the necessities of life for those who toil, but comforts and luxuries as well.

What is a reasonable price for labor? I answer: Such a price as will enable a man to lay by something for his declining years; so that he can have the feeling of a man.

I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when men have to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet

a civilized people; when we are pauperism and crime will vanish from our land.

I sympathize with the wanderer, with the vagrant out of employment—with sad, weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and friendless, no matter how bad he is, I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes, and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though by rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths; the weary roads, that he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

There should be labor and food for all.

## ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

The application of electricity to railroads is attracting the closest study of some of the ablest inventors in the land. Mr. Frank J. Sprague has invented an electric motor which is thus described:

“By a system of electrical propulsion the power can be distributed underneath the cars—every car, or two cars if need be, being a unit—and at the same time arrangements can be made for propelling five or six cars under simultaneous control.

“By distributing the power under the car, the whole weight of the car and passengers can be made effective for traction, such traction weight being six times as great as is afforded by the present locomotives. This will enable the cars to be started more promptly, brought to speed more quickly, and stopped in shorter intervals, increasing the mean rate of speed, and thereby the capacity of the road.

“Weight is the necessary practical adjunct for traction. The elevated roads present a peculiar problem. To attempt to solve that problem by re-

placing the present locomotives by electric locomotives of lighter weight, or even of the same weight, is to shut our eyes to plain mechanical and engineering truths, and does not advance by one single step such solution.

"The making of cars individual units of locomotion will enable the intervals between trains to be made one-third of the present schedule for a large part of the time. This would greatly increase the number of passengers during the day and night who would make use of the elevated roads, and this, too, without materially increasing the running expenses.

"Another important advantage will be the great reduction in the vibration and wear and tear of the superstructure by distributing the weight so much more evenly. The weight upon the lattice girders between columns would always be less than two-thirds, sometimes only one-third, that now existing, the vibration, tensile and shearing strains being in nearly the same proportion. The motion of the moving parts being rotary, the train would start more smoothly, and the motive power be less liable to derangement. Slipping or skidding, such as is now common both in starting and stopping, would be unknown.

"The objects thus far indicated as attained are important, and some of them would be very instrumental in the accomplishment of that most immediate and pressing object, the increasing of the carrying capacity of the road without reducing the time schedule.

"This must be done even if the operating expenses are increased. I am glad to say that it can be done with a decrease of these. It is a problem requiring some thought. There has been a great deal of Keelyism in connection with this subject. So much has been said about the ease with which the elevated trains could be operated by electricity, so many promises have been made, so many unreliable statements have found their way

into the press, that the people have been led to believe that the change from the steam to an electrical system of locomotion would be quickly and readily made; and I must confess my own opinion that some of the projectors of electric railways have reckoned without their host, and have very much underestimated the character of the work which they have undertaken to perform."

### GOING HOME.

What happiness often lingers in those two words! What expectations! What dreams of rest and peace, after long absence. In the crowd at the Lake Shore depot was a big fellow wearing a broad brimmed hat. He walked up and down the great platform, his hands in his pockets, smoking and singing and apparently in the best of humor. A stranger who had been watching him some time finally addressed him. "From the west?" The man replied, "I am." "Are you going east?" "Yes sir." "So am I," the stranger replied. "It is eleven years since I have been east of Lake Michigan, and now I am going to see the old folks in Pennsylvania." "That's a very brief time compared with the time I've been away," said the westerner, with great vehemence. "I went west in '49, and this is my first appearance on this side of the Rocky Mountains since. I live, when at home, in Maine, and that's where I'm going now; when I left there I was a boy of twenty years. Do you think they'll know me now?" And he stroked his iron-gray beard mechanically. "They will if you have become rich in the meantime." "That's just it, stranger; I've been on the coast thirty-five years—a lifetime, nearly. I've had more'n a thousand prospects that were considered immense. I've been chasing something, nothing, all these years. Sleeping or waking I've seen the glitter of gold. Did you ever get that way? No, of course you



didn't. I have seen gold everywhere, and yet could not find it.

"My eyes have been strained so long, my whole being has been so absorbed in this course, that it tires me to look anywhere or at anything. I like to smoke and close my eyes and think. And yet I don't like to think. A wasted life is not pleasant for reflection." "Have you relatives down east?" inquired the man at his side, who was getting interested. "Yes, sir; my mother, and that's what's taking me home, stranger. A curious thing about that: for thirty-five years I hardly gave the old woman a thought. She wrote me frequently, and I answered when I had time, but not like I ought to have done. I was absorbed in gold hunting, when one day I received a letter from her containing her photograph. She's more'n seventy-five years old. It struck me like an avalanche. Poor old mother! says I, and as I looked up I saw myself wrinkled and gray, in a glass, and observed: Poor, fool boy! Well, sir, from that moment I lost all interest in gold, quartz and placers. When I looked at the snowy peaks, I saw my mother, I dreamed of her at night. Her eyes were before me, swimming in tears, as they were the day we parted. Finally I gave up; converted what little property I had into dust, and determined to go home. I've been lured from the gold country by a mother's tears. It will pay richer dividends than the gold I have been chasing so long."

#### AN EX-ENGINEER IN A NEW ROLE.

Previous to entering upon his present calling as a piano dealer Mr. Pfafflin of Indianapolis, was a locomotive engineer. When a lady reached the store the other day she had the good fortune to find Mr. Pfafflin in, and asked his judgment on the style and brand of a piano.

"That depends upon your taste, madam," said he. "If you want to

combine elegance with utility, I would suggest the old-fashioned square piano. It answers for an ornament, makes music, and can be used for a dining table and a bed when you have company. This kind of instrument should not be selected for a small cab, because it doesn't leave room for a firing up. They make just as much steam as the upright, but, owing to the position of the harp, they let down in the flues much quicker. Being wide gauge the wear and tear are also very great. If you want a perfect working, handsome machine, take the upright. It is narrow gauge, hung low on the trucks, and has all the modern improvements, including patent brake and snow-plow. The running-board is the same size as the square, and she carries just as much steam. You can work it in small space and get as much sound out of it as you could with the old-fashioned steamboat whistles. Her wood-work is as neat as a Pullman sleeper, and if you keep her well packed and oiled she works as slick as old Seventy-four. I have run one for five years."

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface.

NEW ORDER OF THINGS.—Lady (to husband)—Why did you bow so politely to that very common-looking man just now? Husband (a capitalist)—He belongs to the Knights of Labor, my dear.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## THE UPPER TEN vs. WORKING-MEN.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

It is very easy for you, O respectable citizen, seated in your easy chair, with your feet on the fender, to hold forth on the misconduct of the people; very easy for you to censure their extravagant and vicious habits; very easy for you to be a pattern of frugality, of rectitude, of sobriety. What else should you be? Here are you surrounded by comforts, possessing multiplied sources of lawful happiness, with a reputation to maintain, an ambition to fulfill, and the prospect of a competency for your old age. A shame indeed would it be if, with these advantages, you were not well regulated in your behavior. You have a cheerful home, are warmly and cleanly clad, and fare, if not sumptuously every day, at any rate abundantly. For your hours of relaxation there are amusements. A newspaper arrives regularly to satisfy your curiosity; if your tastes are literary, books may be had in plenty, and there is a piano if you like music. You can afford to entertain your friends, and are entertained in return. There are lectures and concerts, and exhibitions, accessible if you incline to them. You may have a holiday when you choose to take one, and can spare money for an annual trip to the seaside. And enjoying all these privileges, you take credit to yourself for being a well conducted man! Small praise to you for it! If you do not contract dissipated habits, where is the merit? You have had few incentives to do so. It is no honor to you that you do not spend your savings in sensual gratification; you have pleasures enough without. But what would you do if placed in the position of the laborer? How would these virtues of yours stand the wear and tear of poverty? Where would your prudence and self-denial be if you were deprived of all the hopes that now stimulate you; if you had no better prospect than that of

the Dorsetshire farm servant with his 7s a week, or that of the perpetually-straitened stocking weaver, or that of the mill hand with his periodical suspensions of work? Let us see you tied to an irksome employment from dawn until dusk; fed on meager food, and scarcely enough of that; deprived of the enjoyments which education opens up; with no recreation but the pot house, and then let us see whether you would be as steady as you are. Suppose your savings had to be made, not, as now, out of surplus income, but out of wages already insufficient for necessities, and then consider whether to be provident would be as easy as you at present find it. Conceive yourself one of a despised class, contemptuously termed 'the great unwashed'; stigmatized as brutish, stolid, vicious; suspected of harboring wicked designs; . . . and then say whether the desire to be respectable would be as practically operative on you as now? Realize these circumstances, O comfortable citizen, and then answer whether the reckless, disorderly habits of the people are so inexcusable.

## EQUAL PAY FOR BOTH SEXES.

Equal pay for both sexes for equal work is just and right in theory, but under present conditions it is very largely an abstraction. The fields of labor in which men and women are employed to do the same work are few and small, and it is only in these that the work of the sexes can be called "equal." For the most part women work in one field or class of industries or employments and men in another. The competition among women may differ, and as a matter of fact does differ very materially from the competition among men, and as the rate of wages will necessarily depend to some extent—until wages are emancipated wholly from the law of supply and demand—upon competition among those seeking employment, the wages of the sexes will inevitably differ. The woman who operates a telegraph

instrument, or sets type, or does any other work which men also do, ought to get the same pay as a man for the same amount of work, but the pay which a man gets as a carpenter, bricklayer, or molder, does not fix the pay which a woman should receive for devoting the same amount of time to attending a loom or running a sewing-machine or teaching school.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### HOW PRAIRIE DOGS OBTAIN WATER.

It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie, far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leech, a frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. He knows of one such well 200 feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends the staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as they do in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

"I've turned that hired man off," said a Dakota farmer to his wife, on coming into the house; "he was no good."

"What was the matter? He looked like a smart feller."

"Oh, he was smart 'nough, I s'pose, but he didn't know nothin' 'bout farm-in'. The blamed fool didn't know 'nough to water the hosses. I told him to go out and clean up some seed wheat and I'm darned if he didn't ask me where the soap was."

"I don't know what'll become of the poor feller—'pears 'sif he couldn't get his livin' on a farm, nohow."

"Oh, don't you worry 'bout him, Sary. He'll fool 'round till spring and then go and start an agricult'ral paper somew'ere."—*Estelline Bell*.

### FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I've come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeway.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight and we began. "Now step up, now step down," and so on until we were safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, gleefully, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer:

"Oh, no, mamma, I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

LAST week there was a dead alligator on Lucas wharf that measured twenty-one and a half feet. This saurian was killed in Rice Creek by Brown, a colored resident of that section. Its circumference was something unusual, and was much commented upon by those who saw it lie on the dock. Next day the alligator was skinned and stuffed. When cut open it was found to contain twenty bushels of eggs, two pine logs in a perfect state of preservation, a log-chain, the bow-stem of a boat, a negro boy, a small iron chest, and light wood splinters enough to steam any boat ten miles. Its body contained 651 bullet marks and fifty-one pounds of lead.—*Palatka Herald*.

WHEN a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility."

## A HARE-LIP MAN CURED.

"I want to get even with one of these tramp doctors," said a heavy looking woman with a shiny alpaca dress on, as she came in the sanctum and stood her dripping umbrella in one of the editor's overshoes which was moored at the south end of the room. "I want to blister a fool doctor, and I want to retain your newspaper to do it." The lady was informed that the newspaper was not in the market to be retained, like a lawyer, but rather to give advice, like a father. However, the editor would listen to her grievance, and prescribe a remedy.

"Well," says the lady, as she untied a woolen comforter from around her neck and turned a cornelian ring around on her finger. "My husband and me live on a farm about twelve miles out, and he is a good man, but he has always had a hare-lip. Folks told me I was a fool to marry him, but his voice sounded so pitiful when he asked me to be his'n that I could not say no. You know how a harelippped man talks. His voice sort of hitches and jumps along like a caboose off the track, and you can't hardly tell whether he is talking love or swearing at the oxen. - There is no satisfaction kissing a harelippped man, 'cause you may be kissing him and the whole kiss suddenly turns into a whistle on account of the missing link in the lip. However, I could get along with that, and could stand it to see him drink out of a glass spoonholder, as the scalloped rim of the glass fit his lip so well, and for two years I lived with him and was as happy as woman can be with a harelippped man; but yet there was always a longing feeling that I would give worlds if that gash in his lip could be filled up. Not that I was proud, but the sight of it haunted me in my dreams, and I wondered if, when we went to the good place, he would have that lip as an angel. Well, about this time a doctor came along and staid all night, and he said he could perform an

operation on that lip and grow the gash up and make a new lip of it by using the flesh of a chicken. I talked with my husband about it and he said he would not mind trying the scheme, and if it worked he would give the doctor the best cow on the place. So the doctor went to work. He took a game rooster, and cut a piece of flesh out of the breast, and cut it to just fit the place in the lip, and bound it on, and you wouldn't believe it, but it actually grew there. It didn't look very pretty, not much better than the original harelip, because there was always goose pimples all over the chicken part of the lip. The doctor attended to it right along for two weeks, and then, after looking at it one day with a magnifying glass, he said he guessed he would take his cow and go, and we gave him a new-milk cow, and that is the last we have seen of him. But within two days after that villain had gone, pin-feathers began to come out on my husband's lip. Well, honestly, I *had* to laugh when I saw the pin-feathers, but it was no laughing matter when the feathers began to grow long and spread, and make a regular feather mustache. My husband was awfully annoyed, and while I have always tried to be a good wife to him, he seemed to think I grew cold, because I did not pet him as much as before. I leave it to you if it would be natural for a woman to want to kiss a hen. My husband is so changed since that operation was performed. He partakes of the nature of a rooster, to a great extent, though he tries hard to conceal it. I found him several times out in the garden scratching with his heels in the dirt, just as a rooster scratches for worms. I could stand that, because nobody that did not know the circumstances, would know what he was doing, but when, one morning about a week ago, he got out of bed and stood up on a chair, and flapped his hands on his hips, and crowed like a rooster, it *did* seem as though my cup of bitterness was full

and running over. I tried to reason with him, and show him that he ought to have some will power, and try and control himself, but the only comfort I got was to see him hold one hand down toward the floor, like a rooster does when he wants to put on style, and run around the floor sideways, and say 'cut-cut-cadaw-cut!' O, how I suffered. Honestly, the only way I could get my husband to go out of the room was to shake my apron and say 's-h-o-o!' It is awful. The neighbors have heard about it, and they come from miles around to see the poor man, and some of the remarks they make are cruel. But I can't wonder at what they say, when they see him stand around the barnyard on one foot, with the hens, and when the hen lays an egg and cackles, he will begin to crow, and act like a fool rooster. O, sir, what I want to do is to find that blasted tramp doctor who has done this thing, just to earn a cow. He must have known the effect it would have on my husband. Can you help me?"

The editor said that he would advertise for the doctor, saying that a reward would be paid for his address, as there was something to his advantage which he could learn by calling, and when he showed up have him arrested for malpractice. The wife of the harelipped rooster thanked the editor, took her umbrella out of his overshoe and went away, and he had the janitor bail out the overshoe and went and countermanded an order at a butcher's for chicken for dinner.—*Peck's Sun.*

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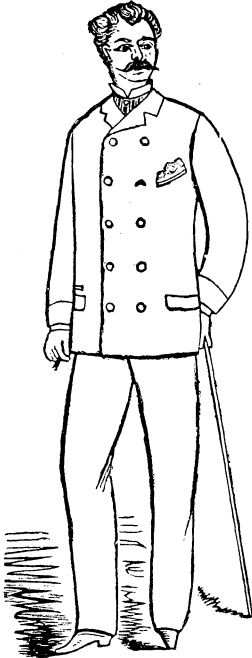
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The foregoing is a partial list of lodges. We could not ascertain the officers, etc., of others before going to press. Old and new lodges will be kind enough to send to us the number of their lodge, when and where they meet, and the names of their Master, Vice Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary and Treasurer. Also the address of the Recording Secretary.



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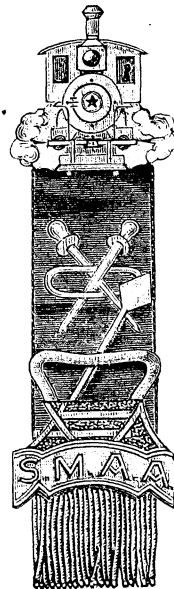
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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No. 2.

## OLD-TIME SWITCHMEN.

DANGERS OF THE SWITCHMEN'S CALLING—A GRANDFATHER "FOLLYIN' THE ENGINE YIT"—BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME OF THE OLDEST SWITCHMEN IN CHICAGO.

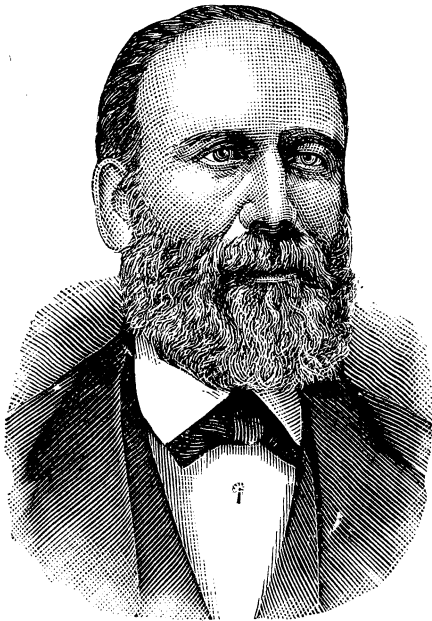
In presenting our readers with a brief sketch of some of Chicago's oldest switchmen, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to the dangers of their calling, and the hardships they have to endure. Their vocation is the most dangerous of any of the different branches of railroading, and that they live for years amid its dangers is only due to extreme carefulness. The least misstep will often result in crippling a man for life. Their hours of work are long, and the labor very hard, and rain or shine they have to be at their posts. There is no protection for them from the rains of summer, nor the freezing winds and snows of winter. On their efficient work the great commercial interests of the country largely depend, and only a little carelessness on their part may result in immense damage to goods in transit, and an error in delivery sometimes causes the loss of an entire consignment of freight, if it happens to be perishable.

In Chicago the work of a switchman is more diversified than in many of the railroad centers of the country. Here the transfer trips are very long, some

of them being nearly six miles in length, and this too, sometimes, over five or six different roads, and through yards that are alive with busy engines. No excuse would be accepted for the misplacement of a switch by a foreign switchman; and that no bad accident has ever happened in Chicago from this cause speaks volumes for the efficient service of these men. In preparing this article we have endeavored to find the oldest switchmen who are still switching, and those who have been most prominently identified with the origin and growth of the association. The men who by their persistent efforts have brought the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association to its present state of usefulness.

John T. Kenny, an excellent picture of whom we present in this issue, is probably the oldest switchman in Chicago who is still "following an engine." Mr. Kenny was born in Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, May 10, 1828, and landed at Castle Garden, New York, April 6, 1844. He was first employed as a yardman for the New York & Erie Road, at Piermont, N. Y., on May 11, 1844, and commenced switching with an engine that could not handle ten cars on level track. He continued in the same position at Piermont until early in 1854, when he came to Chicago and entered the service of the Chicago & Galena Union Railway. Here Mr.

Kenny experienced all the difficulties of the early days' switching. The road at this time had only two switch engines—the John Bull and the Lady Elgin. These engines did only the work at the freight house and passenger depot, and when one of them was disabled, which was not infrequently, the work had to be done with horses. All cars for the grain houses, and transfers of all kinds were delivered with teams. The



JOHN T. KENNY.

last ten years of his service with this company he had charge of the yard as yardmaster, but still had to work with his engine. In 1866 Mr. Kenny went to work for the C., B. & Q. company, with whom he stayed five years, and from there went to the Michigan Central company for ten years more. In 1881 he left the Michigan Central for the Chicago & Grand Trunk, with which

company he still remains. In forty-two years railroading he has only made five changes, and in all this time has never been discharged or called to the office. He never lost a day through sickness or from accident, until April 26, 1886, when stepping from an engine he sprained his ankle—and has never had a smash-up. "Old John Kenny," as he is familiarly called, is probably the most widely-known switchman in Chicago, and he is "everybody's friend." He was one of the charter members of the then switchmen's union, the first organization of switchmen in the world, and has always been an ardent supporter of our association. He is now fifty-eight years old, and carries his age right manfully. He lives with his family at No. 3724 Lowe avenue and, in a short talk we had with him mentioned, with great impressiveness the fact, "I'm a grandfather now, and I'm follyin' an engine yit, and I'm good for a good many years yit." We hope he is, and that he may be happy in them, for surely no man better deserves it.

In the Michigan Central yard we found another "old timer," in the person of Martin Kinney, who has been switching cars in Chicago for thirty-one years. Mr. Kinney commenced his work for the Chicago & Galena Union, in 1855. He remained with this road for ten years, during a large part of which time he was yardmaster of the company's yards at South Branch. In 1865 he went to the Michigan Central, with which road he has been ever since. When Mr. Kinney commenced working for the Michigan Central they had only one switch engine and four yardmen in the city, where now it takes a force of over one hundred men and seven-



teen engines. We endeavored to obtain a picture of Martin for publication, but he says he is not "stuck" on that way of advertisement, and, as he was but little inclined to talk about himself, we had to be content with this very brief history.

Mr. James Cullerton, whose picture adorns this page, is beyond a doubt the man who issued the first call for a meeting of switchmen for the purpose of



JAMES CULLERTON.

organizing an association for protection and mutual improvement. In June, 1877, Mr. Cullerton sent word to the different yards in the city that there would be a meeting held at Fitzgerald's hall on the corner of Stewart avenue and Wright street, for this purpose, and requesting that three delegates be sent from each yard. The meeting was held and the "Switchmen's Brother-

hood" was the result, with fifteen names on its membership roll. The Brotherhood was, however, short-lived, and in August of the same year was formed the Switchmen's Union, of which Mr. Cullerton was one of the charter members. He was president of the Union at the time of the trouble in 1881, and his many reminiscences of the troubles of his position then would fill a much larger volume than our JOURNAL. Mr. Cullerton commenced his railroad work in Cleveland, O., in 1862. He worked there for the A. & G. W. railroad for nine years, when he came to Chicago and entered the service of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. Since he has been in Chicago he has made but one change, leaving the Lake Shore for the Chicago & Grand Trunk, in 1881, with which company he still remains. Jim is very popular among his acquaintances, and is very widely known.

In the C., B. & Q. yard we find James Larkin, who has been switching for that company for over thirty years. He has only been in Chicago six years.

At Western avenue, with the M. & St. P. are "Ike" Creighton, James Melvin, Pete Beemer, John Tangney and Ed. Goodwin, all old-time men.

T. F. Collins and Joe Bennett of the L. S. & M. S. are among the oldest switchmen that company have, and whose records for reliability and efficient service are unsurpassed.

On the P., F. W. & C. Pat Callenan and John Meeker are old-timers on that road.

P. Mahoney, W. H. Crabb and P. Ready (otherwise known as "Dr. Ready") are old-time switchmen now switching for the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railroad.

## LINKS.

It is estimated that fifteen thousand persons are injured in this country every year while coupling cars.

A STONINGTON, Conn., engineer, who has run an engine for the past thirty-one years, has traveled in that time a distance equal to forty times the circumference of the earth.

THE Texas & Pacific bridge, over the Trinity river, at Dallas, Texas, is ninety feet above the water level. A negro walking across the bridge was recently overtaken by a train and so scared that he jumped from the bridge, went plump down into the water, and after half a minute arose and swam ashore unhurt.

THE great test of couplers, automatic and non-automatic, in England, which was promised, has at length taken place. Six prizes were awarded, three on automatic couplers and three on non-automatic. All the prizes were to the link type of coupler, almost the only kind exhibited.

A PRIVATE car, the "Wanderer," was turned out of the company's shops at Schenectady on the 18th, for William K. Vanderbilt. It is 62 feet long, and is intended to accommodate eleven persons. Outside it is an olive green. The interior is fitted up richly and in excellent taste. The builders say it is the handsomest car in the country. Its cost to build was \$20,000.

A NEW JERSEY railroad conductor says that a newspaper folded lengthways and tucked down the back under the coat so that one end shall project up against the back of the head makes a most comfortable and thorough rest for a tired traveler's head. This ought to be suggestion enough for a smart Yankee. We may expect soon to hear that the Eureka Patent Pocket Head Rest and Tourist's Companion is on the market.

THE idea of building railways in China is "all up." The Chinese government will have none of them. The German syndicate has been refused and

the French one is going to be. The Chinese philosophers believe that machinery is a curse, depriving labor of employment, and that to establish railways is almost criminal on account of the number of carriers and wagoners they throw out of work. — *Railway News*.

A COLLISION took place on the Arlberg railroad, in Austria, December 8th, caused by the engineer of the freight being attacked by paralysis as he was approaching a station where he was to cross a passenger train. The fireman seems to have remained unconscious of the condition of the engineer until his attention was forcibly drawn to it by the passage of the train through the station and out upon the single track beyond, upon which a passenger train was at that moment approaching.

THE inventor of a patent car coupler was lately admitted to an interview with a Chicago railroad president, and started off with:

"Last year twenty-six men were killed or crippled on your road while coupling cars. I warrant this invention to—"

"To save how much wear and tear on the bumpers?" interrupted the president.

"I warrant it to save the lives of employes, sir."

"Um! Don't want it. We are after something to save the bumpers."

A MECHANIC at Merrimac, Mass., is now working out the details of his invention, which is to be known as the "Electric Railway Accident Preventor." The claims are that by means of electric currents, properly controlled, a following train can only approach the train ahead within a half or a quarter of a mile, or any prescribed distance. In case it approaches nearer the track loses its power of friction, all wheels on the train slip or revolve without making progress. At the same time the rapidly revolving locomotive drivers automatically shut off steam from the cylinders preventing any danger from too rapid

working of the engine. We venture to guess that there will be found to be considerable "detail" to be worked out to make this a practical invention.

It is related that when the first Maine railroad was started, about forty years ago, W. C. Pitman, of Bangor, was a conductor. One rainy morning he started from Waterville, and, on arriving at North Belgrade, a flag station, not seeing any flag, ran by the station. Just as the train passed, the red flag was run out for some passenger to get on. Mr. Pitman stopped his train and asked Stephen Richardson, the station agent, why he did not display the flag before. Mr. Richardson replied, "Be you a-goin' to run your train in rainy weather? I didn't think you would."

A BOX car which had some loose grain over the floor was invaded by a flock of between twenty-five and thirty goats at Columbus, Ind., when some of the boys closed the door, and the car was taken out to Indianapolis "empty," as was supposed. On arriving at Indianapolis one of the brakemen in the yard opened the car door, when the billy goats jumped out one after another and scattered in every direction. The crew, supposing they had been shipped as freight, engaged in a chase of four hours, capturing fifteen of them. They went to hunt the agent to see the way bill to find out how many goats had been shipped, when they discovered the joke.—*Railway News*.

THE Old Colony Railroad of Massachusetts is said to have more pensioners on its pay-rolls than has any road in the country. No person in its service was ever turned adrift after having been injured, no matter whether by his own carelessness or not, without being properly cared for. If he is disabled for life, he receives just the same pay he was getting at the time of the accident so long as he lives. If one's injuries are of a slight nature, he is given work in accordance with his ability, provided he desires to continue in the company's

service, and if he desires to go elsewhere, and the facts in the case warrant it, he has the hearty recommendation of the company to back him. Such good work on the part of any corporation is commendable, and should not lack appreciation.

#### LINCOLN'S VIEWS ON LABOR.

One of the principal features of the services held at Springfield, Ill., Apr. 15, commemorating the death of Abraham Lincoln, was the reading by Mr. Clinton L. Conkling, an intimate personal friend of President Lincoln, of an extract taken from an address delivered by Mr. Lincoln in answer to an address from a committee representing the Workingmen's Association of New York. The committee waited upon Mr. Lincoln to explain the objects of the association, and request him to allow his name to be enrolled as an honorary member. President Lincoln replied:

"Gentlemen of the committee: The honorary membership in your association so generously tendered is gratefully accepted. There is one point to which I ask your brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of governments. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them and drive them to do it without their consent. Having proceeded so far it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves; and, further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life.

"Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions

are false, and all inferences from them are groundless. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed.

"Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights; nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between capital and labor producing mutual benefits. There is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in this state, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. Thus the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all.

"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to touch or take aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power they already possess, which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as them, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost. None are so deeply interested to resist the present rebellion as the working people. Let them beware of prejudices working division and hostility among themselves. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property.

"Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable. It is a positive good

in the world that some should be rich, for it shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

IN the *American Engineer* there is an attempt to determine the amount of fuel consumed per unit of work done by locomotive engines, and also how much of this energy is used and lost. The calculation is based upon the reports of the Canada Southern, Michigan Central, Hannibal and St. Joseph, and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railways for the years 1879-81. In passenger service the least fuel used per passenger carried one mile was on the Lake Shore, viz., 1.16 pounds. It was greatest on the Canada Southern, where it equaled 1.86 pounds. In freight the amount of fuel consumed in carrying one ton gross weight was barely  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ounces on two of the roads. On the Michigan Central it was over 4 ounces, and on the Hannibal and St. Joseph, 6.4 ounces. This includes the fuel consumed in shunting. Deducting this, and the amount consumed was as follows, in ounces: Canada Southern, 2.3; Lake Shore, 2.38; Michigan Central, 3.52; Hannibal, 5.76. The combustion of one pound of coal is said to produce energy equal to nearly 11,000,000 pounds. If all the energy could be utilized, 2.3 ounces would haul a ton  $28\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and it is said that  $96\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the energy is wasted.

A MAN in the coal region put a little dynamite in the cook stove to remove clinkers. It removed them. It also removed three chairs, one table, the family cat, a twenty-four-hour clock, four dollars' worth of dishes and the stove. The fact that the man was likewise removed in something of a hurry, will be apt to prevent his mode of removing clinkers becoming popular.

## STRIKES AND ARBITRATION.

The prospect for the future of the laboring man in America is brighter to-day than it ever was, notwithstanding the seemingly "strained relations" at present existing between employer and employee.

That we are passing through an epidemic of strikes, lockouts and boycotts is true, but the fact must not be lost sight of, that were it not for the growing power of organization we should have a great many more strikes to contend with than we have had for the first three months of the present year.

The growth of organization for the past ten years has been steady and healthy. It is only where organization is in its infancy that serious troubles such as strikes and lockouts exist. The causes from which strikes and lockouts spring are to be found in all parts of the country, but the methods of dealing with the troubles as they arise are different. In places where no organizations of labor exist, or where the seeds of organization have just been planted, disputing parties are apt to become involved in strikes. The reasons advanced in support of that proposition are as follows: Until recently very few working men dared to express their opinion in public on the subject of labor, for the reason that they were almost certain of an immediate dismissal from the service of the man or company they worked for, if it became known that they in any way favored the association of workmen for mutual protection. With such a sentiment existing in the breasts of workingmen they could not be expected to feel very kindly toward the employer who so jealously watched their every movement, and who, by his actions, made them feel that they were regarded rather as serfs than freemen. While the real bone and sinew of the land remained in enforced silence, except where it could be heard through the medium of the press and rostrum through chosen leaders, another class of men who seldom worked would insist

on "representing labor," and in making glowing speeches on the rights and wrongs of man, would urge the "abolition of property," or the "equal division of wealth;" such speakers very often suggesting that a good thing to do would be to "hang capitalists to lamp posts." The employer of labor who listened to such speeches felt that in suppressing organization among his workmen he was performing a laudable act. Yet he was by that means proving himself to be the most powerful ally the anarchist could wish for. He caused his employees to feel that he took no interest in them other than to get as many hours of toil out of them for as few shillings as possible. The consequence was that the employer, who was himself responsible for the smothering of the honest expression of opinion on the part of labor, became possessed of the idea that the raw head and bloody bones curbstome orator was the real representative of labor, and determined to exercise more vigilance and precaution than ever in keeping his "help" out of the labor society. The speaker who hinted at or advocated the destruction of property or the hanging of capitalists to lamp posts, was shrewd enough to speak very kindly, and in a knowing manner, of labor associations, giving out the impression that he held membership in one or more of them. Workingmen who were denied the right to organize, very frequently went to hear Mr. Scientific lecture on the best means of handling dynamite. And when the speaker portrayed the wrongs of labor, the thoughtful workmen could readily trace a resemblance between the employer painted by the lecturer and the man he himself worked for. Workmen employed by those who frowned on labor organizations became sullen and morose; they saw in every action of the Superintendent another innovation on their rights, and they finally determined to throw off the yoke of oppression, organize and assert their manhood. The actions of the superintendent, or boss, very often tended to widen the

breach between employer and emplye. When the organization did come it found a very bitter feeling existing on both sides, and before studying the laws of the society they joined, or becoming conversant with its rules or regulations regarding the settlement of disputes or grievances, the workmen determined to wipe out of existence the whole system of petty tyrannies that had been practiced on them for years. Not being drilled in organization, and feeling that the employer would not treat with them, the only remedy suggesting itself was the strike. And, on the other hand, the employer who felt that every move of his workmen in organization would be directed against his interests, determined to take time by the forelock and turn them all out on the street. Thus we find the organization in its infancy face to face with a strike or lock-out.

This condition of affairs existed in a great many places throughout the United States in the beginning of the present year. Absorbed in the task of getting large dividends, the employer seldom inquired of his superintendents how he managed the business intrusted to his keeping, or how he treated the employes. In thousands of places throughout the United States, as many superintendents, foremen, or petty bosses are interested in stores, corner groceries or saloons. In many places the employe is told plainly that he must deal at the store, or get his liquor from the saloon in which his boss has an interest; in others he is given to understand that he must deal in these stores or saloons, or forfeit his situation. Laws have been passed in some states against the keeping of company stores, but the stores are kept nevertheless, and workmen are made to feel that they must patronize them.

In many cases the owners of mills, factories or mines are not aware of the existence of such institutions as the "pluck me"—the name applied to the company store—but they stand so far away from their employes that they

cannot hear the murmur of complaint, and if a whisper of it ever does reach their ears, it comes through the boss who is not only interested in the store, but in keeping its existence a secret from his employer. The keeping of such stores is another source of injustice to workmen, for their existence tends to widen the breach between employer and employe. It may seem that I am dealing with insignificant things in this paper, but when the statement is made that seven out of every ten superintendents or bosses are interested in the management and derive profits from the operation of stores which employes are forced to patronize, I make an assertion which can be proved. In a country where every man, no matter how humble, is taught from his infancy that he stands the equal of all other men, it is but natural for a citizen who is given to understand that he must patronize a certain store, or that he cannot join a certain society, to feel restive, and where so much is promised and so little obtained, men are apt to lose faith in a law-making system which obliges the workman himself to become complainant and prosecutor in cases where the laws are violated to his detriment. If he prosecutes he is discharged. If he does not prosecute for infractions of law but simply complains, he is told to invoke the majesty of the law in his own behalf. In this way law is disregarded; it becomes a dead letter; men lose hope in law and law-makers.

The constant itching and irritation caused by the indifference of the employer to their welfare, and the injustices practiced on them by petty bosses, go on until the men feel that the only remedy is through the strike. In this way men who belong to no organization are launched into strikes.

Workingmen are not, as a rule, educated men. When the strike does come, while they feel that they have been wronged, yet they are lacking in the command of language necessary to state their case properly to the world, and, hence, set forth their claims in

such a way as to arouse prejudices or create false impressions. The other side having the advantage of education, either personally or by right of purchase, can and does mold public opinion in a great many cases.

I have pointed out one or two of the little things which cause a great deal of uneasiness and vexation to workingmen; others have pointed out the root of the evil. The workingman of the United States will soon realize that he possesses the power which kings once held—that he has the right to manage his own affairs. The power of the king has passed away. The power of wealth is passing away. The evening shadows are closing in upon the day when immense private fortunes can be acquired. The new power dawning upon the world is that of the workingman to rule his own destinies. That power can no longer be kept from him. How will he wield it?

This question is of great concern not only to the workingman but to every citizen of the republic, and the hand of every citizen who loves his country should be extended to assist the new ruler. I have no fears because of the present apparently disturbed condition of the labor world; on the contrary, the signs are very hopeful. Wendell Phillips once said, "Never look for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times Despotism like a shrouding mist steals over the mirror of Freedom."

The people are not quiet to-day, but they are safe. It is the power of monopoly that is not safe. The men who pile up large fortunes must compensate for that privilege in the payment of a graduated income tax. The blessings which they derive from wealth must be shared by the nation from which they extract that wealth.

The hours of labor must be reduced throughout the nation, so that the toilers may have more time in which to learn the science of self-government. Labor-saving machinery instead of making a slave of man must become

his servant. How will the workingman wield his power? Organized labor says the power will be wisely handled, but we must have the co-operation of the vast middle classes. The employer and employed must no longer stand apart. The barriers of pride, caste, greed, hatred and bitterness must be torn down. The workingman and his employer must meet face to face, they must discuss every detail in the management of the concerns they are jointly operating. No sacrifice of principle on the one hand or of manhood on the other need attend such a transaction. In the management of great or small concerns each grievance, each trouble or difference, whether in relation to discipline or wages, should be talked over in a conciliatory spirit and *arbitrated*. Joint boards of arbitration should be formed between manufacturer and workmen all over the country. Each party should devote considerable time to the perfecting of the plans best suited to their interests or surroundings, for rules governing one case or locality might not work well in another.

Having after careful deliberation agreed upon the rules, each party should sign the articles of agreement, binding itself to abide by them until changed by consent of both. Agreements of this kind will be the means of settling differences as they arise, and with their inauguration, strikes, lock-outs and boycotts will not be entered upon so readily, and, if ever called into play, then only as the very last resort. —*T. V. Powderly, in North American Review.*

THE cantilever system of bridge construction is no new thing, as many have been led to suppose, but is as old as the discovery of America, if not a great deal older. The following description of a bridge of this kind, constructed by native engineers in Japan, a long time ago, is from Van Nostrand's magazine: At the sacred city in Nikko, the other day, I was rather amused and

interested at seeing a fine and very costly bridge of cantilever construction—abutments of hewn stone, shore piers, hewn granite, octagonal, monolithic, morticed for stone girders, monolithic plate beam to receive wooden superstructure. The stringers are fastened into the abutments, balance over the stone beam, but do not reach, by considerable distance, the gap being fitted by middle stringers let into the shore stringers. The Niagara bridge is a mere amplification of this one, built before America was settled, as a religious duty, very expensive, of thick, red lacquered work, and, like a bridge of angels, its planks are never profaned by the feet of the laity. But it seems queer-like to come away here to find our new inventions very old.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF SMOKERS.

A gentleman who is a great “fumi-gator” says that he has philosophized about smokers, with this result: “An even-tempered quiet man never goes to an extreme in choosing his cigar. A nervous man wants something strong and furious; a mild man something that smokes and nothing more. There is a great deal in the way the men handle their cigar. If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it from his mouth to cast a look at the blue curl of smoke in the air, set him down as an easy-going man. He has keen perceptions and delicate sensibilities. He will not create trouble, but is apt to see it out when once begun. Beware of the man who never releases the grip of his cigar, and is indifferent whether it burns or not. He is cool, calculating and exacting. He is seldom energetic physically, but lives easily off those who perform the labor. The man that smokes a bit, rests a bit and fumbles the cigar more or less, is easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently the man has a whole-souled disposition, is a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, with a lively brain and a glib tongue and generally a fine fund of anecdotes. To hold half of the cigar

in the mouth and smoke indifferently is a lazy man's habit. They are generally of little force and their characters are not of the highest strata. A nervous man, who fumbles his cigar a great deal, is a sort of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally, and not caring if it is lighted at all, are characteristics of men who have the tenacity of bulldogs. They never forget anything or let go their holds. The fop stands his cigar on end, and an experienced smoker points it straight ahead, or almost at right angles with his course. Such has been my observations with regard to smokers.”

#### MISTAKES OF LIFE.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: “It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyments of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.”

A POET says: “There is always sunrise somewhere.” This is comforting. To the man who is just going to bed, there comes the happy consolation that somebody has to get up and go to work.  
—*American.*



## ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

Only a woman's heart, whereon  
 You have trod in your careless haste;  
 A thing at best that was easy won;  
 What matter how drear a waste  
 Her life may be in the future years?  
 What matters it? Do not start—  
 It is only the sound of dropping tears  
 As wrung from a woman's heart.

'Tis of little worth, for it cost you naught  
 But a honeyed word and a smile.  
 Was the fault not hers, if she blindly thought  
 You were truer than truth the while?  
 What if the seeds of a life-long woe  
 From its broken shrine upstart?  
 What does it matter to you? You know  
 It is only a woman's heart.

Only a heart to be thrown away  
 With the recklessness that a boy  
 Who, careless of pleasure and weary of play,  
 Would throw down a broken toy.  
 The world is fair and the world is wide,  
 And there's more in its busy mart  
 (Conscience you know you have put aside);  
 It is only a woman's heart.

But powerless is your boasted will  
 To vanquish the ghost of sin,  
 It has spoken oft, and it whispers still  
 Your soul's dark chambers in;  
 In the drama of one life you know  
 You have acted the villain's part,  
 For you struck a hard, a cruel blow,  
 And it fell on a woman's heart.

Only a woman's heart, ah, well!  
 'Tis little, I trow, to you  
 Whether that heart was as false as hell,  
 Or as heaven itself as true  
 You may have thought to your selfish breast  
 That you're skilled in deception's art;  
 But I brand you thief, for the peace and rest  
 That you stole from a woman's heart.  
 —Helen A. Manville, in *New York World*.

## BY APPOINTMENT.

"It is growing quite dark, Thomas,"  
 I called out to my servant, who was  
 riding ahead. "Do you see any signs  
 yet of the tavern where we were to halt  
 for the night?"

"Nothing is in sight yet, sir," he re-  
 plied. "The woods are as dense as ever.  
 I fear we have lost our way. Stay!  
 Yonder on the hill is something that  
 looks like a house; but it can't be the  
 tavern, and it seems to be unoccupied."

"Well," said I, "we must try it, at  
 all events. Even an empty barn would  
 be preferable to a night's lodging in  
 these dark woods."

Turning aside into a sort of blind  
 path, we forced our horses up the steep  
 incline, and drew rein before the dwelling  
 in question. It was as dismal an  
 edifice as could well be imagined.

Built of dark stone, low-roofed, and  
 with gaping, unlighted windows, it

presented a repulsive, frowning aspect  
 that was far from pleasant.

There was, however, no help for it.  
 We knew of no other habitation for  
 miles around, and I was fully deter-  
 mined not to make my bed upon the damp  
 ground at that season of the year. Dis-  
 mounting, we led our animals into the  
 weed-grown courtyard, and forced our  
 own entrance into the house through  
 the decaying front door.

The interior was scarcely more invit-  
 ing than the outside view. The build-  
 ing had apparently been erected by  
 some unsocial eccentric, who had chosen  
 this wild spot for his home to be as far  
 as possible from the rest of his kind.  
 It was in partial ruin, and had been  
 hastily deserted, perhaps through the  
 death of its owner, whose ungenial  
 spirit, one might fancy, yet haunted  
 the place.

The dust arose in a perfect simoon  
 under our tread, and a host of startled  
 vermin scuttled away at our approach.

The rooms were richly furnished in  
 an antique style, but the carpets were  
 rotting and the furniture crazy with  
 time and neglect. A rank odor, mourn-  
 fully suggestive of decay, pervaded the  
 house, striking an unwholesome chill  
 through our frames.

Bidding my servant kindle a fire in  
 one of the rooms which bore traces of  
 more recent occupation than the others,  
 I threw myself upon a sofa and pre-  
 pared for slumber. Wearied as I was,  
 to my vexation I found myself persist-  
 ently wakeful.

For a long while I lay staring at the  
 various objects in the room, and at  
 length began a critical survey of the  
 pictures upon the walls.

One of these, hanging in the strong  
 glare from the firelight, particularly at-  
 tracted my attention. It was the por-  
 trait of a young girl attired in a mod-  
 ern costume and exquisitely beautiful.

It was such a face as one meets but  
 once in a lifetime and never forgets;  
 rare in its delicate perfection of feature,  
 rarer yet in its magnetic sweetness and  
 strength.

The dark eyes looked down at me with an expression of living intelligence that was almost startling.

"That is a face to fire the heart of an anchorite," I muttered. "The man who might be fortunate enough to call the love-light to those eyes need envy nothing in heaven. I would give a year of my life to meet that girl."

The sentiment was not extravagant. In those days circumstances had taught me to consider my existence of very little value to anyone, myself included.

I was without relatives or social ties, and my noblest ambition was to kill time; and a dreary butchery I had made of it so far. So, in all solemnity, I repeated:

"Yes, I would give a year of my life to meet her."

Studying the portrait a while longer, I at length turned over upon my side and fell asleep.

How long I had slumbered I could not guess, when I found myself lying broad awake, my heart bounding with an indescribable sense of wonder and alarm.

The fire had gone out and the room was intensely dark. But as I lay there, striving to conquer my unaccountable nervousness, it seemed that a pale, lambent glow began to irradiate the wall before me.

At first it was so faint that I believed it a mere delusion of my excited fancy; then it grew brighter and stronger by degrees, until objects were visible in a dull, lurid glare such as is cast by the moon in its last quarter.

I had been lying with my face to the wall, but now I turned over to discover whence the light proceeded.

It appeared, however, to come from no central point in the room, but to pervade it like a lucid mist, through which I could dimly perceive the painting looking down at me with its weirdly intelligent eyes.

Was I dreaming? It was the first question I ask myself in explanation of the phenomenon. I arose to a sitting position and gazed around me. No; I

was neither dreaming nor deceived. The light was in the room, a light unlike any known illumination, coming from no visible source. It imparted a pallid distinctness to the furniture and shone with ghastly lustre upon my hands and dress.

And now, as I sat staring in blank amazement, a nameless emotion stole upon me, a sense of awe absolutely superhuman. My heart seemed to pause in its beating, a dead numbness seized upon my limbs, and my teeth clinched themselves tightly as in a frightful nightmare. Yet it was not with terror. My sensations were purely physical, as if I had been blasted with an electric shock. My mind, despite its overwhelming wonder, was clear, suspicious and active.

An instant later a rush of air, so cold, so arctic, that it seemed to coagulate my blood, swept around me. Just before me in the middle of the room the radiant mist grew perceptibly brighter, waving to and fro with the fluctuations of an aurora. Then it gathered itself together in a luminous mass, the size and shape of a human figure. By slow degrees it darkened and assumed a more decided outline, until within the very reach of my outstretched arm. I saw, as through a pale fog, the form of a young girl.

The face was turned toward me; the eyes met mine with an expression unutterably sweet and solemn, seeming to ask me some unknown question.

With a shock I recognized the face in the portrait. Yet as I glanced toward the picture I saw it still looking down on me from its oval frame.

Mastering my quivering nerves with a mighty effort, I again bent my gaze upon the shadowy form beside me.

Jealously I studied it, feature by feature, line by line, I saw that it had no solid outline and that objects were dimly visible through its substance. Brilliant as a summer dawn, it was yet like the impalpable image of a camera.

"It must be a dream," I muttered, "a hallucination of my senses."

I had not addressed the shape before me, but what were my sensations when a voice, clear, sweet, bell-like, coming as from a vast distance, replied :

"It is no dream. You wished to see me. I am here."

Cowering back in my seat I remained speechless for an interval. Then, with quivering lips, I forced myself to speak.

"Who, and what are you?" I asked.

"The shadow of her whose portrait hangs on yonder wall," it answered. "The intelligence of a living woman who lies in seeming slumber many miles from here."

"Why have you come?"

"Did you not will that I should?" replied the shape.

"No," I returned. "Had I dreamed that my wish would call up so utterly a nameless thing as you, it should never have been spoken. I longed to see the original of that portrait in the living flesh."

"And why?"

"Because," I answered, "it touched me as no human face ever touched me before. Because it was eloquent of a noble soul and a tender heart whose sympathies I have sore need of. I felt that had I known that woman I should have loved her."

"Loved her," murmured my weird visitant, bending its soft eyes upon me. "Dare you prove your own heart by meeting her in flesh?"

"Why not?" was my instant reply. "If you are in truth the disembodied soul of that woman, come to me in a guise that my mind can grasp and my senses define and you shall put me to the test."

"I will," answered the shape. "Appoint the time and place and I shall not fail you."

"Here," I cried, recklessly, "in this very room a year hence at this hour."

"Be prepared," said the shadow. "I will come."

The voice grew fainter, as coming from a distance still more remote.

The light fluctuated, and the radiant

image seemed to be dissolving back into the mist.

"Stay!" I cried. "Yet another word. My soul is troubled at what I have seen. I am still incredulous. I cannot believe but that my senses are deceived. The experience is too awful. I do not fear, but I am filled with awe at you. Explain this mystery, I conjure you."

"I cannot," was the answer. "It is for God alone to know the dreadful secret of His power. I only know that I am sleeping in the flesh miles away, and that my soul is with you in this room. To-morrow I shall believe it a dream, but I shall, nevertheless, fulfill my promise. Remember, to-night, a year hence; till then, farewell!"

The glorious shape melted into the ethereal luster of the room. Again the cold air rushed around me, and then I was alone with my awe and wonder in the darkness.

Covering my face with my hands, I fell into a trance of nameless emotion, and so remained until the first pale rays of dawn entered the apartment and my servant came to arouse me.

Neither to him nor to any other did I breathe a word of the weird experience of that night. But the memory of it never left me for a moment in the days that followed.

Sometimes I believed that I must have dreamed it all, and again I tried to persuade myself that my mind must have been laboring for the time under a grotesque mania. But argue as I might, I could not reason it away.

I felt that I had not been deluded, and that I had looked upon the manifestation of an awful mystery.

And forever, haunting my daily thoughts and nightly visions, I saw that weirdly beautiful face and the soft, soul-lit eyes before me. Nor was there any awe or terror in the memory.

I pondered on them always with a kind of wondering tenderness, and that nameless shadow had for me the fascination that was akin to love.

The close of the year drew nigh, and I made preparations to keep my strange appointment. Without informing any one of my design, I set out upon my journey, and at the edge of evening arrived at the old house.

As upon my previous visits, all was darkness and decay within the dwelling.

A minute search through the building revealed no trace of any living presence; nor had any human being entered the place since my departure. The dust and rubbish lay undisturbed upon the floor, and no articles of furniture had been shifted from its original position.

Leaving the outer door unbolted, I returned to the appointed room, and lighting a fire upon the hearth, sat down to await developments.

Hour after hour passed solemnly by and nothing occurred.

Midnight arrived, and still I sat listening only to the crackling of the fire and the moaning of the night wind in the eaves.

"She will not come," I muttered, impatiently, at last. "Either I was wholly deluded or it was a lying demon that I spoke with. I will asleep now, and to-morrow leave this place and its false memories behind me forever."

Throwing myself upon a sofa, I tried to sleep.

Perhaps I did indeed sleep, for after a short interval I was suddenly and unaccountably aware that I was not alone in the room.

A light step and a soft rustle sounded on the floor behind me, and, turning quickly, I saw again that mysterious form confronting me.

But it was different from its last appearance. There was now no mist or light in the room. The broad glare of the fire fell upon a figure of flesh and blood, and a face beautiful beyond words, but of substantial mold.

For a moment I paused indecisive. Then I sprang forward, and my grasp fell upon an arm round and warm with life.

"This is no shadow," I said, "You have kept your appointment with me in the flesh."

The girl looked at me with wonder, and yet with kindly interest.

"Yes," she replied, "I am here. I knew that I should see you."

"Do you remember, then," I said, "what occurred in this room one year ago to-night?"

"I remember only that I dreamed of coming here and seeing you; and that I promised to meet you in this room a year later."

"Do you not recall what I said to you?" I asked. "Did I not tell you that I should love you in the flesh? Did you not dare me to prove my own heart by this meeting?"

"I did," she answered, bending her calm eyes upon me. "And have you proven it?"

"Yes," I answered passionately; "we were brought together by the wildest experience known to man. I have never forgotten you. From such a load of mystery as that meeting cast upon me there were but two means of escaping; one was insanity; the other love. And I have loved you as men have learned to love from portraits. Whatever the occult tie between us in the beginning, the end has been human and tender. And you?"

"Your experience has been mine," she answered. "I was born in this house. Misfortune banished me from it, and sorrow has pursued me since that hour. In my utter desolation I prayed for something to fill my hungry heart. My prayer was heard. In my dream I saw your face and talked with you, and though I knew not whether you were really living or only an image of my vision, I loved you." "Heaven has chosen its own mysterious means of uniting us," I cried—"to heaven I leave its holy secret. I ask no more."

And I am content. The love that became mine in so strange a fashion has lived to bless my life. Let those who doubt or wonder at this tale remember that in this life we are dwellers on the

threshold of the next—that unknown world whose awful mystery only death will unlock.—*C. L. Hildreth, in New York World.*

#### NO MORE CHESTNUTS.

"I like to know," he said as he helped himself to a chair in the Central Station yesterday, "if I vhas some chestnuts?"

"I don't understand," replied the sergeant.

"Vhell, maybe we haf a big crop of chestnuts dis year."

"I don't know about that. What is your case?"

"Vhell, if I sit down in front of my saloon to shmoke my pipe some boys like to sit mit me. Dot makes me feel tickled, und maybe I says to my son Shake:

"Shake, vhy vhas some elephant like a brick?"

"Before Shake can guess it all der boys raise up and shout 'chestnut' at me."

"I see."

"Some odder times, when my saloon vhas full, maybe I ask somebody if he vhas a sailor. He asks me vhy, und I says because he likes a schooner. Dot makes me laugh all oafar, but eaverybody shtands oop und cries out: 'More chestnuts!'"

"Exactly."

"Und if I vhas washing off der vindows und somebody comes by und I ask him vhy a pig in a fence corner vhas like a mule in a parlor, he yells: 'Chestnuts!' at me and walks right along. Now, I like to know vhat dot chestnuts vhas?"

"A chestnut is a nut with a worm in it."

"S—o? Vhell, how does dot affect me?"

"The worm has eaten the meat all out."

"Oxactly, but vhas I too blame? Can somepody lay it to me? I vhas a peaceful man und I pay taxes in two wards und gif to poor folks eavery day, but der werry next time somepody calls

'chestnuts' at me I shall know vhy. I shall take him by der neck und fling him down und walk on him, und I shall fine out if he makes fun of me. Chestnuts! Do I look like him? Vhas I eaten up by worms? Do I sell by der pint? Chestnuts! Um! Let 'em look a leedle oudt for me !"—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The famous clock of Strasburg, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is put completely in the shade by "the great world clock, or the 10,000-year time indicator." It was constructed in Germany during many years' labor by Mr. Christian Martin, clockmaker. The clock marks the years and leap years, and will run for a hundred centuries, when, as the bill frankly admits, its "mechanic works" will have to be changed. The face of the clock is about ten feet square, and has a large number of dials and little niches, where 122 little figures have their abiding place. These latter, as the ever-ready bill explains, are to "allegorize human life." Every minute a sorrowful-looking angel hits a bell with a sledge-hammer. When he has done this fifteen times, another angel in a red robe strikes the first quarter. "The Genius," dressed in a Louis XIV. costume, turns a dial so that the figure is shown. At the same time the figure of a child appears at a lower door. At the second quarter a youth appears; at the third, a middle-aged man with spectacles and a high hat, and at the fourth a decrepid old wreck with a white wig. While all this is going on below, Death, in the shape of a Comanche Indian with wings, has been vainly endeavoring to hammer a bell in an upper niche, but an angel has headed him off in every case and protected the human family "by raising the right hand in an allegorical relation," as per programme, until the fourth quarter. Then Death gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour, and bundles the old man off into eternity. The twelve apostles are trotted out each

hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each apostle in passing," as the bill states, with mathematical exactness. At morning, noon and night, a number of bell-ringers ring their respective bells with vindictive energy, and an old man drops upon his knees as if someone had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders exposing the family secrets of the zodiac, the heathen gods, the seasons, the moon and the globe, all run regularly. The whole structure is surmounted by a cock, which crows at 6 and 12 o'clock.

#### HE TRAVELS WITH THE SHOW.

When the Wild West show was in town, a big man, wearing a sombrero on his head and a gruesome scar on the side of his face, walked into a saloon and gazed searchingly at the congregation, eyeing each man in turn.

"Whom are you looking for, John?" inquired the gentleman who stood with his back to the bar, both elbows resting upon the counter and one heel upon the foot rail.

"Oh, I'm looking for Somebody," replied Arizona John. "I've been looking for him the last two years. Why, I've hunted for that fellow from Skowhegan to Siskiyou, and offered big money for one square look at him. He works for our show—does mor'n anybody else in camp—but I can't get on to him. He isn't on the salary list, but I'd like to work for half what it costs to keep him. He's always doing something. One of the buffalos got into a man's garden up in Springfield and hoisted the man over a fence, and when I went to the camp and asked who let the buffalo loose, they told me Somebody did it. Somebody let go the drag rope of the balloon too soon the other day, and we lost the balloon. Somebody forgot to feed the horses. Somebody left the bars of the corral down and all the stock stampeded. Now, what I want to know is, who is Mr. Somebody, where is he, what does

he look like? Everybody but me seems to know him. I've heard men tell their wives that they'd got to go down town to meet Somebody. Gentlemen go out between the acts at the theater to see Somebody. That fellow, Somebody, gives me more trouble, does more damage and costs more money than all the rest of the outfit. I'm looking for him. I want to find him. I just want to see him a minute; only a minute. I'll die happy if I ever get a fair chance at Somebody."

"What is yours?" asked the bar-keeper, insinuatingly.

"Give me a bee's-wing. I don't know who's setting 'em up, but here's luck to Somebody."—*Boston Globe*.

ON the Russian frontier it once happened that an officer was playing cards with a friend, when a Jew was trying to smuggle himself into the Russian Empire without proper *visa* of his passport. The sentinel on guard arrested him and reported to the officer. "All right," said he. Hours afterward the sentinel again asked what he was to do with the Jew. The captain, furious at being interrupted, shouted: "Why, d— the Jew! Hang him!" The captain went on playing until the morning, when, suddenly remembering the prisoner, he called to the soldier and said, "Bring in the Jew." "The Jew?" said the amazed soldier; "but I hanged him, as you ordered." "What?" said the captain. "You have committed murder." He arrested him, and the judgment—death—went up to the Emperor. Inquiring before signing so serious a document, and learning how matters stood, the Emperor decided that the soldier who, without reasoning, had implicitly obeyed so extraordinary an order of his superior, was to be made a corporal; that the officer who, while on duty, for the sake of gambling, had given the murderous order, was to be sent to Siberia, and that his pay was to go to the family of the poor Jew who had so iniquitously been murdered.

## HUMOROUS.

"What kind of a dog is that, my little man?" "He's part terrier." "And what's the other part?" "Oh, just dog."—*Columbus Spectator*.

The question of trousers or no trousers is being agitated. We know not what others may think, but as for us give us trousers or a warmer climate.—*Judge*.

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for office," answered the colonel.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why did you put all of the good peaches on the top of the measure, and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house marble, and de back gate chiefly slop bar'l, sah."

"Well, that's a new idea. I never heard o' puttin' spittoons on the sides o' the house before!" remarked an old countryman, as he walked up to our telephone transmitter and made a bullseye the first shot.—*Palmer Journal*.

"Oh, George, how superlatively still, clear and beautiful is the night!" she whispered, leaning her finely-veiled temple against his coat collar; "how soothing, how restful!" "Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole hair, "what a night to shoot cats."

Treasurer—"Well ma'am, what do you want? Don't keep the people waiting."

Woman (who has bought her ticket before and returned with it)—"Look here, young feller! This ticket you sold me puts me next to a nigger."

Treasurer—"Well, tell the nigger if he doesn't like it he can have his seat changed. Next."—*Rambler*.

"Where did Adam first live?" asked a New York Sunday-school teacher of her young scholars. No response. "Why, children, you must know; it was in some garden. Now, what gar-

den was it?" "Oh, I know, mum!" said a little fellow with a foreign accent, holding up his hand. "Well, my boy, what garden was it?" "Castle Garden, mum."

A Texas jeweler hung a watch in his window and labeled it: "Look at this watch for \$10," and the unsophisticated gentleman from Africa who stared at the article and then went in and wanted the \$10, had to get down on the floor with the jeweler and roll over and under him a number of times before he could be made to understand that he couldn't have any \$10.—*Texas Siftings*.

A negro boy, while walking along the street, took off his hat and struck at a wasp on a weed. Then, putting on his hat, with a look of disappointment in his black face, he said,—

"I thought I got dat ar ole wass."

"Didn't you get him?"

"No, sah, but I"—he snatched off his hat, clapped his hand to his head, squatted down and said,—

"'F I didn' get dat ole wass after all!"

Meeting Jim Webster, Uncle Mose could not help being astonished at the magnificent pants of Jim.

"Dat's a might fine pair ob pants for sich a pore niggah as you am to be a wearin'."

"Yes, dey's gorgus, an no mistaka"

"How much mout dey cost yer, n' whar did yer get 'em?"

"Dey mout cost me two years in de penitentiary ef I tole."—*Texas Siftings*.

Among other traditions of the government printing office at Washington is a story told about a boy sent with some proof-slips of an important decision to Chief Justice Taney. He appeared at the office of the chief justice and asked him: "Is Taney in?" "I presume," was the dignified reply, "you wish to see the chief justice of the United States?" "I don't care a cuss about him. I've got some proofs for Taney." "I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney." "You're Taney, aren't you?"

"I am not, fellow. I am the the Hon. Roger B. Taney." "Then the proofs are not for you," and the unceremonious messenger would have gone off with them if the judge had not admitted himself to be Taney simply.—*Boston Budget*.

"Young man," said a minister to a passenger who had just finished cursing the peanut boy for waking him up, "does it ever occur to you that we know not what a day may bring forth—that we are here to-day and gone tomorrow?"

"I should say so; I'm a Cincinnati drummer."

"Do you know," went on the minister, solemnly, "that in the midst of life we are in de—"

"You're too late, old man," said the Cincinnati briskly; "I've got \$10,000 in the Occident and Orient, and that's all the insurance I can carry."—*New York Times*.

#### WHY EVE DIDN'T NEED A GIRL.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some reasons why Eve did not keep a girl. She says: "There has been a great deal said about the faults of woman, and why they need so much waiting on. Someone, a man, of course, has the presumption to ask, 'Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not manufactured to wait on her?' She didn't need any. A bright writer has said: 'Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended right away—quick now.' He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and he, stretching himself, yawned out, 'Is supper ready, dear.' He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows and fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve

hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till one o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers; not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig-tree beside his Sunday boots. In short, he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little. That is the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason that her descendants did."

#### SARAH IS OUT THERE.

A Detroitter who was returning from Dakota the other day met an old chap on the train in Illinois who questioned him as to where he had been, and inquired:

"Maybe you run across my daughter out there? Her name is Watson."

"I don't think I did," was the reply.

"But she's in Dakota. She went out there as soon as she was married."

"I didn't see her."

"Didn't you happen to ride by any house where a woman was whistling?"

"No."

"Sarah whistles, but you may have missed her. Didn't see a man and a woman having a fight anywhere?"

"No."

"Sarah and her husband have a regular set-to every two or three days, but you may have taken another road. Didn't hear any woman hollering, 'Durn it to Goshen!' I suppose?"

"Don't think so."

"Sarah hollers that when she stubs her toe, and she can be heard two miles and a half if the wind is right. Meet any woman on the highway who was smoking a clay pipe and sloshing right through the mud puddles?"

"No."

"That's Sarah, you know! Didn't



stop in any neighborhood where the school teacher had been licked and the sewing society all busted to gosh, eh?"

"No."

"That's Sarah again. I guess you didn't travel around much."

"But Dakota is a great territory, you know!"

"Yes, I suppose; but if you had been at one end while Sarah was hollering her husband to dinner at the other, you must have heard her. Maybe you are a little deaf."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### HIS MOTHER.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, pays the following eloquent tribute to his mother: "I had a Christian mother, my earliest recollections of whom was kneeling at her side praying God to save a wayward father and husband. That mother taught me to speak the truth when a child, and I have tried to follow her early teachings in that respect. It would require a much larger book than this to tell the story of my life and the sufferings of one of God's good angels—my mother. To her I owe everything—truth, honor, sobriety and my very life. Her spirit seems to linger near me always; she has been my guardian angel. In the camp, the cabin, the field and the hospital, on the lonely trail hundreds of miles from civilization, in the pine-clad hills and lonely canyons, I have heard in the moaning night winds and in the murmuring streamlets,

The voice of my angel mother whispering soft and low.

"And these sacred thoughts have made me forget at times that there was danger in my pathway. Nor will I ever forget

The day that we parted, mother and I,  
Never on earth to meet again;  
She to a happier home on high,  
I a poor wanderer on the plain.

"That day was perhaps the greatest epoch in my life. Kneeling by her bedside, with one hand clasped in mine, the other resting on my head, she whis-

pered, 'My boy, you know your mother loves you. Will you give me a promise, that I may take it up to heaven?' 'Yes, yes, mother, I will promise you anything.' 'Johnny, my son, I am dying,' said she; 'promise me you will never drink intoxicants, and then it will not be so hard to leave this world.' Dear reader, need I tell you that I promised 'yes;' and whenever I am asked to drink that scene comes up before me and I am safe?"

#### AN INDIAN SEER.

In reading the advertising columns of any popular daily, writes a correspondent of the *Kansas City Times*, one cannot but be surprised at the number of clairvoyants and other seers, who even in this age of skepticism find it profitable to advertise their powers. My experience with these gifted people is slight, but unique and worth relating. I was once traveling in northern Nebraska with a guide who knew the wilderness about us as a farmer knows his fields. One night we went into camp by a small spring, where a party of Indians had pitched their tent. They were of the St. Francois tribe, and old acquaintances of my guide. One of them he pointed out to me as having received his government annuity for 107 years. If he had set his age at 170, I should not have disputed it. He was a mere shadow of a man, dried and withered until he scarcely looked human. His head was bald and polished; his face like dried rawhide. His name in English was Louie Coska, but his own people called him by a many-jointed name meaning one who can call the spirit out. I suppose western Indians call such medicine men.

"What can you show me? Where can you send my soul?" I asked, curiously, when I had listened to a long account of his doings. He shook his head and chuckled and looked at me awhile and then said: "Maybe you han't got no soul. Well, I will see!" Supper was over by this time and the fires dying down, but he pushed the charred ends

together until they began to smoulder, but did not blaze. He directed me where to stand and told me to look into the fire. From a buck-skin bag swung around his neck he took bits of bark and gum and threw them into the embers, muttering all the time a sing-song sort of chant. His look, his motions, as he would bend nearer, nearer the fire as if to warm himself and then suddenly spring up to more than natural height, swinging one foot and one hand alternately, were so funny that I had to fix my whole mind on the fire to avoid laughing. I will say that I thought him a humbug; that he could have any power over me I did not believe. As I gazed the embers brightened. From the bits of bark cast in there came whiffs of perfume indescribably sweet, followed by a stench, stifling and noisome beyond compare. By this time the woods beyond the gleam of our fire was in darkness, and as I gazed the gloom seemed to lift—to swing out like a curtain. The coal upon which I gazed became a flame; around the flame there was formed a crystal case, which, as I looked, became a lamp chimney. The old man screamed a final word, and thrust me forward almost on to the fire. Still gazing I saw this: A room, large and comfortably furnished, lit by a single lamp. Lamplight and firelight gleamed on many articles known to me of old, and beside the fire, with knitting in her hand and Bible on her knee, sat my mother. Every feature was distinct. I noted the gray threads among the locks once so black. I saw that her lips trembled and her eyes were wet. It was of me she thought. It was my absence that wet her eyes with tears. I knew this in some undefined way, but I knew it, and I bent nearer and nearer. Suddenly her face became convulsed, her lips quivered. She raised her hands toward heaven. "My boy!" she whispered. "O, my boy!" she murmured, when, presto! as if the word had had power to dissolve the charm, room, lamp and mother all were gone, and I was struggling in the arms of the guide,

but for whose interference I should have fallen face foremost into the fire. The conjuror brought a dish of water and flung it over the coals, extinguishing them completely, and hobbled away to roost without a word in reply to my questions, without even glancing in my direction, and when I rose in the morning after a troubled sleep their camp was deserted, and I never saw them again.

#### A STORY OF GENERAL BUELL.

On one occasion near Cave Spring he (Gen. Buell) ordered the men kept away from a fine spring, but the guard was overrun by thirsty men, and Buell rode with his stern official dignity to the spring to stand guard himself. He wore at the time a little straw hat and his fatigue uniform. A large, energetic six-footer came up very thirsty and impatient to fill his canteen. He rubbed against Buell as he passed and stepped with one foot in the water to fill his cup. Buell said quietly but decidedly, "Take your foot out, sir." Still stooping, the six-footer looked up and said: "You go to Greenland's icy mountains. I don't want any quartermaster's clerk ordering me around." For an instant the commander of the army of the Ohio was stunned by the unexpected reply. Then he said quietly but emphatically: "Gen. Buell orders you to take your foot—out—of—that—water." The man gave the General a glance of unmistakable admiration and said quickly: "I'll do it, sir. If Gen. Buell would order me to jump head first into a cannon I would do it. Out comes the foot. Why didn't you say so before?" This reply bothered the General a good deal, but he said nothing.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE Guion steamer Wyoming collided with a monster whale on its last trip across the ocean. A sharp, short shock was felt when the collision occurred, but no injury was done to the boat. The whale, however, was cut nearly in two, and died in a few moments.

## MARRIAGE AMONG THE HINDOOS.

From an article a Hindoo recently published in the *St. James Gazette*, it appears that marriage in the writer's country is managed entirely by the parents. Courtship, he says, is literally unknown in India, and the persons who are united in wedlock remain perfect strangers to each other till their nuptial day, and often for a long period afterward. Everything is settled to suit the fancies or caprices of the parents. To the parties chiefly concerned marriage is a pure lottery; but, fortunately, Hindoo connubial life is not generally a miserable lot, as the wife is unsurpassed in faithfulness and devotion to her husband. Indian legislators insist on the marriage of a girl before she attains the age of puberty, and as that seldom takes place in India later than the twelfth year, the highest age at which a Hindoo girl is married—with rare exceptions—is eleven years. The bridegroom is in his teens and his bride has hardly seen ten summers when they are united for life. Many girls have been married when they have barely learned to feed themselves, and sometimes they become mothers before they attain their eleventh year.

The boy inmate of a Hindoo house finds himself betrothed by his father's or grandfather's command to some girl—perhaps an infant of six or seven years old, whom he has not seen; nor does he see her till at the age of fifteen or thereabouts. While he is yet at school he is sent out to fetch her home to his mother's or grandmother's zenana. There the child-wife takes the lowest place, and becomes at once the toy and slave of all the women. She has to learn her domestic duties under the strict eye of her mother-in-law, and drudges on; unless, indeed (as is generally the case), there is a widow in the family to have all the work heaped upon her; for a Hindoo widow is the cursed of gods and men. However, even if this be the case, the child-wife must learn to do her work, which is often menial, and must absolutely obey

her mother-in-law. The husband and wife pass their lives in two almost entirely different tracks, and are brought up in ideas and associations widely different from each other. Beginning as wife at so early an age, and entering by the door of marriage ceremonies which may not be spoken of—revealing possibly to the immature mind thoughts which should never have been present to it—the little girl passes from infancy into the duties and trials of mature life, or at any rate into the seclusion and imprisonment which are the grave of childhood. This dreary life-doom is appalling and most inconceivable to English readers. There is no divorce in the Hindoo law; and, even when she is cruelly treated or mercilessly neglected, the Hindoo wife patiently submits. Still the only thought occupying her mind is the welfare of her husband, whose wrongs and injustices she religiously forgives.

Yet this cruel treatment from her husband is preferable to widowhood. The hindoo widow is never allowed to marry again. She has no one on whom to rely; she is subject to unkindness from everyone, and is liable to be driven to despair. She has to put on the plainest dress, to live only on vegetables and fruits, frequently to abstain from all food, to use no articles of luxury. She is expected to harbor no cheerful thoughts—to pass her life immured within the four walls of the zenana, with grief for her only companion. Thus the widow drags through her wretched life till welcome death comes and relieves her. It often happens that a Hindoo wife loses her husband soon after marriage; and then she is initiated into the horrors of a widow's life ere she has passed her girlhood. An old man of sixty will not scruple to marry a girl of eight, though he knows that she will be an outcast in his house all her life after she has been deprived of her husband. Out of the total population of India there must at least be six millions of women suffering in this way. The last census of Calcutta

shows that there are fifty-five thousand widows in that city.

The more enlightened natives of India are strongly in favor of the abolition of infant marriage and the introduction of widow marriage; but the enlightened are very few, and custom is omnipotent in that land. The only improvement that has taken place in respect to marriage is among the Brahmos, the new theistic body in India, who do not marry their girls before they attain their fourteenth year, and who have also introduced the marriage of widows. But their head, the late Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, married his daughter when she was only a little over thirteen years of age to the maharajah of Cooch Behar. For this breach of faith he was severely blamed by all his educated countrymen, and the whole of the native press turned against him.

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

That opportunity is the cream of time.

That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.

That the more you say the less people remember.

That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.

That a man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.

That good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

That he who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.

That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.

That he who does good to another man does good also to himself.

That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

That publicity is the barn-door upon which fools love to chalk their names.

That the plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

That the man who stirs his cup with

an icicle both spoils the tea and chills his own finger.

That the easiest way to outwit the world is to let it believe that it is smarter than you are.

That in diving to the bottom of pleasures we are likely to bring up more gravel than pearls.

That promises made in hours of affliction require better memory than people commonly possess.

That people seldom improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.—*Good Housekeeping*.

#### THE MODERN CURSE OF HURRY.

We hurry on our railways; we hurry through our telegrams. What is the result of hurrying on the railway? We never see the beauties of the scenery through which we pass, and so with hurried reading, you do not see the beauties of the literature you peruse. And what is the next result? It is that, as you do not appreciate those beauties, the beauties are no longer created for you; style suffers because the readers read too fast to enjoy the style, and so beautiful writing is becoming more and more rare. Some men there are who, in reaction against the slovenliness of the writing of the present day, become themselves stylish and literary aesthetes; but that again is rather an exaggeration. Speaking generally, first-class style in literature is being weakened by the extraordinary pace at which everybody is anxious to read.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Lincoln (Neb.) *State Journal* says: "Let none again say that the B. & M. Railroad Co. is a heathen corporation. One day this week the train from Kearney to this city had on a couple of pound of beefsteak for a party at Lowell. The conductor forgot to put it off and did not discover his error until the train had run a mile this side of the station. The train was promptly stopped and backed up to Lowell, and the steak delivered to its hungry owner."

## BLACKLISTED.

DRIVEN FROM PLACE TO PLACE—AN INCIDENT OF SHAMELESS DISCRIMINATION.

A robbery had been committed. A man almost ragged was arrested by one of those shrewd detectives against whose piercing gaze sheet iron cannot successfully stand. When the man was taken into court for preliminary trial, it was easy enough to suspect him, for having been accused of a crime, he seemed to sink under a weight of guilt. The magistrate, addressing the prisoner, asked a few questions and then, turning to the detective who had made the arrest he inquired:

"What caused you to suspect this man?"

"Well, your honor, he happened here a few days before the robbery was committed and being of suspicious appearance I watched him. I asked him his name and he said it was Barnes, but shortly afterward I heard it was Powell. I lost sight of him on the night of the robbery, but early next morning I saw him trying to sneak out of town, so I thought that he ought to be arrested."

"I think," replied the magistrate, "that you acted rightly in making the arrest. Now," turning to the prisoner, "can you explain your conduct and especially can you explain why you go under two names?"

"Judge, first let me explain why I have two names and that will explain my conduct. Understand, now, that I do not beg for mercy. That time is past. I am now hardened. I will not detain you long, but I ask you—and this is all I do ask—to believe me. Two years ago I was the master mechanic in a large railway machine shop. I received good wages and my family, consisting of a wife and two children, lived as well as any family in the town. I was most happily married, and sometimes at evening, when my little boy climbed up and begged me to tell him just one story, I wondered if such happiness could last.

"One day I was discharged. I was never more astonished in my life. I

humbly asked the cause of my dismissal and was gruffly told that it was because I was not wanted any longer. They should have given me notice, still I did not complain as I recognized their right to employ whom they pleased. When I went home and told my wife that I had been discharged, she put her arms around my neck and said: 'Never mind, dear, you can soon get another place.' The very next day I started out in search of work. I had spent my life in machine shops and could do no other kind of work. I went to a town not a great distance away from my home and applied for work.

"'I believe we are needing a man,' said the superintendent. 'What is your name?'"

"'John Powell,' I replied.

"'He went into an inner office and after remaining a few moments he returned and said: 'No, we don't want you.'

"'By this time my money was nearly gone but I had not the heart to write home for more for I had left but enough—all I had—to sustain my family a few weeks. I went to another town, certain that I should obtain work, for one of the machine shops in the place had advertised for men. The head man asked me my name and then, pointing to a bench, told me to sit down and wait until he came back. He was not gone long. When he returned he said:

"'Don't want you.'

"'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I am a skillful workman and only ask you for a trial. Then if my work don't suit you, I'll leave.'

"'You'll leave anyway,' he replied as he turned away.

"'By this time my money was exhausted, but I could not stop—I must push my way onward. I wrote to my wife, telling her that I had not succeeded in getting work, but that I thought my prospects were good. I told her to write to me, giving as my address a distant town. I had hoped to get over the road, but failed. I

knew why. A prominent railroad official told the engineers not to let me ride. After walking many weary miles I reached the town and applied for work.

"'We don't want you,' said the superintendent.

"'Why?' I demanded.

"'Because you are blacklisted.'

"'My God, man, what have I done?'

"'I don't know and I don't care a damn, but you are blacklisted.'

"'I went to the postoffice. I found a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. I was disappointed. I had hoped to receive a letter from my wife. I tore open the envelope. Here is the letter. Read it judge.'

The justice read as follows: "It is my painful duty to write this. Your wife, having greatly exposed herself in moving from the house which belonged to a railroad official—she had to move—contracted a severe cold and died of pneumonia. Your little children are at my house."

"That is the letter I received, judge. Several weeks ago I heard that my little boy was dangerously ill—not expected to live. I dragged myself to this town, where I learned that my little girl and the boy, upon whom I had centered my hopes, had died of diphtheria. I could do nothing. I was crushed with grief, broken down with despair. Then I changed my name so that I might earn money enough to take me to the graves of my wife and children. I did not commit the robbery. I want no lawyer. I leave it with you. As I previously remarked I ask for no mercy. I am in your power. Use me as you will."

The old magistrate—a man who had spent his early days at the anvil—arose, approached the prisoner, pressed something into his hand and said:

"God knows that my heart bleeds for you. When you stand over the graves of your wife and children, remember an old man who has seen his last loved-one buried."

A COUPLE of darkies were traveling together on horseback, in hot weather, over a sparsely settled country, where nothing eatable or drinkable could be obtained. About dinner time colored citizen No. 1 complains of hunger, and makes a proposition to go into executive session on whatever provisions they might have.

"What has yer got ter bite?"

"Ise got a flask ob 'O be joyful! what's wuff four dollars a gallon. What kind of previshuns has you got?"

"I hain't got nuffin' but a dried tongue."

"What does yer say to swappin' off haf and haf? I gibs you haf de whisky, and you gibs me haf ob de dried tongue."

"Nuff sed. Hand ober de flask."

The flask was handed over, and without drawing breath the party of the second part lowered the line of the horizon several inches below the equator. Then he handed it back, smacking his lips, and remarked ecstatically:

"Dat's sich good whisky I feels like whislin'."

The owner of the flask expected his traveling companion to shell out that tongue, but the latter made no effort to do so, although No. 1 rolled his eyes around in an almost reproachful manner. Finally he ejaculated:

"When's yer gwine to divide dat ar dried tongue you has got?"

"Hain't got none."

"Yer said yer had."

"I did hab a dried tongue, but it haint dry no moah sense I wet it wid de contents ob dat ar flask."

"Look heah; you is a deceitful niggah. I 'lowed dar was some mutuality about you, but I see I has fooled myself'."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE forthcoming marriage of President Cleveland having been publicly announced, the marriageable young ladies of Washington are expected to boycott him. Anyway, a "tie-up" in the White House is threatened.—*Norristown Herald*.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

Correspondents will bear in mind that under no consideration will we give their names to any inquirers. Write on one side of the paper, and give us your name with your *nom de plume*. Address

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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C. R. WOOLDRIDGE, EDITOR.

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NEARLY all of the switchmen in Chicago are now supporting gold tooth-picks. "Your Pick Plug Tobacco," manufactured by the P. J. Sorg Company, Middleton, O., must have become very popular among the boys.

At Topeka, May 3, brother Patrick J. Kennedy, member of Topeka Lodge No. 8, fell off a switch-engine and was run over, cutting his right arm off, breaking his right leg and mashing his right heel. His injuries were of such a character that he lived but fifteen hours.

BILL QUIRK, a Northwestern switchman, recently changed boarding-houses, going to one where a large number of switchmen were boarding. When asked the other day how he liked his new home, he replied: "First-class; we have box-cars for breakfast, cut-'em-all-off for dinner, and ride-'em-in for supper."

WE are pained to note the death of brother Charles W. Courts, of Burlington Lodge No. 6. On April 26, at 2:20 A. M., while at work in the C., B. & Q.

yards, he caught his foot in that life-destroyer—the frog—and was run over, injuring him so severely that he only lived twenty minutes.

THE P. J. Sorg Company manufacturers of Spear Head Plug Tobacco, are overrun with orders for this excellent brand of plug tobacco. We believe that switchmen generally are well pleased with its quality as well as the quantity received for their money.

MR. JOHN A. DOLCH met with a painful accident at the Western avenue yards of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, on May 3. In attempting to throw a switch his hand was caught between a passenger coach and the switch-lever, crushing the little finger of the left hand and stripping the flesh from the hand in a frightful manner. His injuries are very painful and will lay him up for some time to come.

IN our schedule of switchmen's wages of Chicago switchmen, last month, we said that "all over-time to be paid for at the rate of twenty-five, cents per hour." We should have said that over-time is paid for at a pro rata rate, instead of twenty-five cents per hour. We make this correction so that there will be no misunderstanding. Editors are liable to make errors occasionally as well as other people.

THE Executive Board of the Grand Lodge of the S. M. A. A. have established permanent headquarters at room 16, 133 La Salle street. The office will be open during the usual office hours, and the officers of the Grand Lodge will be glad to meet all members of our organization, as well as friends gener-

ally. The Association was in great need of headquarters, so that all having business to transact with the grand officers would know where to find them.

THE switchmen and their friends contemplate having a grand time Sunday, June 6, at Cedar Lake, Indiana, the occasion being the annual picnic of Lodge No. 1, Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association. Trains leave from the Polk street depot at 7:45 and 8 o'clock A. M. Dancing, boat racing, base-ball and foot-ball are on the bills, and the committee of arrangements promise that nothing will be forgotten that can add to the day's enjoyment. Let us all go and picnic once more.

MR. JOHN W. DRURY, Vice-Master and Organizer of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, reports that lodges have been organized since our last issue as follows: Ottumwa, Iowa; Topeka, Kas.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Leavenworth, Kas.; Omaha, Neb.; Clinton, Iowa; Detroit, Mich.; and Toledo, Ohio; steps have also been taken toward organizing several other cities. This is an excellent showing. Let the good work go on until every switchman in the United States becomes a member of the Association.

WE give up considerable space this month to an able article from the pen of Mr. T. V. Powderly contributed to the *North American Review*. The subject, coupled with the source it comes from, makes it peculiarly interesting at this time. It will bear careful reading, and adds materially to Mr. Powderly's reputation as a thoughtful and conservative man. If we had more earnest, thoughtful Powderly's, and fewer ad-

venturers, the workingmen would occupy a higher position among the patriotic thinking men of the country.

SUBSCRIBERS not getting the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL regularly will confer a favor by notifying us at once. We desire to have all subscribers receive their JOURNAL at as early a date after publication as possible. Subscriptions have been pouring in from all points in the United States in such large numbers that it is impossible to get every address correct. Hence we ask their indulgence if their magazine does not come promptly. We also desire to return our thanks for the many kind words of encouragement and compliments we have received concerning the JOURNAL.

"Hot-Box," in last month's *Railroad Brakemen's Journal*, tells of a railroader coming home from the lodge one night, saying to his wife: "I see women are sold at actual value in Indiana. A wife was bought there for five cents." His better half, who had been waiting for his return some time, and wondering what the lodge found to do that kept him so late, cynically replied: "Well, I knew a woman about the time I was married who was sold for nothing." We suppose railroader, finding himself in a "hot-box," wondered whether he was sol(i)d or not in his own household.

THE advance sheets of the Railroad Commissioner's report of Iowa shows that 720 railroad employes were injured in that State during the year. This is a sad commentary on the protection against injury thrown around this class of American workmen by railroad of-



ficials. Iowa does not differ from other States. It occurs to us that it is just about time all railroad employes should send forth a loud and determined demand for better protection from injury than they now receive. They never will get it until they do. Legislatures should be called upon if railroad officials deny them this humane and just demand.

JOHN DOWNEY, grand secretary and treasurer, reports that John Hill, treasurer of Rock Island Lodge No. 2, has taken "French leave." Just how he left the finances of the lodge is not yet known. Let his action follow him wherever he goes as a warning to all others.

Harry Smith has been expelled from Kansas City Lodge No. 4, for contempt of lodge.

Charles Brinkley has been expelled from St. Joseph Lodge No. 9, for actions considered unworthy of a member of the Association.

THE twelfth annual meeting of the Yard Master's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada meets at St. Paul, Minn., Wednesday, June 9, 1886. President Campbell, in his circular calling attention to this annual gathering, appeals to all Divisions to "send their full complement of delegates, as business of vast importance will come up for consideration." Secretary-Treasurer Joseph Sanger's annual report is compiled in a very satisfactory manner. The following are the delegates elected to represent Division No. 15, Chicago: Henry R. Hopkins, E. A. Mowery, L. B. Jones, Fred. Dupuis, Robert Cherry, A. F. Fleming, M. N. Buddell, J. V. Gray, Joseph W.

Creed, M. Grady, G. J. Callahan and P. Conly. A look over these names will convince all who know these gentlemen that Chicago appreciates the appeal of President Campbell and will send not only a large delegation, but an able one also, alive to the best interests of the Association.

THE *Railway Age*, one of the most conservative and intelligent journals of our exchanges, in commenting on our account of the switchmen's strike, says: "We think the JOURNAL will find it difficult to convince impartial and law-abiding men that it was an 'orderly' proceeding to forcibly turn switches, uncouple cars, offer violence to men peaceably at work, and prevent the railway company from moving its trains." The SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL has no desire to convince anyone that the acts enumerated by the *Age* were an 'orderly' proceeding. But we do wish the *Age* to understand, as well as all others, that no member of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association had anything to do with such proceedings. However, in writing our account of the strike, we had in mind the different phases the trouble assumed. Men were brought from other localities under false representation — some actually forced to come from other places along the company's line, to take the places of old employes who had served the company long and faithfully, in fact the better part of their lives. Others were engaged for a like purpose who were of a character that the company would blush to have it said that they were in their employ under other circumstances. Notwithstanding this aggravating condition of things, it cannot be shown where

any switchman attempted any of the acts the *Age* enumerates. The *Age* well knows that there are a class of idlers, as well as bad characters, who take advantage of all opportunities to perpetrate violent and unscrupulous acts. And the *Age*, with its reputation for fairness, cannot afford to accuse or insinuate that the switchmen were responsible for, or in sympathy with, such acts. Hence we repeat, everything considered, that the Lake Shore switchmen "deserve praise for the orderly and manly way they conducted themselves during this trouble."

THE Railroad Commissioners of the state of New York have issued the following notice which will be read with interest by all switchmen:

Section 4 of chapter 439 Laws of 1884, provides as follows: "§ 4. After July 1, 1886, no couplers shall be placed upon any new freight car to be built or purchased for use, in whole or in part, upon any steam railroad in this state, unless the same can be coupled and uncoupled automatically, without the necessity of having a person guide the link, lift the pin by hand or go between the ends of the cars. The corporation, person or persons operating said railroad and violating the provisions of this section shall be liable to a penalty of not exceeding \$100 for each offense."

It is never too late to reform, and we are glad that the law makers of the state of New York have determined to stop the wholesale destruction of life by forcing railroad officials to desist using the old-fashioned link and pin. It would astonish our readers if we should compile a tabulated statement of the number of railroadmen's lives that have been sacrificed by this relic of barbarism. And the number of maimed are as numerous as the sands of the sea shore. It is to be hoped other states will follow close in the footsteps of New York.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following list of patents relating to railroads, issued by the Patent Office at Washington, for the month of May, is reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, 624 F Street, Washington:

Apparatus for operating railway signals—James A. Bunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Car coupling—William H. Hughes, Rushville, Ill.

Car coupling—Madison J. Louraine, St. Louis, Mo.

Railway signal—Wm. Shaw, St. Louis, Mo.

Railway torpedo signal—James A. Bunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE are glad to note the fact that yard masters generally are taking great interest in the success of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. Their field of labor and that of switchmen being so closely allied, it is pretty generally understood now that their interests are identical. There is no denying the fact, however, that there did exist a strained feeling between Division No. 15, of the Yard Masters' Mutual Benefit Association and Lodge No. 1, Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association. But a recent conference was brought about by the conservative element in both organizations, the result of which is that all distrust has disappeared, and the best of feeling now exists between them. This is as it should be. Men whose duties require constant intercourse; the success of the administration of the one depending entirely upon the fidelity to duty of the other, must necessarily have harmony and good feeling between them. We are glad to note that all are getting to realize this fact. And hereafter we look forward to the workings of these two departments of railroad labor without friction and for the benefit of all concerned.

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL PARTIALLY  
DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The story goes that Carlyle, after long study, research and hard work, having completed his history of the French Revolution, submitted the MSS. to George Eliot for criticism, etc. It seems that George Eliot had one of those indomitable cooks in her employ that when the fire went out would rekindle it if she had to use a portion of the house to do so. Carlyle's MSS. necessarily being voluminous, and happening to come in her way, she did not stop to consider its value, and soon had an excellent fire at the expense of Carlyle. This necessitated a rewriting of the whole work.

There was no indomitable cook in our case, but by causes yet unexplained our whole month's work went up in the extensive fire at the corner of Wabash avenue and Congress street, Wednesday, May 26. We are but one of the many losers in this great conflagration, however—the total loss running up to almost a million dollars.

When we arrived at our business office on that morning, we found that instead of being able to mail the JOURNAL to its subscribers, we had not even a line of copy left for our June number. All of our plates, cuts, MSS. proofs, etc., of our June number, and the plates and three thousand printed copies of a second edition that we were forced to print of our first number, were in ashes. We did not spend any time fretting over our loss; but being imbued with the spirit of enterprise that characterizes the average Chicagoan, we had the printer at work on the JOURNAL in a very few hours and before the debris of the extensive fire

ceases smoking, the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL will be in the hands of its subscribers.

To the practical printer the disadvantages under which this work has been accomplished is plain. But to those of our readers who do not understand it, we can assure them that it has been no small matter. Everything having been destroyed, we had to prepare all our copy again, get new cuts engraved, contract with another firm to do our work, and in fact turn chaos into order. We ask the indulgence of our subscribers if the JOURNAL is not up to their expectations, and will assure them that we will be on time and blooming by our next number.

## SWITCHMEN TO THE FRONT.

Lodge No. 1, of Chicago, have shown themselves alive to the interests of the workingmen by the prompt and forcible manner in which they placed themselves on record concerning the action of the mob at the Haymarket, in Chicago, May 4. A special meeting was called for the evening of May 5, which was attended by nearly every member. After numerous speeches were made, condemnatory of the action of the mob the evening before, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we denounce the action of the mob which took place at the old Haymarket Square, Tuesday evening, May 4, as being an outrage on the public at large, an irredeemable injustice to the labor organizations and working people of Chicago, and an insufferable insult to the liberty of all, and particularly to the stars and stripes, under which we now live, and, as citizens, hope to continue to live.

For a number of years, every Sunday afternoon, during the summer months, witnessed a coterie of half-civilized blatherskites orating to a motley crowd

on the lake front—on grounds that the city has full control of. The harangues of these individuals were not of the character that promote public order. Magnifying the abuses of the working classes, they appealed to all the brutal instincts in uneducated manhood, urging arson, murder and pillage as the only remedy for the same. Not content with attacking everything that smacked of law and order, they ridiculed the churches, the purity of homes, and in fact everything tending to the elevation of humanity. Where else on the earth would such proceedings be tolerated? We have now received the first invoice of their heinous teachings. Do we want any more of it? While we grant to every man the largest liberty consistent with public order, we insist that the authorities of the city of Chicago subjected themselves to criticism for having allowed these individuals to publicly teach and vehemently urge men to rob, murder and destroy property.

The most humiliating feature to all honest and patriotic workingmen is the fact that these villains in all their teachings and acts proclaim it on behalf of labor. Hence the wisdom and taste of the Chicago switchmen will be readily seen, and we are glad to note the fact that they were the first to place themselves on record. The labor organizations of these United States are composed of men who have no fault to find with the stars and stripes; men, too, who have but recently given the assurance of their fidelity to the country. They believe that the stripes are broad enough and the stars bright enough that all may receive justice under them, and the workingmen only

ask justice. Far be it from them to encourage or tolerate any other flag. They felt the insult as keenly as any when the old flag was supplanted by the red flag, as it has been on the streets of Chicago. The time has certainly come when they should speak in no uncertain tone on this subject. The peace and prosperity of the nation is of the greatest importance to the workingmen. Let no more red flags be floated by the breezes of this free country. It has no place here. Let labor organizations make as one test of membership fidelity to country.

By careful investigation it will be found that nearly all these blatant creatures that have been preaching murder, arson and pillage in our city, are not citizens of this country. Many have been brought here by importers of labor—others have been driven from other countries because of their disreputable character. While we welcome all men of all languages to our shores who desire to enjoy the freedom of this country let not our fair name be tarnished by being called the asylum of all cranks or the haven for criminals. Self-preservation, the peace, happiness and prosperity of the workmen of this country demands that these individuals be taught their unwholesome precepts and practices will not be tolerated here.

THE second grand ball of the S. S. Merrill Lodge No. 188, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was held at Martine's hall, 55 Ada street, Chicago, on Monday evening, May 3. The hall was handsomely decorated with evergreens, while tastefully arranged around the walls were red, white and

green lanterns, throwing as many colored lights on the happy gathering. A pick and shovel lay at the front of the music stand as though a fireman had but recently dropped them there, in order to participate in the evening's enjoyment. Near two hundred couple were present, and the strains of music from Bolger & Feddern's military band, as well as the happy voices of the participants in the "dreamy waltz," could be heard until the "wee sma' hours," etc. And when the last strains of No. 21—"Home, Sweet Home,"—died away there was a uniform sigh of regret that the second grand ball of the Locomotive Firemen had ended.

#### LIVE AND LET LIVE.

If the principle of live and let live was not lost sight of in the great struggle of life, the world would be the happier. The world owes no man a living. Nature has surrounded him with all the facilities needed to enable him to make his own living, but he has no right to monopolize those facilities. We are born into the world and must take our part in the events that, aggregated, make up the world's history. Care, therefore, should be taken that the part we take will bear the light of the nineteenth century.

How different everything would be if the relations between capital and labor were based on the broad and equitable principle of live and let live? The cry against "grinding, selfish monopoly," would cease. Strikes, with all their attending bitterness, and unsatisfactory ending, would never be heard of. Employers would recognize the fact that employes have rights—that they have the right to expect such

remuneration for their labor as will permit them to live respectably, enjoy a few of the comforts of life, educate their children and lay by a few dollars for "rainy days" and old age. The laws of supply and demand are not based on the live and let live principle. But upon penury, want, ignorance, wretchedness and unskillfulness. The employer has no more right to take advantage of men's necessity, plead over production, depression in business, etc., as an excuse for reducing the wages of his employes, than the employe has of taking advantage of his employer's circumstances, and striking for higher wages. If the one has been resorted to the other is sure to follow at the first opportunity. The one is as unsatisfactory in its results as the other, and both tend to engender ill-feeling, hatred and suspicion where harmony and good will should prevail. Starving men who have struck for some reason or other, into submission, importing men to take the places of old employes, etc., while it may be successfully accomplished, will in the end prove disastrous to the employer. It kills all interest the employe has in the success of his employer. Plants the germ in his heart that when opportunity presents itself, blossoms out in open rebellion against him. On the other hand, if the employe does not practice the principle of live and let live—that employers have rights as well as employes—the same state of affairs will exist. Men do not invest their money simply for the fun there is in it. They are entitled to a fair and equitable remuneration for the money invested and the time spent in managing their business. They are also en-

titled to fair treatment, and not have their business disturbed by injudicious strikes.

We have all evidently pondered over many beautiful and touching little Sunday school stories of how men became bank presidents by picking up pins on the street. We have no desire to take any beauty from these stories or rob them of their pathos. But they are entirely too ancient for this day. The thinking people of this country have arrived at the conclusion that the laborer, like the poor, "ye have always with you." And the great question is not how a man may become rich, but how the position of the laborer can be made less irksome, his home happier, his children educated so that they may compete with the more fortunate ones in the great battle of life. And then ability and merit, not opportunity, will count.

Hence, we say, let the principle of live and let live govern the actions of both employer and employe, and strikes will be few, defalcations of employes rare, all will be happier, and there will be no anarchists.

#### NOT TOO HONORABLE.

Division No. 46, of the Order of Railway Conductors, of Milwaukee, has issued a circular containing the following peculiar, to say the least, resolution:

*Whereas*, A great strike is imminent, and the stoppage of all railway business is in danger, detrimental to the employers as well as the employes, and the outlook dangerous to all kinds of business; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the members of Milwaukee Division No. 46, Order of Railway Conductors, employed as conductors on all railroads running in and out of Milwaukee, hereby tender our services, if necessary, to fill any position in any capacity of which the officials may deem necessary for the best interest of the several companies.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to all general managers and general superintendents and assistant general superintendents of all railroads of which we are employed.

The circular is signed by a committee of the order, consisting of Sylvester Sykes, W. J. Durbin and A. L. Vannaman. These resolutions have been clipped from newspapers and posted on numerous engines and on the bulletin boards of the C., M. & St. P. R. R. by different employes of that road, not only for future reference, but in order that they may show their condemnation for this uncalled for and extraordinary proceeding. The railroad officials, in all probability, will be glad to know that there are a few men that they can depend upon at all times and under all circumstances. Some can be used in helping water railroad stock, others as section hands. Some of them will be "handy to have about the house" when a State Legislature is about to be purchased, and others can be used as "wipers" at round houses, freight handlers, switch tenders, coal shovelers, etc. In fact, there is a grand field for them. But it occurs to us that the indications are that these gentlemen have undertaken a pretty big job. Yet the intelligence that prompted the passage of these resolutions would evidently not hesitate to declare that the "sun do move."

But to be brief, the publication of these resolutions has caused anything but favorable comment among other railroad men. Division No. 46 ought to understand that there are other railroad men organized into organizations with as commendable objects, and just as strong, numerically and financially speaking, as the organization of

which Division No. 46 is a local branch. And when a handful of men propose to lock horns with the engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen, they will find that they have an unusually large elephant on their hands. There should be perfect harmony between the different organizations of railroad men, and anything tending to create friction should be frowned down upon. We do not believe that the national organization of conductors will indorse the course of Division No. 46. They can not afford to do so.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH CHICAGO, Ill., May 6, 1886.  
*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

I am glad that we now have a journal through which we can discuss matters pertaining to switchmen and other public questions in which switchmen, alike with other laborers, are interested. There are so many things done in these days in the name of labor, and there are so many individuals posing as *bona fide* representatives of laboring men that it is high time that every legitimate organized body of American workingmen should have a channel through which they can reach the public, expose frauds, condemn ill-advised acts and uphold the dignity of the American workingman. Hence I say, the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL is "on time."

The past few weeks have been weeks of excitement, and have tried the stability of our association, but I am rejoiced to note the fact that we have come out with flying colors as an association of conservative and intelligent workmen, recognizing the fact that there are at least two classes of people inhab-

iting these United States, both entitled to consideration in the settlement of differences, viz.: employer and employe. While I am not one of the believers in the old theory that labor's and capital's interests are identical, I do believe they stand in the relative positions of competitors for the commodity labor, and there is no reason for them to be otherwise than manly, intelligent competitors. What would be thought of two merchants continually at war with each other? The same friendly relations should exist between employer and employe as usually marks the relations between two business competitors.

The reign of terror inaugurated in Chicago this week by self-styled workingmen, otherwise known as anarchists, furnishes food for reflection. The question arises whether the American workingmen will allow their fair name to be tarnished with such scenes of uncivilized depredation? If not, what is the remedy? It seems to me that, inasmuch as by carefully examining the names of those engaged in this cowardly procedure, one is safe in presuming that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those engaged in it are men of foreign birth. I have my own idea as to how they got here, but will not discuss it at this time. Accepting this presumption as a fact, and asserting as an indisputable fact that the United States workingman has no fault to find with the "old flag" and the freedom it symbolizes, I believe that it is the duty of every labor organization to have engrafted in their constitution as a principal requirement of eligibility for membership that the applicant shall be a citizen of the United States, or have

declared his intention to become a citizen. I assert this with due respect for all workingmen, no matter where or when they are born. But it is quite evident that a man that has no interest in a country other than to get his bread and butter out of it; or cannot take part in the enacting of laws that are beneficial, or the repealing of laws that are oppressive to the workingman, will naturally advocate that which he can participate in — revolution — the cure-all for such grievances in monarchical countries.

But I have written at greater length than I had intended, and will close by wishing the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL every success. MAX.

KANSAS CITY, May 23, 1886.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal.*

At your request I send you a few items for publication.

The first annual ball of Kansas Lodge No. 4, S. M. A. A., was held at Music Hall on April 26. This was the first ball ever given in Kansas City by the switchmen, and it was a decided success, both socially and financially. There were present some of the representative society people of our city. At precisely nine o'clock the grand march commenced, and was participated in by over two hundred couple, and by eleven o'clock at least five hundred couple were present. The best of order prevailed the entire evening, although the hall was entirely too small to accommodate the vast assemblage. Nothing was neglected by the committee in charge that would contribute to the enjoyment of the evening. The hall was tastefully decorated; conspicuously displayed was a large banner, with the emblems of

the association and "Welcome to our first annual ball, S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A., Lodge No. 4, Kansas City," inscribed thereon. Prof. Lee's orchestra of twenty pieces furnished the music. Supper was served in the dining-room connected with the hall, at which over three hundred couple partook of the bountiful repast spread for them. Our worthy Vice Grand Master, John Drury, was in attendance and seemed to enjoy himself hugely.

You may expect in the near future a large list of subscribers for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, as quite a number of active members of our lodge have interested themselves in your behalf.

As for myself I guess I am "done up" here for employment if I am willing to let matters stand as they now are, which I think I will do. I do not think I should create any trouble on account of the hard feeling that the superintendents hold against me. I am willing to waive any and all rights of my own for the benefit of the majority of the members of No. 4. I know that at some time in the future they will see that I am taking the right course. The only thing the superintendents say against me, is that they think I am too much of an agitator. I am unwilling to try to disabuse their minds of this, knowing that time will vindicate my acts in the premises.

I will send you in July a full report of the workings of No. 4, in the way of benefits paid, etc., for publication, if you so desire.

I will close by promising you some good items of interest to switchmen in my next.

Fraternally yours,

J. D. HILL.



## COMMODITY CHARACTER OF LABOR.

In a recent speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mr. F. K. Foster, of the Haverhill *Laborer*, made the following effective argument :

"A few years ago the president of a street car company was approached by a committee of horse-car conductors, who asked for a reduction of the hours of labor. Well, what did this gentleman do? Just what was expected. He discharged the committee, and he told a representative of the press that labor was a commodity, and that there was no reason why he should be obliged to pay more than its market price, just the same as for a bale of hay. Is labor a commodity? We must be correct in our definition of terms in the labor movements. We must know what terms mean. The labor movement says that labor is a commodity plus the human soul, plus the human being that is behind it, and that it must be treated with consideration for that part which is not a commodity. The proprietor of a factory can ship the commodity that is produced to St. Louis, and can sell it there and receive in exchange payment therefor, but when the laborer desires to sell his commodity he has to go there to deliver it. There is no comparison at all between the two things. The law of supply and demand cannot always be applied, even in the case of commodities; it is limited by a thousand causes, and the article comes to you, perhaps, at twice the cost it should come, and the supply doesn't make any difference. The law of supply doesn't work with regard to labor, and if it did what is the legitimate conclusion? When we have a greater supply than demand, what do the employers do? Why, they cut down wages, and if they cannot do that, they reduce production. Now, we stand here to-night prepared to take a lesson from them. In the warehouses of labor in this country the commodity of labor, if you please, is piled up high. What shall we do? Why, reduce the supply of labor by refusing to work but eight hours per day, and

give to the unemployed work to do. Now, I am not an extremist; I believe in the right of all property to exist; I believe in the laws of the land; I would not have the taking of a cent from the man who possesses it; but I would try to regulate affairs so that in the future the laborer would get a larger share.

## A SPY'S SCHEME.

When General Early made his great raid on Washington, writes an ex-rebel in the *Detroit Free Press*, I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battle flags appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day, and was slowly working out, when a couple of young men, both of whom were considerably worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight. I had a pencil and a block of paper with me, and I wrote :

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared it would be a novel idea to lick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize-fighter. I tried to get away from them without further trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to a guard-house. One of the young men, who afterward turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the office of the provost marshal, and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my

name, age, where born, and a hundred other questions, and then searched. They found nothing of a criminating nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me :

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and go out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and while I heard his words I made no movement. He came closer to me and said :

"Come, pack up your traps ; you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eye without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into the private room, where the marshal and three or four other officials were seated. On the way to the office, as we crossed a wide street, the officer suddenly exclaimed :

"There's a runaway horse—look out!"

If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I might have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling :

"They think they've got a sucker, but they'll find out their mistake."

I entered the office knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment, when one of the officers looked up quietly and said :

"Take a seat, sir, and we'll attend to you in a moment."

I made no move, but looked around the room in a stupid sort of way. I

was looking out of the window on to a roof when the same officer said :

"You may come forward and take this chair."

I stood like a stone, and he rose up, came over to me, and led me to a chair at the table. When I was seated one of the others remarked :

"Write your name, age, and last place of residence on a slip of paper." That was trick number three, and it failed, as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper :

"Who are you, and where from?"

I wrote in reply :

"I am Charles Jones, of Richmond."

"But you are a union man," suggested one of the officers aloud.

I saw his lips move, but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would reserve the sharpest point for the last, and was therefore nerved up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed :

"Where did that confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. Then he turned to his companions and said :

"Gentlemen, it's no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb, and a d—d fool besides."

"We have wasted our time," replied a second. "He is not only what he claims to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the Secretary of War."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, careless as you please, and said :

"Go with the officer."

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard-house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose in the streets.

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S PLOW.

On one occasion some Boston friends sent Webster as a present an enormous-sized plow to use on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came in to witness the event. A dozen teams with aristocratic occupants came from Boston. It was expected by everyone that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time when Cincinnatus abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate turnips and cabbages in his Roman garden. The plow was brought out, and ten yokes of splendid oxen hitched in front. More than two hundred people stood around on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vast deep, and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plow handles and spreading his feet he yelled out to the driver in his deep bass voice:

"Are you all ready, Mr. Wright?"

"All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply; meaning, of course, for his speech.

Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort, and shouted:

"Then let her rip!"

The whole crowd roared with laughter, while Webster with his big plow proceeded to rip up the soil.—*Bel-fast Journal*.

## AN EX-PRESIDENT'S SON.

One of the most striking figures seen in Washington is the son of ex-President Tyler. He is now an old man. He is bent with weight of years. His long, white, patriarchal beard sweeps down from his venerable face, nearly covering his broad breast. He wears a soft hat slouched well down over his deeply set eyes, and is dressed generally in a careless suit of badly cut black. He is rarely noticed and walks the streets to most people unknown. Yet in his day he was one of the great

beaux of Washington. He was considered one of the handsomest men who ever graced the society of Washington. When his father was President he was the leader among the young men who went in Washington society. He was tall then, straight as an arrow, and with a most magnificent presence, if one can judge from the glowing tales of his contemporaries. He used to wear a long, shaggy coat trimmed with Astrakhan fur, which was in that day a rarity. When he walked the avenue swinging his cane, twirling his brown moustache, with his fur coat thrown back, he was hailed as the hero of his time. Women bowed down and worshipped before him, and the number of his conquests was legion. To-day he is a poor, broken old man, who walks, insignificant and unknown, about the streets where he once reigned as a social king.—*New York World*.

In the town of New Iberia, La., there are several atheists. One of these men recently went to a morning service where the preacher was delivering his usual Sunday imprecations against his satanic majesty, and taking a seat directly in front of the speaker manifested, by facial expressions, his utter contempt for the pastor's sermon. The reverend gentleman, noticing the effrontery of the infidel, suddenly changed his talk, and directed his remarks point blank at his irreverent listener, but with no other effect than to intensify the latter's scorn. In a fit of rage, the divine invoked the Almighty to rebuke the sinner by smiting him with a bolt of lightning, and then closed the sermon. The next day there was a heavy thunder-storm; lightning played all over the streets and the people were in a high state of alarm. Suddenly they were astounded by seeing in the midst of this electric display the infidel walking down town with several bright steel rods strapped to his body, their glittering points forming a circle about his head. With this remarkable ornament he entered the house of the

preacher, who at the time was engaged in a fervent prayer, and laid his hand on his shoulder. The startled divine cast one look at the lightning rods, and, recognizing his peril, gave a shout of agonized terror and fled. The joke was a brutal one, but the cowardice of the preacher will considerably weaken his influence in that locality hereafter.

#### HE SKIPPED.

"About four weeks ago," said a farmer on the market the other day, "I concluded to get rid of several old stumps near the barn, and I came in and purchased some giant cartridges. Next day forenoon I went at the job, and had just got a cartridge tamped down in the first stump when I saw a man drive up to the house. That was nothing to bother over, however, and I lighted the fuse and ran around the barn to wait for the explosion. I had only got in place when I heard a voice calling:

"'Ah! there, Sharp! I want to sell you the best washing-machine ever made.'"

"It was the chap who had driven up and my wife had sent him out to hunt me. He was within ten feet of the stump when he called. I had a two-minute fuse on the cartridge when I heard his voice, and I called back:

"'For heaven's sake, get out o' that!'"

"Oh, I'll get out, after I have sold you a machine. Sharp, where are you?"

"Well, sir, you can have my ears if that infernal idiot didn't walk up and rest his elbow on the stump, and he was there when she exploded. He took a rise of six or eight feet, came down spread-eagle fashion, and then scrambled up and made for his wagon with slivers sticking out all over him. When he went by the house my wife asked him if the machine saved ten per cent. in soap, but he never came to a halt or answered. He just sailed over the fore-wheel to his seat on the wagon, giving the horses a cut with the whip, and was a mile away when I went out to the road to inquire if the machine was full-jewelled.—*Palladium*.

#### OLD-FASHIONED LARD.

Grocer (to clerk)—"Say, what became of that barrel of soft-soap?"

Clerk—"Don't know."

"That's mighty strange, for it was setting here."

"Oh, you mean that pale-looking stuff?"

"Yes."

"I sold it for lard."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did anybody kick?"

"Not exactly about the soap, but one man came along and said that the last flour he got here made him slobber like a horse in a white clover pasture, but—here comes some one."

Old-timer enters—"Say, got any more o' that lard?"

"No, sir; just out."

"Wush you had some more. Makes the best bread I've eat since I was a boy. W'y it jolts like bein' punched with a rail. That's the sort o' viddults I like—somethin' I can feel. Wife don't like it, but then she ain't been uster good livin'."

"We'll order you some more."

"Wush you would. You may talk erbout your cotton-seed oil, an' all that, but old-fashion' lard is the best stuff fur cookin' purposes after all. It's nachul, an' nobody has ever improved on natur' yit. Wall, good mornin'. Don't furgit to order the lard. Say, I wouldn't care if it was a leetle stronger."  
—*Arkansas Traveler*.

#### PARIS METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

The capital of the company for the promotion of the Metropolitan Railway for Paris is to be 50,000,000 francs. The plan comprises (1) an inner circle line along which the rails will pass, according to the nature of the ground traversed, underground through cuttings or over viaducts; (2) two great arteries destined to connect the stations of the great companies and intersecting Paris. One underground will connect the Gare de l'Est, pass through the district of the General Post-office and

Halles, and terminate at Mont Parnasse Station; the other, which will be above the surface level, will connect with each other (1) the Saint Lazare and the Nord stations by a line which will pass through the Carrefour Drouot; (2) the two stations so united of the West and North with the Vincennes and Lyons stations by means of a line passing from the Carrefour Drouot and leading toward the Avenue Daumesnil by crossing the district of the Halles, which, serving as a point of intersection of the above-ground artery and the underground artery, will thus have exceptional advantages. The contemplated stations number 64, of which 28 are to be on the viaduct, 15 over open cuttings, and 21 over the underground way.

#### THE OLDEST CRAFT AFLOAT.

An interesting discussion took place between a number of down-east sea captains who congregated in Captain Hughes tugboat office, on Walnut street, Saturday evening. The subject was the oldest American vessel afloat. Captain Kelly, one of the eldest of the number, said that the oldest merchant vessel now afloat under the American flag was built in 1815. Captain Hughes, in whose office the discussion took place, a retired mariner, said that he noticed a few days ago the arrival at New Bedford, Mass., of the American bark Rousseau, Captain Wicks, from St. Helena, after a passage of fifty-seven days, with a cargo of 1,300 barrels of sperm oil, 180 barrels of whale oil, and 700 barrels of bones. "This vessel," continued Captain Hughes, "was built in this city in 1801. She is a double-decked vessel of 305 tons register, which in those days was considered an enormous craft. She was built for the Stephen Girard line of packet ships, and ran on that line out of this port for years. The Rousseau is now classed as well as the ordinary vessels of ten years old, and is taken much care of on account of her great age. She is owned by S. Osborne, Jr., of New Bedford."

In looking over the old records of shipping the oldest merchant vessel afloat was found to be the bark True Love, of London, 296 tons register. This vessel was built in this city in 1764, making her now 122 years old. She is owned by John S. Ward, of London, a large owner of vessel property. The True Love is yet in active service.—*Philadelphia Times*.

#### A BIG DOG PREACHES A SERMON.

The other morning there was great commotion on State street, near Twenty-second. The cause of it was a slight disagreement between two dogs in the street. They carried on their somewhat heated and acrimonious discussion in the presence of several thousand people. The sidewalks were covered, and several dozen teamsters stopped their vehicles in order to see the fun, thereby affording observation-stands for hundreds of agile men and boys. Even the cable cars were forced to stop for a time, and their passengers swelled the throng. Windows were opened and heads, both white and black, and of both sexes and all ages, thrust out. Interest in dog discussions is nearly always keen, but on this occasion it was phenomenal. Nor was it any commonplace sort of a dog debate. One of the disputants was a little gray cur about a foot high, while the other was twice its size and black. A third dog stood by—and it was upon him that the gaze of the spectators was fixed—in the capacity of referee. This one was also black, but nearly twice as big as the other. The little gray cur growled and made faces at the black pup, and the black pup looked as if he would like to annihilate the gray cur. But he didn't. The big, shaggy referee was there to see a discussion, and not a fight, and no fighting would he have. Whenever the big dog pitched into the little one as if he would eat him up, the referee pulled the big dog off. When the cur became frightened and fled his foe followed, on mischief bent; the referee was always at their heels, ready to interfere at the

first sign of a foul between the big dog's incisors and the little cur's throat. So long as the disputants confined themselves to showing of teeth and growlings and making of faces and other legitimate features of a political discussion, the referee stood back on his dignity, with his tail wagging over his back and his little eyes dancing in delight; but whenever the discussion descended from the intellectual and began to assume the character of a First Ward election day argument, the big dog promptly interfered. So often were the ill-matched combatants thus separated that the black pup lost his temper and discretion, and with his tail plastered on his belly he tackled the referee. But this shaggy official did not permit his angry passions to rise. He jumped upon the bloodthirsty pup, knocked him down, dragged him into an alley and started him yelping for home, not hurt, but much frightened. The great crowd cheered the referee, the shaggy tail wagged in appreciation of the compliment, teamsters whipped up their lazy horses, the throngs of pedestrians began to move, and this little street scene was over. But there was not a man in all that crowd who did not admire the big dog and who was not the better for having paused there that quarter-hour. The shaggy Newfoundlander had preached a more effective sermon than ever fell from the lips of any \$500 a week evangelist.—*Chicago Herald*.

A PARISIAN millionaire has had a wonderful bed made for himself. When it is time to get up a chime of bells ring. The occupant continues to sleep. Suddenly a candle is lighted by a clever mechanical arrangement. The sleeper rubs his eyes, and an invisible hand proceeds to divest him of his nightcap. By means of electricity a spirit lamp, with coffee-roasting apparatus affixed, next begins to burn. The water soon boils, and the smell of coffee fills the room with a delicious fragrance. Luxuriously revelling in a crowd of agreeable sensations the occupant, now just

beginning to awake, is soothed by sounds proceeding from a costly musical box. At length the bells ring out another merry peal, and at the foot of the bed a card, with "Levez-vous" (get up) inscribed on it, appears. If this invitation is without effect, a powerful mechanism lifts the occupant bodily from the bed and deposits him on the floor.—*Chicago Herald*.

COUNSEL (to witness)—"Was your wife with you on the occasion referred to?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Counsel—"You are sure? Remember, you are on oath."

Witness—"I am quite sure."

Counsel—"Was she present with any one else?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Counsel—"Did you tell her that night?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Counsel—"Or at any subsequent time?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Counsel—"You said nothing to her whatever?"

Witness—"Not a word."

Counsel (getting angry) — "Now state to the court the reason or reasons why you did not consult with your wife regarding the important events which occurred on the occasion mentioned."

Witness—"Because I haven't got a wife."—*New York Sun*.

AS THE vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his study and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

## THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Han'som, stranger? Yes, she's purty an' ez peart ez she kin be.  
 Clever? Wy! she aint no chicken, but she's good enough fur me.  
 What's her name? 'Tis kind o' common, yit I aint ashamed to tell:  
 She's ole "Fiddler," Filkin's daughter an' her dad he calls her "Nell."

I wuz drivin' on the "Central" jist about a year ago, On the run from Winnemucca up to Reno in Washoe. There's no end o' skeery places. 'Taint a road fur one who dreams,  
 With its curves an' awful tres'les over rocks an' mountain streams.

'Twuz an afternoon in August, we hed got behind an hour  
 An' wuz tearin' up the mountain like a summer thunder-shower,  
 Round the bends an' by the ledges 'bout ez fast ez we could go  
 With the mountain peaks above us an' the river down below.

Ez we come nigh to a tres'le cros't a holler, deep an' wild,  
 Suddenly I saw a baby, 'twuz the stationkeeper's child, Toddlin' right along the timbers with a bold an' fearless tread  
 Right afore the locomotive, not a hundred rods ahead.  
 I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle an' I fairly held my breath,  
 Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the child wuz crushed to death,  
 When a woman sprang afore me like a sudden streak o' light,  
 Caught the boy an' twixt the timbers in a second sank from sight.

I jist whis'd all the brakes on. An' we worked with might and main  
 Till the fire flew from the drivers, but we couldn't stop the train,  
 An' it rumbled on above her. How she screamed ez we rolled by  
 An' the river roared below us—I shell hear her till I die!

Then we stop't: the sun wuz shinin'; I ran back along the ridge  
 An' I found her—dead? No! livin'! She was hangin' to the bridge  
 Wher she drop't down thro' the cross-ties with one arm about a sill  
 An' the other round the baby, who wuz yellin' fur to kill!

So we saved 'em. She wuz gritty. She's ez peart ez she kin be—  
 Now we're married; she's no chicken, but she's good enough fur me,  
 An' ef eny ask who owns her, wy! I ain't ashamed to tell—  
 She's my wife. Ther aint none better than ole Filkin's daughter "Nell."

—Eugene J. Hall, in *Current*.

## A MAD ENGINEER.

I was in the second year of my apprenticeship as fireman on No. 63, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road, when I got such a set-back one night as few firemen ever lived through. The incident happened about fifteen years ago, but every feature of it comes to my mind as clear as if the affair occurred last night. My engineer was

named Bob Ripley. He was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, never going behind a glass of beer, and was known all along the line as a sober and trusty man.

Well, all of a sudden, bad luck struck him. He had a little home, which was taken away by a land-shark. He left Cincinnati one night for Toledo on his usual run, and returned to find his wife dead. She had some heart trouble and died without a moment's warning. Within a fortnight his boy baby sickened and died, and left Bob without home or family. I tell you it made an awful change in him. He was off for two or three weeks, and when he came back to the cab I could scarcely recognize him. He had a wild, queer look to his eyes, a strange sound to his voice, and he was so sullen and morose that I almost feared to speak to him on matters of business. I made two or three trips with him, and but for fear of hurting his feelings, I should have made application to be changed.

It was the third or fourth trip after he returned to the road when we left Cincinnati one night for the north. It was a wild, stormy night, and as we got out into the country I caught Bob smiling and chuckling. The wildness of the night seemed to strike a responsive chord in his soul. Old 63 seemed to be in uncommon spirits, too, for she was sliding right along with a heavy train, and making no fuss over it. I made some remarks about it, but Bob had no reply. Indeed, he acted as if he was alone in the cab. I didn't like the situation a bit, for I had a suspicion that he wasn't quite right in his head, and he was also spurting her beyond schedule time. We were to pass a side-tracked accommodation about thirty miles out of Cincinnati. She ought to be in eight minutes ahead of our time, but 63 was overreaching schedule time so fast that I feared a collision. The conductor had his eyes open, however, and at a stop about twenty miles out he came forward and cautioned Bob to slow her down. We

had overreached five minutes in that short run. Bob answered surly enough, but as we pulled out again he obeyed orders and checked her down to lose the extra minutes gained.

We had passed the siding all right when I noticed that his nervousness increased. He would whistle for crossings where none existed, and he would toot suppositious cattle off the track. Once, seeming to ignore my presence altogether, he opened the furnace door and piled in the fuel, although we were carrying more steam than I had ever seen on.

At Hamilton I was fully resolved to speak to the conductor, if he came forward and gave me opportunity, but he did not. It was when I returned to the cab after oiling up that Bob looked up at me with a start, as if surprised to see me, and said:

"Jim, I'm thinking of them."

"Yes, Bob, but they are better off," I soothingly said. "You must bear up like a man. It is sad enough, God knows, but you must meet it bravely."

"Did you see—"

"What?" I asked, as he suddenly checked himself.

He did not answer. He looked at his watch, signaled me to ring the bell, and in a moment more we were off. The night was growing wilder, and we were not ten minutes out of Hamilton when I made up my mind that there was trouble close at hand. Bob turned to look at me now and then in a way to prove that he meditated evil, and from the way he kept the whistle going the passengers behind must have supposed the track to be swarming with living obstructions. We were about half way to Dayton, and I had just replenished the fire, when Bob suddenly gave her all steam. It seemed to me as if old 63 took a clean jump of ten feet as she felt the extra steam, and I shouted my alarm. The words were hardly uttered before he was upon me.

"You've got to die with me!" he screamed, as he clutched my arms, and I'm not exaggerating a bit when I

tell you that his eyes looked like coals of fire.

I was by far the stronger man of the two, but in his first rush he dashed me about in a dreadful way, and had almost pulled me to the steps before I called up my muscles. Then I did my best to save him. He was bound to go off and I was bound to prevent, and as we pulled and tugged at each other, the train was running so close to a mile a minute that none of the passengers cared to reduce the fraction. I think our struggle lasted about five minutes. I was gradually drawing him back into the tender, and was wondering how I could secure him, when he suddenly shut his teeth on my right wrist, and bit and tore like a dog. I had to let go my clutch, and as I did so he turned and leaped off, uttering a cry which rang in my ears for weeks after.

It was high time the steam was shut off. As I afterward learned, every passenger was hanging on and praying to heaven, for the dullest of them knew that something had happened on the locomotive. I brought her to a standstill as soon as possible, and when the conductor reached the cab we backed up to look for poor Bob's body. We found it about two miles back, and it was a shocking sight. He had struck a stump head first, and head and face were simply a bloody mass of flesh.

I ran the train into Dayton, and we had scarcely come to a standstill before I was seized with a chill, and had to be helped to the hotel. I was just clean broken down under the mental strain, and it was plump six weeks before I crept out of my bed. I was determined never to step foot on an engine, but when health came back I got my nerve again, and the result was that I finished my apprenticeship and took the other side of the cab.—*New York Sun.*

A MAN must look up and be hopeful, particularly when he is trying to drink from a jug.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



## WHAT IS FEMININE BEAUTY.

But there must always be this controversy and disagreement on the subject of what constitutes feminine beauty. In many respects, as was said by Madame de Stael with regard to religion, it is a geographical question. What is a crime in one part of the world—for instance, the assassination of one's aged parents—is the highest act of piety in another. So, a very lovely woman in Timbuctoo or among the Esquimaux would be regarded as the most hideous of frights in Mayfair or Fifth avenue. The ideal in some countries is, as we know from travelers, fat, and that bell is most admired who is stoutest.

There are, nevertheless, just as great differences of opinion among the civilized and refined races. Many think that England produces, all things considered, the most beautiful women. Their sturdy health and strength are considered in their favor. But there are men of other nations who do not like this beefiness of aspect, as they rather coarsely put it, but who prefer the delicacy of feature and form of American girls. The greatest of professional beauties among the ancients was, we presume, Helen of Troy; but it is said that her nose ran in a gentle and even line from her forehead, and that there was no break at the usual point between the eyes. This was considered her greatest mark of loveliness, while now such a feature would be looked upon as a deformity.

The astrological idea is that everybody's appearance is influenced and even determined by the positions of the planets and the Zodiac at conception and afterward at birth. The same sign is said to rise both at the first and second. The sign that produces the purest and best type of beauty is Libra. The features are exquisitely modeled, complexion fair, the eyes blue, the hair brown or chestnut and the figure tall. Aquarius comes next. Under this generally the person is a most pronounced blonde and the form stouter. After this follows Taurus, under which either

light or dark persons may be born. Generally they have large and beautiful eyes, showing a great deal of the white.

Not a few handsome women come into the world influenced by Cancer, while Pisces produces the types of females described in Byron's *Dudu*—handsome, lazy and sensual. With regard to the planets, the loveliest women are born under Venus. They have sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles, and are exceedingly attractive in their manners. The moon also gives beauty, and so, frequently, does Jupiter. Under Mars there is a high color, but the native has a rather bold air. Few are good looking under Mercury, and none under Saturn.—*New York Mail*.

## ON A FLORIDA CREEK.

I went up a creek a mile from the Brock house (*Enterprise*), following its sluggish and dirty windings between high and dead grass, to its ending or head in a small pool, wherein, as I entered it, I saw one turtle, two small alligators, and two moccasins. A flock of blackbirds sat on the reeds a little way off, and laughed at me for seeking sport among such abominations. We pushed the boat into the grass, crossed country a few rods, and reached a narrow strip of open water which stretched along two or three hundred yards under the shadow of a palmetto grove. There was nowhere more than a foot of water, but it was full of animal life. Garfish were innumerable. Bream and goggle-eye were luxuriating in the hot, black liquid. Bass were making furious rushes into the thick water vegetation along the shores. I took three or four with short casts close along-side of the boat, but there was no fun and no satisfaction in such angling. One can not enjoy taking fish out of water in which he sees moccasins abounding. While I sat still, studying the crowd of life in the water and on the low, muddy shore under the trees, a loud splashing called my attention to three others who were fishing along toward me. They lifted up their wet heads and eyed me,

not thirty feet off, and, as I remained motionless, went on plunging and emerging, either in sport or seeking food. Birds of various colors and shapes came down to their feeding-ground here, and did not seem seriously troubled to find human occupants in the little lagoon, or mud-hole. So long as I and my oarsman remained motionless, the wild Floridians, furred, feathered, and finned, accepted our presence.—*Cor. Journal of Commerce.*

#### LABOR BUREAU'S FIRST REPORT.

Commissioner Wright, of the National Labor Bureau, has completed his first annual report. The document contains much matter of general interest and much that is especially interesting to organized labor. Colonel Wright estimates that there were 1,000,000 mechanics and laborers in enforced idleness during the past year. This, he says, "means a loss to the consumptive power of the country of at least \$1,000,000 per day, or a crippling of the trade of the country of over \$300,000,000 per year. The earnings of the people involved in the classes named above would not be far from \$600 each per annum, representing total earnings of \$7,990,716,000. The wage earnings of the 1,000,000 that should be employed are crippled to the extent of over \$300,000,000 per annum, a sum sufficient to cause a reaction in business and a general curtailment of expenses from which result apprehension and timidity from all classes." Mr. Wright speaks strongly against the importation of foreign labor under contract. "It lowers wages," he says, "contributes to whatever overproduction exists, and cripples the consuming power of the whole nation. \* \* \* So far as the investigation indicates, the employment of foreign labor under contract to take the places of dissatisfied home laborers has been a miserable failure for all parties concerned, except, perhaps, the parties imported."

While the apparent evils resulting from the introduction of machinery,

and the consequent sub-division of labor, have to a large extent been offset by the advantages gained, the commissioner believes it cannot successfully be controverted that this wonderful introduction and extension of power machinery is one of the prime causes, if not the prime cause, of the novel industrial condition in which the manufacturing nations find themselves. The direct result, he says, has been overproduction, or, to be more correct, bad or injudicious production; and he adds that an influential cause in producing this condition of things is the modern system of carrying on great works by stock companies—a somewhat reckless and abnormal organization of capital and of interests aimed at the development of the industries of the country.

#### WHAT THE STREET CAR STOPPED FOR.

For several evenings lately has one simple incident given me much pleasure. There comes to the corner of the street a young woman carrying in her arms a little baby scarcely able to say its first word.

There they wait, the mother and child, until one certain car is started on its way up the street.

The mother must then involuntarily press her little one closer to her, for baby brightens up as though it knew papa was near. Presently the car is there at a standstill; the driver reaches over the dashboard, takes the little one from the mother's outstretched arms, kisses once or twice the roguish mouth, and then hands baby back again.

Sometimes the car is filled with passengers—it has never been empty—and though some of the occupants may at first wonder at the stop, the reason is soon found out, and a kindly feeling excuses the momentary delay.

Away rattles the car, out the darkening street into the distance passes the woman with the child; but the pretty picture hangs about the place for many a moment after.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A UTAH mine, the largest silver-producing mine in the world, last year yielded \$2,313,387.

THE most beautiful woman in Italy is seven feet high. Yet she will turn a double back somersault and tumble over two chairs and a table to get away from a mouse, just as quick as the four and a-half foot fairy.

AN exciting fight took place one day last week among several Chinamen at Los Angeles, Cal., over the possession of a woman. After five of the Celestials had received enough wounds to lay them up for a month a truce was declared. The lovers finally decided to play a game of cards, the winner to take possession of the girl.

C. T. PECK, Commissioner of Labor Statistics for New York, says: "Since I began my report the labor question has assumed proportions that make it the great and overwhelming issue of the day. I have gone quite extensively into the discussion of arbitration. Out of over 300 witnesses I examined, among employers and employes of all grades, 98 or 99 per cent. were in favor of arbitration or any other method that would stop strikes."

A COMPANY is being formed at San Francisco which plans, by one great engineering work, to reclaim nearly 1,000,000 of flooded and desert land in the upper San Joaquin valley, and improve navigation in the San Joaquin river so as to utilize it for heavy freight. The proposal is to extend north a canal 12 feet deep and forty miles long from Lake Tulare to a junction with the river at the head of navigation.

THE Greely expedition, during its three years' stay within the arctic circle, obtained the following game: One bear, 6 wolves, 32 foxes, 8 ermines, 3 lemmings, 103 musk oxen, 57 hares, 35 seals, 84 brent geese, 91 ducks, 702 guillemots, 172 dovekies, 2 ravens, 18 owls, 178 skuas, 12 gulls, 9 ptarmigans, 99 turnstones, 28 knots, 1 sandpiper, 1

sanderling, 21 arctic terns, 2 gray phalarope, 49 eider ducks, 1 red-throat diver.

THE other day a guard at the Washington Territory penitentiary saw a box-car moving along a railroad siding, apparently because it was on a down grade and had become uncoupled from the rest of the train. He threw a chuck under the wheels, stopping the car suddenly, and as he did so heard a jingling of chains. Opening the car and looking in, he found six convicts who were attempting to escape in this novel manner.

THE inhabitants of Tom's River, N. J., have been annoyed ever since a recent murder occurred in that vicinity, by peculiar wailings, accompanied by the clanking of chains after nightfall. Many thought the noises were made by the ghost of the murdered man, and were rendered uncomfortable accordingly. The mystery was finally solved by the capture of an immense horned owl, which had a trap and long piece of chain attached to one of its legs.

RATHER a peculiar accident happened to a small yearling calf on a Southern railroad recently. No. 24 East Tennessee freight, west-bound, struck it, or rather lifted it up on the pilot, when it must have rolled off, its forelegs and one hind leg going through a trestle, leaving the calf suspended by one hind leg and its short horns, wedged in between the ties on the trestle, where several trains passed over it. The section foreman being notified succeeded in prying it out. No bones were broken, and it only seemed to be numb in its legs from its three hours' suspension in mid air.

## RESPECT THE AGED.

We never see an aged man or woman without feeling a sympathy and respect. How sad to hear the thoughtless remark, in speaking of aged persons, "the old man" or "the old woman!" What disrespect to an aged father or mother! Some do not seem to care in speaking of the aged. They evidently think it

not essential to treat them with that respect they do the younger portion of mankind. It does not take a very keen observer to see this truth, for we have instances every day. It matters not how useful their lives have been, in bringing up families, making every sacrifice for their children's advantage; placing them in a position of honor in the world. Though young now we shall soon be old, if permitted to live, in which case we shall feel the need of respect and kindness that we fail to give others. Old age falls to every human being, unless they die prematurely. Then may we remember that father and mother, who have watched with unceasing care over our infancy and childhood without a murmur, but with the paternal love that never fails, and let us ever bear with them patiently and tenderly, with due respect to the aged.

—*Fireside Journal.*

#### FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I'se come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step, and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on till we were safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, gleefully, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer:

"Oh no, mamma; I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

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The foregoing is a partial list of lodges. We could not ascertain the officers, etc., of others before going to press. Old and new lodges will be kind enough to send to us the number of their lodge, when and where they meet, and the names of their Master, Vice Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary and Treasurer. Also the address of the Recording Secretary.

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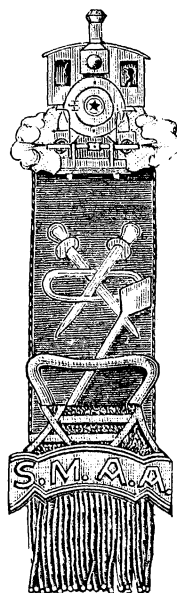
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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No. 3.

## DOLLY.

We were schoolfellows, Dolly and I,  
At a little dame's school in the town close by;  
I carried her books and she held my hand—  
Two innocent children of God's own band,  
We would marry when we grew up, we said,  
Grave plans for the time to come we laid—  
A small boy I and a wee girl she,  
In those bygone days—ah me! ah me!

We grew—we were married—Dolly and I,  
At the quaint old church in the town close by;  
The farm was purchased, the fees were paid—  
“What a blithe young couple!” the neighbors  
said,  
And so we were till the winds blew bleak,  
And chilled the roses on Dolly's cheek,  
Like the waning tide of the waveless sea,  
Her life ebbed gently—ah me! ah me!

If you want to know why I oftentimes sigh,  
You must come with me to the town close by;  
You must see the church where our vows were  
said,  
And the mound that covers the restful dead,  
For my love is sleeping the quiet sleep  
That the shepherd gives to his wearied sheep—  
And the world is not what it used to be,  
Ere its sunlight faded for her and me.  
—Nannie Power O'Donoghue.

## THE NEW OPERATOR.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEW TELEGRAPH  
OPERATOR AND HIS GIRL.

Nellie and Rob had quarreled. Not as do many lovers, for both were operators and had charge of offices whose wires were too busy to permit any war of words; but just enough space had occurred that morning for each to make the other miserable. There had long been an affinity between the two of a stronger nature than usually exists between telegraph operators. Nellie's tender touches upon the key could alone quiet the nervous twitching of Robin's arm when worn out by the rush of messages and train orders. She it was who seasoned the magnetism of dots and dashes with a balm that kept his heart sweet and wholesome. This

she often did weaving the good mornings and good evenings into lengthy tete-a-tetes.

It so happened one winter evening that Ned Owens, the operator at Pine Bluff, a little station intervening between Milldale and Fairfield, made use of his ground wire, thus cutting off all communication between the lovers, but giving himself free scope to talk to his pretty and scintillating cousin. She, however was not kept in the dark as to the proceedings, and together they concocted a scheme to make the devoted Rob Price jealous.

“It will be such fun to know that Rob is fretting and fuming over a trouble that he believes to be caused by a fallen pole or a dislodged tree,” said the handsome Ned, his black eyes twinkling with mischief.

“And I, in trying to round off his surmises, will give a sudden hint of the truth, get red in the face, and appear much confused,” continued the naughty Nellie, tapping her pretty foot anxiously against the embroidered footstool that adorned the little office.

Poor Nellie Trumont! Little does she dream that long hours of suffering must atone for short intervals of heartlessness and coquetry.

So every day the ground wire went on, just at the time when Robin had a few minutes of rest to talk with his affianced, but no answers came to his repeated calls.

“There is a ground north of me,” he repeated, and reported it to the main office. After testing the wires for some time the trouble was located at Pine Bluff. Explanation was asked for, and the wholesouled Ned, confessing that something had bewitched him

in Milldale, was pardoned at the headquarters, and the matter dismissed.

But into the heart of Robin Price crept a dark suspicion, which no syllogism of his sweetheart seemed true enough to obliterate. So a deep jealousy budded in his life, that each day unfolded and perfected.

"I will leave her," he muttered. "Why toil and sweat out an existence for a creature who will perhaps wreck my manhood, as she has threatened my youth?" And with these thoughts animating his purpose he seized the key and called "Md," signing "Fd," those being the letters that designated the two stations, Milldale and Fairfield.

Nellie recognized the stroke and, springing from her pet bird's cage to the table, opened the key and, after making several excited dots, signed her office call "Md."

"I leave on 'No. 23' for California," were the words that the little brass sounder sang out. "To-night's express brings you a package and a letter that explains all. You have been false," the instrument continued to sing, and then came a pause and the circuit closed.

Burning shame and indignation that he should thus accost her on a line where perhaps several dozen were listening first seized her, and pride kept whispering in poor Nellie's ear. Opening again the key, she vehemently fingered it a moment and then plainly and leisurely drummed out the most provoking "O. K."

But O how she longed to call it back! How willingly she would have told him all, not trying to hide the scalding tears that forced their way down her burning cheeks. But it was too late.

Robin's fears were now confirmed. He was boarding the train for his western tour when some one slapped him on the shoulders, exclaiming, "Hello, old pard! What's the latest from Milldale?" But, seeing the desperate glare in his rival's eye, he drew back a foot or two.

"You coward," groaned Robin. "How dare you meddle with my heart and now openly try to humiliate me?" But as he entered the coach Ned seized his arm, saying, "Don't be rash, Rob. Come back into the office and I will make everything as clear as my conscience."

They did go back into the office, closed the door, and No. 23 went whizzing around the bend short one passenger.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Nellie! The next few weeks were long and empty. The spring wind, instead of blossoming the roses on her cheeks, kissed away the flush and left her face wan and expressionless. Back and forth she went to the little office, which, like a neglected flower, had lost its freshness. The canary was drooping upon the perch from thirst and hunger, the desk was in confusion, and everything about the room reflected her feelings.

The spring time had made many changes upon the wire. Ned had deserted his post and a new operator had taken charge of his office, which had always been a kind of playground for her, where she gamboled at will. But now how changed! She would not dare to call this newcomer, who seemed always rushed with business, and the night operator at Fairfield had slipped into her lover's chair quite naturally, and taunted her with many an insinuation whenever she asked for information or showed a willingness to converse.

Sitting one afternoon brooding over the past and dreaming of the far west she was aroused from the lethargy by her instrument clattering out her office call, and continuing to repeat the same until she had duplicated the letters in answer.

"Good evening, Miss N. I learned yesterday through Ned Owens, nightman at Fairfield, that you were a lady operator. Why have you not called me before this and driven away the spring-fever with your sprightliness?" said the



same little sounder that had been tolling a funeral knell for so long.

"Good evening," was Nellie's timid response. "You seemed always occupied and I feared to intrude."

"Ha, ha," rattled the relay and sounder, both seeming to enjoy the change that had come over them. "You are mistaken. Business is dull enough here. How do you pass your leisure time? I do not hear you as often as I did—as I did—ahem!—the lady operator on the C. & A. line where I came from."

"Most any way," replied Nellie. "I crochet and make verses sometimes when there is a lull on the line." Then the demon of her old self came back to her and revived her spirits. "How prettily you send," wrote the dainty fingers. "Go ahead. I love to hear you."

"Thanks," said the new operator, beginning to make each sentence more complex and throwing alternate reflections of sunshine and shadows into them, which fairly dazzled Nellie's poetic nature and made an electric tremor creep along her nerves and flash through every fibre of her hungry heart. "I hope to have many more such chats with you. Good night. Some one's calling on No. 9."

Thus it was that within the space of half an hour, Nellie's heart had undergone a reaction, and something like the old merriment crept into her bright eyes. Every day brought a warmer sunshine into her life, which was fast chasing away the shadow that darkened it, and all because she was loved by a stranger—the new operator. Try as she would; she could not help associating him with her truant lover. At times their touches upon the key were the same and their expressions facsimiles. One day she essayed to ask in a seemingly indifferent tone:

"Did you ever know 'B,' who worked days at 'Fd'?"

"Know whom?" clicked the instrument in return.

"Rob Price," replied Nellie with a tremble upon the last dot.

"Ha! The dunce who broke his heart over your piece of fun with Ned? I should say I had heard of him a few times. I understood he is burying himself in a mining camp out west, and his health is declining. Weeds must have sunshine as well as flowers, you know; but say don't make me jealous by trying to resurrect him. May I come up to-morrow and see you? I have a friend who is going to Milldale and would like to accompany him," said the new operator.

"Certainly," retorted the Milldale office, and Nellie began to smooth her brown hair and arrange the papers upon her desk as if it were dawn instead of twilight.

That night her dreams were troublesome, and when the morning looked in the window there were tears upon her lashes. She made a hasty toilet and sauntered off to the office, wishing that a wreck would delay the early train. She had just unlocked the door and stood talking to little Jack, who was caroling in his cage, when the train whistled. The engine pulled up slowly to the platform, and Ned Owens came bounding into the room, kissing her until her cheeks were aglow with blushes.

"Nell," he said, "I beg a thousand pardons for abandoning you as I did, but I have a surprise for you," and throwing the door open he presented to her the new operator—Robin Price.

There he stood, with extended arms, looking handsomer than ever, with the same soft hair curling over his brow.

Nellie uttered a little shriek and fell in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years and years have slipped by since then. Nellie is now a happy mother, who draws her children about her at twilight and tells them stories of her truant lover, of Ned, and the New Operator.—*J. I. M. in Chicago Tribune.*

A WISE man in his household should find a wife gentle or courteous or no wife at all.—*Euripides.*

## THE TERROR OF A CITY.

Between the woman who wanders about the street shoving a baby carriage before her and the woman who drives a horse and buggy there is a choice. The baby carriage can sometimes be dodged, jumped over or got around. You can sometimes evade it by climbing a telegraph pole or rushing into a basement. If you are armed with a club and can look ferocious the woman will sometimes turn aside and cripple some one else. But for the woman who drives a horse and buggy—look out!

I saw her start out the other day. When the horse left the post the woman was looking back to wave her hand at somebody, and the lines were on the dashboard. There was an ice wagon coming up the street, but wave she must and did. She was almost ready to turn her attention to the horse when he stopped. He had to. He had run plump into the ice wagon team, and he couldn't climb over them. The woman picked up the lines, pulled on the "gee" and then on the "haw," ran the horse over the curbstone and twisted around a tree, and as she got into the street again she upset a swill cart with the off wheels and went her way with serene countenance.

When she reached the avenue she was fussing with the lap-rope, and the horse took a long turn. There was a street car passing, and if the driver hadn't put on the brake and turned his horses across the track she must have been run down. It is doubtful if she noticed the fact. She pulled on one rein with both hands, told Dobbin to "git ap," and finally got away on a straight line, on the wrong side of the street, of course. A brick team crowded her into the curbstone, but the smile never left her face. A milk wagon rubbed the fore wheel, and the milkman yelled at her, but she looked straight ahead. The horse finally crossed over to the other side on his own account, and the street car missed the hind wheel by such a close shave that half the passengers cried out in alarm.

All of a sudden the woman pulled hard on both lines and cried "Whoa!" She had been struck at sight of a new hat on a passing woman, and she wanted to see more of it. A grocer's delivery wagon was following close behind, and the sudden stop brought about a crash. Horse, woman and phaeton were slewed around and almost upset, but the only one at all disturbed was the horse. He didn't seem to believe in sudden changes. He was hawed and geed and pulled into shape, and as he jogged along the lines were dropped while the driver fussed with her hat. Her buggy struck the nose of a horse backed up to a grocer's door—brushed against an express wagon—skinned along the side of a street car, and finally locked wheels with a beer wagon. Nothing was broken—nobody disturbed in mind or body. A harness-maker backed her horse out and headed him down street, and the serene journey was again resumed, to be interrupted on the next block by the animal bringing up against the back end of a farmer's wagon.

"What in blazes—!" roared the farmer, but he stopped there. She had dropped the lines to tuck in the lap-robe.

Down at the next street three men stood talking. The phaeton crossed over and made a bee line for them and drove them off, and then crossed back and skinned along a pile of brick and drove four or five stone-cutters to jump for their lives. It was just half a block further that the horse was hawed to cross to a photograph gallery. Vehicles were passing in a mob. A private carriage was stopped dead still, a fish man's cart backed into a sand team, and a plumber's horse given a set-back to last him a month, but retribution was at hand. A two-horse dray caught a hind wheel of the phaeton and wrenched it off and drove splinters into the pavement. Some one held the horse, and some one else helped the woman out, and when she had surveyed the wreck she mildly observed:

"I wonder how on earth that could

possibly have happened when I am such a good driver!"

I give you fair warning. I saw her at the wagon shop yesterday bargaining for a new wheel. She intends to drive out again. No arrangements can be made with the signal service man to hoist the danger flag when she starts out, nor will the police ride on ahead and clear the streets. The public must look out for itself until the legislature again convenes and some law can be made to cover the case.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### GOULD AND HOXIE'S MISTAKES.

The *Railway Reporter* of Philadelphia, a journal published in the interest of railway corporations, has the following article:

"Were the Southwestern roads controlled by any one else than Jay Gould, public opinion would not be in sympathy with the defeated and the demoralized strikers. After all, it is a question whether public opinion is with them. It matters little to Mr. Gould whether it is or not. It matters but little now whether he was true to the labor committee or not. The contest has degenerated into a guerilla warfare. In the long run the workingmen will win. The history of all labor disturbances proves it. It may, however, take years before they will be able to exercise the control in the management at which they aim. The history of labor agitations in Great Britain might be read with wisdom and profit by Mr. Gould and Mr. Hoxie. The partial resumption of work in the Southwest will likely soon be followed by as complete a resumption as the traffic requirements call for. This does not mean that the strike is over. Even those who have gone to work are the friends of those who are out. It is the popular way to ridicule, as Mr. Gould has done, the strength and authority of this labor organization, which has inaugurated this strike, but it is not a sensible thing to do. It only aggravates and makes bad blood, that will be drawn in some

future contest. Very little violence will be tolerated. The State authorities on one hand, and organized labor on the other, are earnestly opposed to any acts of violence. The work of organization will quickly go on. As many men will be needed on the Gould system this summer as last, and necessarily a greater portion of the strikers will be re-employed. The trouble is only postponed. This defeat will serve as a most valuable text to the labor agitators and lecturers throughout the country to argue into closer relationship for their mutual protection. Jay Gould would have done a wise thing not only for himself, but for railway interests generally to have shown an open hand in that matter and to have arisen to the dignity of a man, and have settled the dispute by some real or apparent concessions.

THE Rev. Dr. Brann, who preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral recently, commented on the sins of America, and struck the nail on the head three times. That kind of plain talk—not violent, but pungent; not passionate or impulsive rhetoric, but cool and skillful dissection of the body politic and social—is instructive and interesting. Marital infidelity was the first crime of the day into which he put the knife. We hardly dare to whisper the fact abroad, but the reverend preacher instanced Boston—where, as popular tradition or perhaps delusion runs, if a man happens to be born there he need not be born again—as a fruitful field for divorce cases. A home, says the Catholic church, should be organized with prudence, and, once organized, it should remain intact forever. The second peculiarity of the age is theft. This is such a large domain that the preacher only looked at it from a distance. He evidently referred not only to the ragged urchin who slips his unwashed fingers into a stranger's pocket, but also to the begloved hands of speculation which manipulates railroads and

turns the "water" of a dozen ponds into the stock thereof, and to the gentlemanly aldermen of 1884 who are restlessly looking up the Hudson to see if Sing Sing is in sight. The third crime which must be surgically operated upon is anarchy. True, and the sooner the better. It is blatant and ignorant. Its object is to legalize robbery, and to find an excuse for plunder. It has fastened to our labor organizations like a vampire, and would make itself fat out of the hard earnings of the workingman. When justice is on its track, however, it creeps under a bed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

#### CHEAP LABOR AND IMMIGRATION.

During a period of five years ended December 31, 1885, 2,839,417 immigrants arrived in the United States against 1,127,977 during a like period ended December 31, 1880; an increase of 1,711,440, or over 150 per cent. Chinese immigration for the periods given increased only 5,121, or about 10 per cent, while since restriction has been in force, or during the last three years, as compared with a like previous period, the decrease was 62,814, or over 1,200 per cent. In the light of statistics, Chinese cheap labor will soon be done away with. Not so the importation or incoming of other cheap labor. Europe furnishes the United States with 98 per cent of all immigration. It also furnishes nearly all of the unskilled labor and pauperism poured into the United States. Of this fact the comparative table under is illustrative:

From—	1880.	1885.
Germany.....	228,269	929,427
Ireland.....	159,860	335,882
England.....	163,941	306,852
Italy.....	33,951	100,057
Austria.....	39,815	94,824
Russia.....	27,990	87,342
Hungary.....	9,833	50,555

Considered as labor, the immigration from Italy, Russia and Hungary is largely unskilled, cheap and poverty-stricken; the *proletarii* in its widest meaning. The statistics above show

that the aggregate increase from these three-named countries during the period under consideration was 244 per cent, or 94 per cent more than for the entire remaining countries of Europe. This increase is only 2 per cent under that of Germany, which shows a larger immigration than any other country, is 134 per cent greater than that of Ireland, 157 per cent greater than that of England and 105 per cent greater than that of Austria. To determine the effect upon the status of labor of this increasing immigration from the three countries designated of a cheap wage class, it is necessary to make a comparative classification of immigration for the two periods first given, as follows:

#### FIVE YEARS ENDING DECEMBER 31.

	1880.	1885.
Women and children.....	511,409	1,266,822
Workers.....	435,680	1,169,900
Totals.....	947,028	2,436,722
Mechanics.....	217,810	365,700
Traders.....	43,562	116,928
Professionals.....	21,781	58,484
Unskilled labor.....	152,467	628,788
Totals.....	435,620	1,169,900

As shown by the statistics, while the number of mechanics, traders and professionals increased 91 per cent in the five years, the number of unskilled laborers increased 313 per cent. Had the conditions of the first period maintained in the second the increase would have been only 233 per cent. This is a startling showing when it is taken into consideration that the increase of 80 per cent is almost wholly due to the influx of cheap labor from Italy, Russia and Hungary, and that the entire immigration from these three countries in 1885 was only about 13 per cent of the total immigration from Europe. Assuming, for the sake of illustration, that the traders and professionals earned \$500 a year, the mechanics \$300 and the laborers \$200 at the end of the period ended 1880, and the average annual wages is about \$300 per capita, and for the period at the end of 1885 \$276 per capita. The abnormal increase of cheap

labor, therefore, resulted in a loss of \$27,796,400 in one year. Economically applied to the United States, there is no difference between cheap labor from Europe and cheap labor from Cathay. —*Boston Globe.*

#### A CHILD AND A WASP.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis express on the Erie railroad, between Port Jervis and Jersey City, recently, was a very much over-dressed woman, accompanied by a bright looking Irish nurse girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two-years-old boy, of whom the over-dressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and the child were immediately in front of her. The child gave such frequent exhibitions of temper, and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks, that there was a general feeling of savage indignation among the passengers. Although he time and again spat in the nurse's face, scratched her hands until the blood came and tore her hair and bonnet, she bore with him patiently. The indignation of the passengers was made the greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct or quiet him, but, on the contrary, sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelped for, the mother's cry was uniformly:

"Let him have it, Mary."

By the time the train passed Turner's the feeling of the passengers had been wrought up to the boiling point. The remark was made audibly here and there that "it would be worth paying for to have the young one chucked out of the window." The hopeful's mother was not moved by the very evident annoyance the passengers felt, and at last fixed herself down in her seat for a comfortable nap. The child had just slapped the nurse in the face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp came from somewhere in the car and flew against

the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once made a dive for the wasp as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand, and said to him coaxingly:

"Harry musn't touch! Bug will bite."

Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from her nap, she heard her son's screams, and, without raising her head or opening her eyes, she cried out sharply to the nurse:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have it at once."

Mary let go of Harry. She settled back in her seat with an air of resignation, but there was a sparkle in her eye. The boy clutched at the wasp and finally caught it. The yell that followed caused joy to the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother awoke again. "Mary," she cried "let him have it!"

Mary turned calmly in her seat, and with a wicked twinkle in her eye, said: "Sure, he's got it, mum!"

This brought the car down. Every one in it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was she pulled her boy over the back of the seat and awoke some sympathy for him by laying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and meek as a lamb and he never opened his head again until the train reached Jersey City.—*New York Sun.*

A MAN named Raven was fishing off a bank, says the *Atlanta Constitution*. The bank was of clay, six or eight feet above the water, and Raven sat with his legs over, when his boot struck something which gave out a curious sound, and he instinctively looked down. Between his feet he saw a stone jar, or at least a portion of one, protruding from the bank. It was four feet below the surface, and he had considerable trouble to unearth it. When he had done so, however, and removed

the wooden cover fastened over the mouth, he found the contents to consist of a gold watch, three or four gold rings, six silver teaspoons, \$500 in Kentucky State Bank bills, \$50 in gold, \$20 in silver half-dollars and about a quart in dimes and 5-cent pieces. Although the jar was tightly corked the dampness had got in and mildewed the bank notes until they fell to pieces in his hands.

#### GEN. KILPATRICK'S WAR HORSE.

The whole upper part of the Delaware Valley and the western part of Orange and Sussex counties will commemorate the Fourth of July in one grand celebration to be held in Port Jervis, N. Y. One of the attractions of the great parade on the day will be "Old Spot," the late General Judson Kilpatrick's war horse, which still lives, at the age of thirty-one years. This is the horse ridden by General Kilpatrick in all his dashing cavalry exploits during the war, the first time at the great cavalry engagement at Brandy Station. The old horse still presents a fine appearance, but is nearly deaf and growing blind. He was brought from the Kilpatrick farm in Sussex county to this village a few days ago, and is kept in the private stables of Dr. Sol Van Etten, a veteran of the war. He is groomed by Lieutenant Landegar, who was one of Kilpatrick's cavalry scouts. "Old Spot" will be led in the parade, bearing Kilpatrick's empty army saddle, by Old Ben, who was the General's body servant during the war.

MANY are called to the pulpit, but few are chosen; many have no more business with such a delicate trust than a coarse-haired, unfeeling man has with a fine-souled woman for a wife. Upright and downright strength and sweetness of life and spirit chains the hearts of men to the church, because there is a man in the pulpit. The world is sometimes cynical, but, after all, the judgment of the world is just,

if sometimes a trifle too keen and shrewd in its criticism; it generally surrenders to sincerity, modesty, sweetness and self-sacrifice, if, when touched, they always ring the true metal. Such men do not have to explain empty pews and a dwindling church by whining about infidelity, agnosticism and the increase of religious indifference. The human heart is just as sensitive as it ever was to religious influence, but it is far keener in its discernment between the touch of a dead and a living hand. Theology and the metaphysics it stands for has little power to-day to assemble, much less perpetuate, a living church, but the preacher who has caught the tender persuasiveness of the Master's voice, who tries by the Master's simple method to put himself into intimate communication with the everyday joys and sorrows of the people, is seldom without a church and never without disciples. Human nature is quick to feel whether a man is walking abreast with the best of himself, whether his speech is only a beautiful gift, or the breath of a beautiful life. The spirit of Christ that *walks* as well as *talks* is the real power of a pulpit. No pulpit was ever dead yet that had a sweet, sincere and noble life in it. If a church is dead or dying it is because there is death or paralysis in the pulpit. The great preacher is one who flings an honest, humble, simple, warm heart ahead of him and fights his way up to it; the glow of a blessed life makes a sermon a burning and a shining light, no matter how plain and rugged the delivery.—*The Oregonian*.

A STEER was killed by a Virginia City butcher the other day, whose teeth the *Enterprise* says, were completely encrusted with gold and silver bullion. The animal came from a ranch on Carson River, and it is thought the metal accumulated on his teeth while he was drinking the river water, which is impregnated with the tailings from the mills reducing Comstock ores.

## IN DEFENSE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

The sympathy of the world with those who happen to have the infliction of a mother-in-law does not diminish as the world grows older. Only recently this sympathy was manifested by the acquittal of a prisoner in a Paris poisoning case, owing to the counsel for the defense representing him as a victim of his mother-in-law's malignity. From time immemorial the mother-in-law, a term which is somehow always construed to denote the wife's mother, has been a subject of caricature and vituperation all the world over. A son-in-law once satirically remarked that one of the reasons why Adam and Eve were so supremely happy in their terrestrial paradise was that no mother-in-law existed in their day; and ethnologists and antiquarians both sustain the argument that directly the mother-in-law came into existence a train of miseries originated, which, however severe, have happily not yet driven the sterner sex to a universal vow of celibacy. To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely-separated continents as Africa and Australia, is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to

look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom. It has been more than once flippantly suggested that this lesson of a venerable experience might be accepted and the custom adopted here, whilst others, equally regardless of social and other consequences, have advocated the institution of a kind of suttee arrangement, which should bind the British matron by social propriety to close her mortal career upon her daughter's marriage. Apart from the suggestion only being available in cases where one daughter alone blessed a marriage, there is the more important consideration that to eliminate mothers-in-law altogether from society, even if it were possible, would be most disastrous in its effects. Is her presence really always so disagreeable, so baneful to enjoyment? Is her advice never needed? The world has always sided against her; it does not stop to consider the double characteristics of legal maternity which are involved when both sons and daughters marry; it still persists in viewing her only in her character of wife's mother, and repeats and revivifies from time to time all the malicious denunciations or witty epigrams that have become associated with her name. Thackeray even, who, with his large knowledge of the world and of the human heart, might have been expected to be more lenient to the unfortunate race of mothers-in-law, goes out of his way to draw the horrible Mrs. Mackenzie, pitying his sweet, silly little Rosie and the

much-injured wives of her acquaintances, without reflecting that they might in their turn become mothers-in-law. Does not this fact suggest food for reflection to the young husbands of to-day, who a quarter of a century hence may find their loving wives unavoidably drifting into mother-in-lawhood? And again, is it not rather unreasonable in a young man to object to her who has had the greatest share in molding the character and training the habits of the one woman he has chosen from all others to be his companion for life? How strange it is, when one looks the question in the face, that a lady, who is considered harmless enough until her children marry, should after that happiest of family events be elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness. As a matter of fact, in spite of all that novelists and playwrights have written, the mothers-in-law of sons generally get on with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. There are plenty of instances in every one's knowledge where men are deeply attached to their wife's mother, and she to them, but it is not every daughter-in-law who really becomes a daughter to her parents by marriage. She may at the same time be on excellent terms with her father-in-law, so much so that one may hazard the supposition that in every position in life people of opposite sexes get on best together. The mother-in-law is often prone to think no girl is good enough for her darling boy, and thus begin her new relationship with a prejudice which the daughter-in-law, confident in the love her husband bears her, may do nothing to dispel. A grey-beard once remarked that it would save half the family squabbles of a generation if young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law, and the advice might be followed with advantage in many cases. As a rule, it may be said that sons or daughters-in-law who complain of their wife's or

husband's mother are not themselves such good husbands or wives as they might be. A man who has a cranky, fractious temper may let off his venom on his mother-in-law because he dare not or cannot vent it upon any one but his wife or her mother; and in the same way a young married woman who fails in controlling her servants, who lets Master Tommy overeat himself, and who runs into a thousand foolish extravagances, may lay every disagreeable thing to the door of her mother-in-law—the upset in the house, the child's illness, and the increase in the bills. There are other points of view from which the luckless relationship of mother-in-law might be studied, but it may help many in making life smoother to look at the matter with a calm judgment, and simply attend to St. Peter's advice "to be courteous," remembering that "when the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong."—*Cassel's Family Magazine*

#### JUSTICE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The story was brought to the city yesterday by a traveler from the lower part of the State of a remarkable "decision" of a tide-water coroner's jury in a recent case. The local justice was summoned in hot haste to organize a jury of inquest in the case of Jupiter Horlbeck, a colored man, who had attempted to ride across a marsh and who fell from his mule and was drowned. In the pockets of the decedent was found an extremely antique type of revolver, rusty, hammerless and altogether harmless. The jury of inquest was composed of old rice-field hands, who sat upon the body, figuratively speaking, for six hours. As is usual, the jury couldn't agree, and finally compromised on the following verdict:

"We fin' de prizzen guilty ob carryin' conceal weepin', and recommen' to sell de creeter (the mule) for pay coss ob co't. Ef de drowned man ain't got no 'lation, 'ceptin' to hesself, de pistle is b'long to de state. Ef he is a onmarry man and he got farra and murra de gun



is for sell and gie one-third to all two. Ef he marry and hab no chillen de whole ting go to he oman: Ef dis jury mak mistak all kin 'peal for hire co't. 'ceptin' Jupe Haullback (wot fine een de mash), an' he carrier is spettubble tell de contrady sesso by sponisible jurimums. De creeter ought to wut 70 five \$, de same wot de foeman on de jury gie he fractor for him oan. All sine dis warrunt accordin' to wot de foeman sot down."—*Charleston News and Courier*.

#### FIVE HUNDRED TRAINS A DAY.

There are ample facilities for getting in and out of Chicago. Counting through trains and suburban, 260 trains leave this city daily, except Sunday, and about 75 on Sunday. The Chicago & Northwestern leads with 61; the Illinois Central is next with 45, and the St. Paul third with 27. The Rock Island and Lake Shore have 20 trains each, the Burlington has 16, the Fort Wayne 15, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois 14, and the Grand Trunk, Panhandle, Alton, Baltimore & Ohio, Nickel Plate, Wabash, Chicago & Atlantic, Kankakee, Michigan Central, and Louisville, New Albany & Chicago 30 altogether. As each train carries about 200 people the total number of out passengers must be more than 50,000. The through trains number 60, and their passengers about 10,000, leaving 40,000 as the number of suburbanites who ride in and out of the city daily by steam cars. The daily suburban arrivals in Boston was, a year ago, estimated at 34,000.—*Chicago Herald*.

"Now, I," continued the drummer, "like enterprise, as do most men of my calling. I saw a chance recently to make a big sale of my goods if I could get to a certain town within a certain time. There was no regular train which would take me through in the time desired, but it happened that the president and other general officers of the road were going over the line that day on a special train. I watched for

this train to come along, and when it did I swung myself on, gripsack in hand, in about a minute the conductor pounced on me. 'We don't carry passengers,' he said. 'But I have got to go on this train,' I said. 'You can't,' he said. 'Its a matter of the utmost importance——' 'Can't help it; I'll lose my position if I don't put you off at the next station.' 'See here,' said I, there's going to be a wedding at the other end of the line this evening, and I'm the bridegroom. How in thunder can I get married if I'm not on hand? I missed the regular train, and this is my last chance.' The conductor slapped me on the back and said: 'Stay on board, old fellow. I'd rather be fired by the company than disappoint the girl.' Well, he didn't lose his job or I would have got him another."

#### JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

"It's a good deal of fun to beat a conductor out of a ride once in a while," said a traveling man to a reporter yesterday. "Conductors generally think they are sharper than any one else, and that's the reason I like to fool them. Well, a friend and myself put up a job. We both want to go to Toledo. I will buy a ticket to that place. My friend buys a ticket to Berea. The conductor comes around, takes up his ticket and puts a check in my hat. When he gets out of the car I tear my check in two. I put half in my hat, my friend puts the other in his hat, we lean back in our seats, read our newspapers and pay no attention to the conductor when he comes through. When we are near Toledo, however, it is necessary for each to have a ticket or check. My friends jumps off at the first station this side and buys a ticket for about ten cents. Then when the conductor comes around to take up the checks we both have something to give him. After we get off we 'whack up' on what has been saved. There's some work about it, of course, but we don't

mind that. At other times we would play the losing dodge on the conductor. For instance, I buy a ticket to Berea, but stay on the train after that station is passed. The conductor comes around, and seeing no check in my hat, inquires for it. I have lost it somewhere on the floor or seat. I will find it in a minute. The conductor passes down the car to collect fares, and as soon as he is by us I take my friend's check and hold it up. 'Hello, conductor, I've found it.' 'All right,' and the conductor goes on his way. At other times, being alone, I declare when the conductor asks for my check that he gave me none. He is generally positive at first that he did, but I am just as positive that he didn't. He must have forgotten it, and at last he comes to that conclusion also, and I go on, the fare costing me only about a quarter.

"Another trick," continued the traveling man, after he had given three or four puffs on his cigar, "often enables me to ride without paying a cent. When I get on the train I find somebody who is going to the same place as I am. I will ask him to let me see his ticket for a minute, and while looking at it hastily write the number on my cuff and return the ticket. When the conductor comes into the car I get up and go into the closet. When he gets down that way he meets me coming out. 'Your ticket, please,' he will say.

"'You got my ticket.'

"'No, I didn't.'

"'Yes, you did.'

"'But I know I didn't.'

"'But I know you did. See here, I travel a good deal, and always make a practice of putting the number of my ticket on my cuff for fear I will lose it. Here is the number of my ticket. Now you look and you'll find that you have got it.

"He looks, and of course he finds the ticket with that number. The car is crowded, and he can't tell whether he got it from me or some one else. He takes it for granted that he got it from me, as the evidence goes to show. He

gives me a check and I have a free ride.

"A scheme is often worked to get extra baggage checked on borrowed tickets. I was about to get on a train the other day when I heard two men talking. One was apparently used to traveling, while the other had probably kept pretty closely at home. The sleek looking man was trying to borrow the other's ticket for a few minutes, and offered to give security for its return, but the fellow couldn't see it. The first man then came to me and said: 'Lend me your ticket. I have got some extra baggage and I don't want to pay for it. This fellow here is too blank honest for any use.' I happened to have a ticket that time, and gladly gave a fellow sufferer the benefit of it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

#### RAILWAYS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

A foreign statistical journal compiles the following table showing the dates at which railways were put in operation in various countries between 1825 and 1860:

England.....	Sept. 27, 1825
Austria.....	Sept. 30, 1828
France.....	Oct. 1, 1828
United States.....	Dec. 28, 1829
Belgium.....	May 3, 1835
Germany.....	Dec. 7, 1835
Island of Cuba.....	In the year 1837
Russia.....	April 4, 1848
Italy.....	Sept. 1839
Switzerland.....	July 15, 1844
Jamaica.....	Nov. 21, 1845
Spain.....	Oct. 24, 1848
Canada.....	May, 1850
Mexico.....	In the year 1850
Sweden, Peru.....	In the year 1851
Chili.....	Jan., 1852
East Indies.....	April 18, 1853
Norway.....	July 1853
Portugal.....	In the year 1854
Brazil.....	April 30, 1854
Victoria.....	Sept. 14, 1854
Colombia.....	Jan. 28, 1855
New South Wales.....	Sept. 25, 1855
Egypt.....	Jan., 1856
Middle Australia.....	April 21, 1856
Natal.....	June, 26, 1860
Turkey.....	Oct. 4, 1860

MINE frow once got mad on me und she says, like dot: "Carl Pretzel, dots besser you had got married to der tuy-fel's oldest sister, und when I vas go died you had better do it." "Nein, my frow, I dink dhere is a law by English against a man to got married to dwo sisters."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

## THE FAITHFUL ENGINEER.

Life is like a crooked railroad,  
 And the engineer is brave,  
 Who can make a trip successful.  
 From the cradle to the grave.  
 There are stations all along it,  
 Where at almost any breath,  
 You'll be "flagged" to stop your engine,  
 By the passenger of death.  
 You may run the grades of trouble,  
 Many days and years with ease,  
 But time may have you "side-tracked,"  
 By the switchman of disease.  
 You may cross the bridge of manhood,  
 Run the tunnel long of strife,  
 Having God for your conductor,  
 On the "lightning train" of life.  
 Always mindful of instructions,  
 Watchful duty never lack,  
 Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
 And your eye upon the track.

Name your engine "True Religion,"  
 When you're running, day or night,  
 Use the coal of "Faith" for fuel,  
 And she'll always run you right,  
 You need never fear of "sticking,"  
 On the up-grades 'long the road,  
 If you've got "Hope" for a fireman,  
 You can always pull the loads,  
 You will often find obstruction,  
 By the cunning devil lain  
 On a fill, a curve, or some place  
 Where he'll try to "ditch your train."  
 But you needn't fear disaster—  
 "Jerk her open"—"Let her go!"—  
 For the King who ruleth all things  
 All his plans will overthrow.  
 Put your trust in God, the Saviour,  
 Keep a going—don't look back—  
 Keep your hand upon the throttle  
 And your eye upon the track.

When you've made the trip successful,  
 And you're at your journey's end,  
 You will find the angels waiting  
 To receive you as a friend.  
 You'll approach the Superintendent,  
 Who is waiting for you now,  
 With a blessed smile of welcome,  
 And a crown to deck your brow.  
 Never falter in your duty,  
 Put your faith and hope in Him,  
 And you'll always find your engine  
 In the best of running trim.  
 Ring your bell and blow your whistle,  
 Never let your courage slack,  
 Keep your hand upon the throttle  
 And your eye upon the track.  
 —WILL S. HAYS in *Railway Employee*.

## SCHOOLS OF ANARCHY.

"Oh, what wretched creatures those switchmen must be! How can they have done so? Where can they have learned such vicious doctrines and practices?"

It was the dainty Miss Columbia who thus expressed herself, as she heard of some recent excesses amongst the working classes, and, as she spoke, she indignantly gathered around her the folds of the French silk which enrobed

her person. Her distress was indeed so poignant that she resorted to a vial of German perfume, and only after some restful moments could she readjust on her fair shoulders the Austrian laces wherewith they were kerchiefed.

"What barbarous peoples!" she again exclaimed, "must these Poles and Bohemians, and the rest of them be—how wicked and benighted to introduce—how—"

And so, while the lady pauses in her breathless agitation, her supreme disapproval, one may stop to inquire exactly where it is these people have been schooled in the doctrines and encouraged in the practices which have provoked the ebullition of Miss Columbia's distress. Be it well understood that the lady makes no distinction of races in all her wide inheritance.

Was it, then, altogether in Poland, Bohemia, England, or Ireland—was it in the land of Bismarck or that of the haughty Czar—or, was it, possibly, within the benign circle of Miss Columbia's own household? Is the lady herself in anywise accountable for the evil over which she grieves and to which she would fain apply a righteous, chastising rod? Or, is she not involuntarily teaching, in many corridors of her municipal life, and in many phases of her public economy, the very mischievous theories, methods and philosophies which at times "cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war" against her own immediate family? While she fretfully inveighs against all disorder and illegality, has she not schools of anarchy which may be said to be of her own fostering—where enmity is inculcated against all society and all social order? Let us see.

Dear Miss Columbia, please remember at the outset that the very robes and ornaments you wear were fabricated in communities far beyond the sea, while your own skilled artificers stood pining at the street corners for a chance to exercise their crafts and win bread for themselves and families. Don't you think it probable—nay, certain—that

they felt restless and hungry enough to discuss in their little cliques some means of rectifying the social organism, and of altering your household arrangements so as to attain to a needed relief?

Or, with similar natural wants and claims, don't you imagine the twelve or fourteen-hour workers in your factories and the jaded clerks of your stores were apt to feel a like unrest and entertain a like converse? And how about the service of your noble mansion where favoritism and bribery are permitted to ascend the back stairs, while mere merit and unfriended diligence remain toiling in the kitchen—if not kept out in the cold? And how about an estate which gives millions of broad acres to foreign money investors, while the men who have saved the domain can scarcely get a rod of ground to put a shanty on? How about your courts and tribunals, which are all but deaf to the complaints of the needy, while audacity and chicanery can so often defeat the ends of justice? How about the poor toilers who have built up your great cities and railroads and monuments, and are yet compelled to live, within reach of your bounteous hand, in noisome and fetid city lodgings, only too glad when they can rent a less noisome tenement of their own?

These unfortunate classes, Miss Columbia, are of all races, but all of your own household, and if you look not in upon them with a kindly face they will inevitably form so many schools of anarchy, so many circles of discontent and turbulence. And, while you draw around you these dainty silken robes, and worry over their occasional evidences of suffering or outbursts of temper, might it not be well to direct your promptest attention to the alleviation of some of the evils which make discontent an inheritance and turbulence a constant possibility?

Ah, yes, we advise it. And we advise that between the walnuts and the wine your law-makers should think of it.—*P. J. Mahon, in Current.*

#### WISE WORDS.

Mr. Charles Latimer, of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Company, not only shows a disposition to "keep up with the band wagon," but gives evidence of having devoted a little thought to the relations that should exist between employer and employé. On this question he expresses himself as follows:

"No success can ever attend the management of any railroad without harmony among the employes nor without a proper, wise head to govern. The bickerings and jealousies upon railroads, the elevation to power of new and unfit men are wrecking half the railroads in the country to-day. And in many cases where these men come into power they undervalue and set at naught those whose study and method of investigation make the administration a success. Frequently when these men come into power, their first act is to pull down the whole fabric of true organization and consign it to chaos, demoralization, strife and finally a receivership. This class never come near to the employes, but sit as kings. The manager or head of department who fails to make the acquaintance of his men, and show a genuine humane feeling for them, will never and can never reach the highest order of management. He will never have the heart of the men. These heart managers are what is needed to-day. Show me a road without harmony in its management, and I will show you a road with an unscrupulous head, where the employes are thinking of their pay, and how and when each one may be able to find a position upon another road or somewhere else; hence, loss of business, no pride in work. Show me a road with harmony in its working, and inevitably you will find that road a popular road, gathering in a harvest of business from an appreciative public. Unhappily for the railroads of the country there is almost universally a lack of harmony, and hence, a corresponding loss to the stockholders, besides the

unhappiness and liability to accident and disaster. Unfitness to command is the principal cause, but I wish to impress upon the members of my profession, and upon all men, the fact that it is impossible for harmony to exist upon our railroads or in our workshops unless the law of Sabbatical rest is observed. This is a necessity; to men and materials. Without it we shall inevitably have a population dwarfed in body and in mind."

#### HUMOROUS.

City Parson—Going to have the hay fever this year? Country Parson—No; my congregation can't afford it.

A Hannibal girl wants to know "if it is true that kissing cures freckles." Wouldn't say positively, but a simple receipt like this is worth trying. Call after business hours.—*Quincy Optic*.

A man who had taken a bath in an establishment not remarkable for cleanliness, on coming out said to the proprietor, "Now, then, where can I go and wash?"—*Texas Siftings*.

When the cry of fire was sounded last night a gentleman was seen on his upper piazza in his "Ma-Hubbard," holding aloft a lighted lamp, looking for the fire.—*Florida Herald*.

Mistress—"Why, Delia, what in the world have you done?" Delia: "Shure, ma'am, the master said the gas was leaking, and I put up the pail to catch it."—*Tidbits*.

"Mrs. Braddon's new novel is entitled 'The One Thing Needful.' I suppose, of course, that means love, dear?"

"Well, perhaps; but if her hero and heroine are married it probably means money."

Gibbs—"So the man was killed up at the hotel, was he?"

Squibbs—"Yes; shot right in the rotunda."

"Great Scott!" No wonder it killed him. That's a terrible place to hit a man."—*The Rambler*.

"Do we belong to the 'upper crust,' ma?"

"We do not claim any such distinction, dear."

"Are we the lower crust?"

"No, I should say not."

"Well, I'd rather be the mince-meat in the middle, anyway."

"No, Mirandy, I never did believe in givin' gals an edication; it allers ruins 'em. What's your darter studyin' there?"

"Synonyms."

"Humph. Well, if there's any new-fangled sins thet human natur kin git up they'll larn 'em at school, I bet."

Bagley—Come, sir, I wish you would quit puffing that smoke in my face.

Penstock—Doesn't hurt the smoke, my dear sir.

"It hurts me, sir; I detest the smell of tobacco."

"My dear sir, this is not tobacco; it is a five-cent cigar."

"I see you advertise knitting machines; they're for knitting stockings, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"They will darn stockings, too, won't they?"

"Oh, no. Guess you must be a bachelor."

"Well, no, not exactly. I married a Boston girl."

Mrs. Greening—"How strange it seems for us to be married. We who used to quarrel so much."

Mr. Greening—"Yes; we did have some trouble at first."

Mrs. G.—"Do you remember that night last June when you flirted so and I vowed I would be revenged?"

Mr. G.—"Well, you got even at last, didn't you?"

Mrs. G.—"Why, how?"

Mr. G.—"By marrying me."—*The Rambler*.

An Irish lawyer having addressed the Court as "gentlemen," instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded, a broth-

er of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologized thus: "May it please the Court, in the hate of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." The speaker then sat down.

"You are not very fond of young gentlemen, I believe," observed Mrs. Skimmerhorn to her niece, an heiress.

"No, to be candid, I don't admire the rapid society masculine."

"But remember, Pope says: 'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

"Does he?"—yawning—"Well, I'll be glad then when school is out."—*Merchant Traveler.*

#### TALMAGE AND THE LADY.

On one of the wet days recently Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn's celebrated preacher, received a visit from a wealthy old lady, who is one of his stanchest friends and admirers. When she rose to go the Doctor, with his usual courtesy, accompanied her to the door, and, noticing that the stone steps were slippery, said:

"Be careful, madame. You had better take my arm."

The old lady took his arm, and instantly was seized with passionate regret, for the Doctor's feet flew from under him, and he and his companion tobogganed down the flight like lightning, bumping their bustles on every step with merciless emphasis. When they reached the sidewalk they rolled over and over each other in what looked like a Græco-Roman wrestling-match.

The Doctor was the first on his feet, and he helped the old lady up as best he could; but he has a keen sense of the ludicrous, and having seen that the partner of his flight was unharmed, he had gone off into fits of laughter. The old lady didn't laugh at all. She walked to her carriage as best she could, and drove sadly away. Half an hour later one of her servants brought the following note to the Doctor:

"Mrs. — presents her compliments to Mr. Talmage, and desires to know if

he was injured. She herself is unhurt." The answer was:

"Dr. Talmage presents his compliments to Mrs. —, and is pleased to learn that she is uninjured. He himself hurt nothing but his dignity.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

#### CHEAP SMOKING FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A carpenter who was at work remodeling an old house recently, found beneath the stairs an old cigar bill that is very interesting to the smokers of this day. The receipt was dated January, 1831, and read as follows:

Mr. ———	To ———	
To 2,300 light brown cigars.....		\$5.75
To 3,500 light brown cigars.....		7.87½
To 1,000 common cigars.....		1.75
Total.....		\$15.37½
2 per cent off for cash.....		.30
		\$15.07½

This is over four cigars for a cent, and the full amount will allow eighteen cigars for every working day in the year, and over twenty-four for each Sunday, at an expense of about twenty-nine cents a week.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE failures in the United States for the first quarter of 1886 number 3,203, with liabilities slightly over \$29,000,000. The failures for the first three months of 1885 numbered 3,658, with liabilities of \$46,000,000. The liabilities for the last quarter, \$29,000,000, are less than any similar period since 1873. The decline in the Middle States is very marked, the liabilities for the first quarter of 1886 being \$385,000, as compared with \$17,713,000 in the first quarter of 1885, and \$13,000,000 for the first quarter of 1884.

THE most bitter opponents of labor associations cannot deny that they have effected an immense good in one direction, that of promoting temperance among working men. In all of these associations temperance is strongly urged, and in many it is one of the conditions of membership.—*Texas Siftings.*

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

C. R. WOOLDRIDGE, EDITOR.

ELI REMILY has been suspended by Joliet Lodge, No. 3, for non-payment of dues.

MR. P. MANION, yardmaster of the M. C. road is visiting friends in the east. Mr. George Alexander, trainmaster, fills his position while he is absent.

It is always the wisest to use nothing but the best. Try the Spear-Head Plug Tobacco, and this assertion will be verified. The P. J. Sorg Company, Middleton, Ohio, are the manufacturers.

THE Boston & Providence road will make its first weekly payment July 1st. Numerous other eastern roads have in contemplation the adoption of the weekly payment system.

HARRY WEBB, assistant yardmaster of the Wisconsin Division of the Northwestern road, met with a painful accident June 11. While walking between an engine and a car, in the act of pull-

ing a pin, his foot went into a hole between the tracks, the pilot catching him, threw him on the outside of the track, but came very near breaking his ankle. He will be laid up some time by the injury he received.

THOMAS TRAINOR, of Joliet Lodge, has been laid up some time with a badly crushed hand. He appreciates the benefits to be derived by being a member of the S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A.

"I SAY, Bill, where did you get that gold toothpick?" "Oh, we all have them in our yard. We chew 'Your Pick Plug Tobacco,' and the P. J. Sorg Company give them to every purchaser of a half pound of their excellent tobacco."

L. A. KENNEDY, of Joliet Lodge, met with a serious accident June 3. While at work he got his arm caught between the dead-woods, crushing it badly both above and below the elbow. The probabilities are that he will remain idle for some time to come.

QUERY.—Will some kind friend enlighten us as to how a man can begin life with nothing, and at its end be worth even one million dollars and strictly live up to the golden rule? And yet we find them the most honored in churches. Their Christianity never questioned.

MR. G. J. CALLAHAN, assistant yardmaster of the C., M. & St. P. road, is visiting his mother and friends in Minnesota. Mr. Isaac Creighton officiates in his absence. Mr. Creighton is one of the oldest switchmen in the C., M. & St. P. yard and is liked by all who

know him. The business of the yard will not be neglected under his superintendency.

OUR friend Ed. Goodwin, of the C., M. & St. P. yard, weighs half a ton, and don't see anything nearer *terra firma* than the top of the smoke-stacks. Well, who wouldn't? It's a twelve-pounder, and a boy at that—and the first one too. Both mother and boy are getting along nicely. Here's to his health, Ed.

JOLIET Lodge, No. 3, have elected the following officers for the next term: Master, Byron R. Pierce; Vice-Master, L. A. Kennedy; Recording Secretary, John Kirk; Financial Secretary, George Durston; Treasurer, John H. Clark. Delegates to next convention, Byron R. Pierce and L. A. Kennedy. The lodge is in a very satisfactory condition.

OUR old friend James Burke, of the G. T. R. R. yard, who was severely injured in February last while coupling cars, is able to be around again, although it will be some time yet before he can resume switching. "Jim" had a close call, and has accepted a position as a flagman until he is able to fill his old position.

THE switchmen of Burlington, Iowa, gave a river excursion on the steamer Josephine, on the evening of June 16th. Between five and six hundred were on the boat, and quite a number were forced to deny themselves of a sail, by the boat not being able to carry all that desired to go. It was a decided success in all respects, all on board enjoying themselves hugely.

MR. W. R. LEFLET, of the *Railroader*, Toledo, attended the recent Train Dispatchers' convention in our city and honored us with a social call. The *Railroader* is a bright and newsy journal and deserves the support the railroad men are giving it. It strikes from the shoulder at abuses wherever found. Hence, the secret of its success.

GEORGE CASSEDAY, an old switchman on the C., M. & St. P. road and a member of the S. M. A. A., met with a severe accident on June 20. While cutting off cars, and in pulling the pin, the front finger of his right hand was caught and the flesh stripped almost to the bone. The doctor has hopes of saving the finger, but it is quite probable that it will have to be amputated in order to save the hand. He will have to lay by for some time.

MR. JOHN BUTLER, a member of the Lodge No. 1, S. M. A. A., while riding on the foot-board of an engine in the Wisconsin Division of the Northwestern road, June 12, his feet slipped from the foot-board, but by extraordinary presence of mind he threw himself on the outside of the rails. His limbs were badly bruised and the cords strained by being caught between the foot-board and the ground. However we are glad to know that he will be around again in a week or two.

AT Windfall, Ind., recently, a man named Vice was arrested for wrecking a train on the Pan Handle road. He confessed that he was one of the parties that caused the wreck and gave the names of two others who assisted. The leader of the party gave his name as



Justice. This is the first time we ever heard of Vice and Justice being so intimately connected. But what puzzles us more is whether this is a Windfall of Vice or Justice.

THE following officers were elected by Ottumwa Lodge No. 7, at its regular meeting Sunday, June 20: Master, Robert E. Workman; Vice Master, Tim Crowley; Recording Secretary, W. A. Brown; Financial Secretary, S. G. Coggsell; Treasurer, F. G. Baxton; Delegates to National Convention, R. E. Workman and W. A. Brown; Alternates, Tim Crowley and J. D. Kites. Lodge No. 7 has excellent material in it, and we are glad to know that it is flourishing.

HE who approves the blacklist must also approve the boycott; both are on the same principle, both are alike cowardly and dishonorable, and both are despised by all who honor manhood and justice.—*Railroad Reporter*.

Mistaken you are Mr. *Reporter*. The gentleman who champions the blacklist, and furnishes the only bottle from which it receives its nourishment, does not approve of the boycott. But then consistency is a jewel he never invests in. He knows how to earn his bread and butter, however. What matters if it is off of men's credulity.

A MAN living on the North side, in Chicago, has adopted a peculiar plan of keeping his mother-in-law curbed. He carries a warrant in his pocket all the time for her arrest on the charge of disorderly conduct, so that it can be served on the shortest notice. The trick was discovered by a Justice of the Peace recently, owing to the fact that it seems his mother-in-law had been on her good behavior for some time, and

when she was at last arrested, the Justice discovered the warrant was a year old.

LODGE 1, Chicago, elected the following officers at their semi-annual election June 27: Master, James L. Monaghan; Vice-Master, Thomas F. White; Recording Secretary, James A. Healey; Financial Secretary, William A. Simmons; Treasurer, John Downey. Delegates to convention at Kansas City, James L. Monaghan, John Drury, John Downey, James Kelly, James A. Healey, William A. Simmons, Thomas F. White, John T. Kinney, M. McGrew and H. S. Johnson.

"NEVER be heard using slang," says a writer. How little this advice is adhered to. Every few years our language has added to it many words that it would have been better had they never been coined. Nearly all of these smack more or less of slang. There is nothing poetic or musical in them. We have sufficient words to express all the thoughts of man. Then why lumber our language up with additional ones? The idea seems to be to use words without any particular meaning or heart in them. John Bunyan, on his death-bed said, "Let thy heart be without words rather than thy words without heart." If you have nothing to say say nothing, rather than use a lot of words that have nothing in them.

EVERYTHING seems to indicate that when the time arrives, as arrive it will, when employer and employé will have a better understanding between one another—each realizing that the other has rights they are bound to respect—

and when all differences are amicably adjusted by arbitration, organized working men will grapple with the great evil, intemperance, and strangle it. Intemperance has already been relegated to the rear by them. But so long as the professional advocates of temperance, who are, as a rule, also employers, are willing to use the most degraded victims of intemperance in order to defeat justice between employer and employé, labor organizations will not be disposed to make temperance a test of membership. God speed the day when strikes will be no more and intemperance unknown !

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THE funeral of our worthy brother, Joseph Kender, an account of whose untimely death is given in another column, took place from his mother's residence, 103 Mather street, June 16th. Lodge No. 1 having decided to attend the funeral in a body, formed in line at the house, and, headed by Maj. Neeley's band, marched to St. Patrick's Church, corner Desplaines and Adams streets, where high mass was celebrated over the remains. After the services at the church, they again formed in line and escorted the remains of their departed brother to the Union Depot, where the funeral train was in waiting to convey the remains and friends to Calvary Cemetery. The deceased was thirty-one years old, and leaves a wife and two little girls, aged six and seven years. He was a member in good standing of Lodge No. 1, and therefore entitled to \$100 to defray funeral expenses, and \$500 endowment. The funeral was largely attended, and quite a number of beautiful floral contributions from friends were noticeable.

THE third annual session of the American Train Dispatchers Association was held in Chicago, commencing June 8. About 200 delegates were present, representing roads from all parts of the United States. The Secretary and Treasurer's report showed a membership of 722, and 253 new members were added at the first day's session, making a total of 975 active members, besides numerous honorary members. It also showed a healthy condition of the finances of the organization. The association is less than two years old, hence this showing is considered remarkable. Numerous changes in their constitution were made, and the convention closed its business session on the evening of the 10th. The objects of the association are commendable, and the convention did its work in a business-like manner.

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THE National Association of Railroad Station Agents met in convention at Indianapolis, June 9. This association was organized at Central City, Ky., in March, 1885. The members of the executive committee and about seventy-five delegates were present at this session. The secretary's annual report shows a membership of eight hundred, which is evidence of rapid growth. The convention considered at length methods of establishing a guarantee company, and finally adopted the plan proposed by Mr. Kirkman, comptroller of the Chicago and Northwestern road. By this method insurance will cost \$3.50. Railroad agents are required to give bonds for the faithful performance of duty. They have been insuring in the Guarantee Company of North America at \$7.50 per year per \$1,000

By the new method agents propose to organize a company with a paid up capital of \$50,000, the insured to be largely holders of stock. Messrs. Hobart of Iowa, Van Campen of Minnesota, Record of Wisconsin, White of Tennessee and Jameson of Kentucky were appointed a committee on constitution and to draw up articles of incorporation for the guarantee company.

By special orders sent out from the Lake Shore company's headquarters some days ago, twenty-two passenger conductors on that road were laid off. The lay-off was considered nothing more nor less than a discharge. Some of the oldest conductors on that road were amongst them. The cause of this action on the part of the railroad company is kept a secret at headquarters, but it is supposed to be the result of "spotting." The division superintendent pleads ignorance of the reason, and the men thus summarily disposed of claim innocence of having violated any rule or regulations of the road. Of course there is no recourse, as this corporation evidently would place more confidence in the word of a hired scoundrel, than they would in that of an old and faithful employè. The "spotter" is hired and paid a big salary and of course must show the road that he is earning it.

WE are pained to chronicle a frightful accident in which Mr. Fred. J. Coleman, a brakeman on the C., M. & St. P. road, lost his life June 25. The conductor of the gravel-train on which Mr. Coleman was breaking received orders to go to Itasca, Ill., to meet No. 30, and not having time to

run round his train, was forced to back it up to that place. Mr. Coleman was standing on the first flat-car, and as the train rounded a curve, where it was impossible to see but a short distance ahead, it came upon a carpenter's hand-car, loaded with timber. No danger signal being out, it was impossible to stop the train before colliding with the hand-car. Mr. Coleman jumped just before the train struck the hand-car, but before he could get out of the way after alighting upon the ground, two of the flat-cars were hurled from the track, one of which fell upon him, crushing him to the earth. His neck was broken, besides other injuries. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Coleman has been working for the C., M. & St. P. road two years, and is well and favorably known on the C. & A. road where he had worked a number of years previous to engaging with the C., M. & St. P. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, and when his many friends heard of his frightful death there were but few dry eyes.

THE twelfth annual convention of the Yardmasters' Mutual Benevolent Association of the United States and the Dominion met at St. Paul June 9th. The session lasted two days. The Mayor of St. Paul welcomed the delegates to the city in a neat address. President Campbell's address was listened to with interest as was also the annual report of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer. There were 120 delegates present. Seventeen deaths were reported for the year. Several changes were made in their constitution, among which were the substitution of "America" in the name of the as-

sociation for the "United States and Canada;" the executive committee enlarged to seven members; yardmen must be employed for one year to be eligible for membership; any member engaging in the saloon business hereafter forfeits his membership and benefits. A section was also adopted that "any member who shall engage in a strike, or shall encourage others to engage in one, shall be expelled from this association, and shall be forever barred from becoming a member again. The secretary of his division shall notify the secretary of the association, who shall notify all divisions and place his name on file, etc." After selecting Detroit as the place for holding the next convention, and electing officers the convention adjourned. Local Division No. 21, of St. Paul, entertained their guests handsomely.

A LONG time has elapsed since the Chicago fire, and we had thought that all relics of that event had been unearthed. Yet now comes Mr. A. Melick, of Wapello County, Iowa, with the information that he has the "veritable currycomb that was used by Mrs. O'Leary to curry the cow, that kicked over the lamp, that started the fire, that burned Chicago." Mr. Melick says that its history is briefly thus: In company with a party of friends he was visiting Chicago a week after the fire. After taking in all the sights of consequence, and when on their way via Canal street to the depot to take the train home, they concluded to interview Mrs. O'Leary. Mr. Melick being at that time in the newspaper business, she declined to be interviewed. After explaining that he was visiting Chicago

having in charge the distribution of a car-load of provisions, clothing, etc., for the poor, she was mollified somewhat. But when she was reminded that it took money to buy "tea," and a small amount of cash was presented to her, she was quite willing to give the story of the origin of the fire. She conducted the party to the place where the grand conflagration originated, and went into the details with the utmost minuteness. While talking with her, Mr. Melick was ungallant enough to ask her for a lock of her hair, or something to take home as a relic. The old lady declined to part with any of her tresses, and while moving around Mr. Melick accidentally discovered a corner of the curry-comb protruding from the debris. After exhuming it he asked permission to take it with him, which the old lady granted after a coin was extended to her. He still has it in his possession, and says he can produce affidavits of the correctness of this incident. Next!

WE all are more or less dissatisfied with our lot in life—always looking for something better—that is, something more adapted to our tastes. But frequently we aspire too high, and at the end of life's struggle, after experimenting with that and this and the other, we find ourselves master of nothing. Not so with an assistant yardmaster friend of ours at one of the Kansas City yards. He has been promoted several times for efficiency and long and faithful service, etc. But the spirit of unrest got possession of him. He had watched the acrobats in many peregrinating circuses with great interest and admiration; and an inner longing

to be able to cope with them in their many daring feats of "grand and lofty tumbling" developed itself. Being somewhat modest, however, he concluded to begin his acrobatic education modestly, hence selected the cross-bar. In the absence of the conventional cross-bar, recently, while riding on top of a long freight train that was running slowly through the yards, he thought it a good scheme to utilize the "hangers" under a bridge, intending to alight again on top of the moving train. Grasping one of these "hangers" he skinned half a dozen or more "cats" with an agility that would have aroused the jealousy of the oldest circus tumblers. He then let go the "hanger," never dreaming but what he would land all right on top of the train. It seems, however, that the only error our friend made was in the length of time he had hold of the "hanger." The train had passed. When he did land, it was not on top of the train, but on "old Mother Earth." His feet having followed the train a few feet further than his body and head; he still retained a perpendicular, as far as possible under these circumstances. Looking quickly around to see that he had no audience, he gathered himself together and stole quietly away. He was pretty badly shaken up, and was confined to the house for several weeks, but is all right again. We understand that the "inner longing to be a circus tumbler" has disappeared, and he is content with his position as assistant yardmaster of the K. C., Ft. S. & G. R. R. For further particulars, inquire of Mr. C. Brooks.

THEY must put a stop to this indiscriminate pauper immigration or those immigrants will put a stop to our laws.

## EXCUSE US.

The *Railway Conductor's Monthly* in consonance with its policy of serving its master well, thereby earning a few more railroad passes, proceeds to "snuff us out" with one little puff of foul air. It is a consolation, however, in knowing that the *Monthly* is the only journal that noticed us otherwise than favorable. In the first paragraph the *Monthly* says we made selections from its columns without giving credit. So! We would be glad if the *Monthly* would point out what we selected without due credit, as it would be refreshing to editors in general to know just what *is* original in the *Monthly*. The old saying, however, that people "in glass houses should not throw stones," is again verified. We find that in our first number we published an interesting story from the pen of Charles Barnard—entitled "The Telegraphic Signal." In the *Monthly* of the same month we find the story pilfered bodily. Just what amount of "sublime cheek" it requires of an editor, after having pilfered almost five pages, to then accuse another of having selected a "trifle" without giving proper credit, we leave with our readers to determine. It was a good story, however, and a great improvement on railroad advertisements.

In the second paragraph the editor seems to have passed through the process of incubation and looms up as a full-fledged clairvoyant. In speaking of the JOURNAL he says, "as was expected, by us at least, it sides with the strikers and lawbreakers of the southwest." Of course when we determined upon the policy of the JOURNAL, we had in mind Madame Wheaton's "expecta-

tions," and exercised a great deal of care in order not to disturb her sensitive nerves by any surprises. But nevertheless we must be candid with the Madame. When she wrote that quoted above, she either gave evidence of a lamentable inability of understanding the English language, or wilfully and maliciously prevaricated. We have at all times, and ever shall, condemn *all* lawbreakers, be they South-western or Wall street lawbreakers. But the difference between the *Monthly* and the JOURNAL is that the *Monthly* exhausts itself upon the "lawbreakers of the Southwest," while the JOURNAL retains enough energy and courage to condemn the "lawbreakers" that destroyed the property of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company. And we find ourselves with the great majority of honest men in this country. We would recommend the *Monthly* to read a recent address of Colonel Ingersoll in which he drew a picture of Mr. Jay Gould before a Congressional committee "pleading for law and order and asking the government to draw its sword for the protection of his property from a mob, and this same man impelling a mob to destroy the property of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company. No man should be so small that his cry cannot be heard, and no man or corporation should be so rich that it cannot be compelled to hear."

The attempt on the part of the *Monthly* to connect the switchmen on the Lake Shore with lawbreakers is cowardly and unmanly. It would be just as consistent to attempt to hold the church responsible for the late murder of a Cardinal at Rome by a priest.

But the Madame seems equal to any emergency. Yet the laughable part of the whole article is when she lays by her clairvoyant robe and attempts to don one of an "unprejudiced person," and sneeringly says the settlement of the Lake Shore difficulty showed on the part of the switchmen a "disposition to get out of a bad place at the very first opportunity, and by an exceedingly small hole."

The facts in the case are, there were eight individuals employed by the Lake Shore company in the capacity of switchmen, that made themselves so obnoxious that seventy-five other switchmen could not get along with them in peace and harmony. A petition was sent to the Lake Shore company by these seventy-five men, *not asking their discharge* from the employ of the company, but simply that they be transferred to some other employment or locality. This the company refused to do. And right here we wish it understood that almost half of these petitioners were not, neither are they now, *members of any organization of workingmen*. The seventy-five switchmen struck. After being out some time, several men came to the striking switchmen and submitted the proposition we published at the time we gave our account of the strike. These men, the switchmen had every reason for believing, represented the Lake Shore officials, from the fact of their being in constant consultation with said officials during the strike, and carrying out their orders in many other respects. The men not desiring to quibble over the matter, and being assured that these eight men would be removed, this being all that they asked, they accepted it. Now, if the *Monthly*

can see any "small hole" in this it certainly must be looking in at the wrong end of the field-glass. But it occurs to us just here that the *Monthly* in its effort to belittle the switchmen has lost sight of the solution given by Benjamin Franklin for success in life, viz: "Minding your own business." There is a world of meaning in it. We would recommend it to the editor for his prayerful consideration.

In explanation of the reference we made in our first number to resolutions adopted by Local Assembly 3,863, we have to say that the assembly named sent us for publication what may be termed "red hot" resolutions concerning the matter, under the seal of the assembly. We simply made as brief a note as possible about it leaving out the severe part. We have no desire to publish any one as a "scab." Hence, must decline the request of the *Monthly* to publish Messrs. C. S. Wheaton and W. P. Daniels as "scabs." If, however, they are overly anxious about it, we will furnish the *Monthly* our advertising rates on application.

But to conclude, we ask our readers' pardon for taking up so much space in discussing so uninteresting a question. And to the *Monthly* we wish to say that the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL was established to promote the interests of the S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A., and not for the purpose of engaging in a newspaper controversy with any one. We are ever ready to stand by our organization when unjustly attacked. But the fact that the *Monthly* has been sufficiently advertised by provoking controversies with journals more honorably conducted; and the fact that one of its editors has even more than he can

attend to in keeping signs of life in his cherished and petted ideal—the Blacklist—we ask to be excused from further advertising the *Monthly*.

#### OUR PICNIC.

The annual picnic at Cedar Lake, Ind., of Lodge No. 1, held June 6, was a grand affair. Five train loads—fifty-eight coaches in all—left the city at the advertised hour, packed with switchmen and their friends, determined to throw off the cares and trials of everyday life, and devote one day to social enjoyment. The committee of arrangements, consisting of Messrs. J. L. Monaghan, H. S. Johuson and J. C. Campbell, had anticipated a large turn-out and had arranged everything accordingly. Arriving at Cedar Lake at about 10 o'clock, the picknickers immediately took peaceable possession of the grounds, and in a "giffie" spreads could be seen under nearly every tree on the grounds, surrounded with happy faces, and to "ye hungry man up a tree," everything seemed ripe for a great day of enjoyment. Grand Master Monaghan was there, affable as ever, mixing among the boys and looking out that all were enjoying themselves. Vice Grand Master Drury was there as earnest and enthusiastic as ever, contributing his mite toward making everything pleasant. Grand Secretary and Treasurer Downey was there saying as little as ever, but doing a wonderful amount of thinking, alive to the pleasure of the day, yet keeping a close watch on the nickels. Our old friend John T. Kenny was there, looking twenty years younger. James Culbertson was there, and everyone could tell by his countenance that he was

glad he had come. As was also "Bill" Quirk, boarding-house and all, and we got down from the limb on which we were perched long enough to hear a couple of his best stories. In fact we were all there, forgetting for the time being that there was such a thing as a link, pin or draw-bar. The platform was well patronized all day by those enjoying the "dreamy waltz," Major Neely furnishing excellent music for the occasion. Base-ball and foot-ball were freely enjoyed by those inclined that way. The two pleasure steamers were crowded all the time by those enjoying a sail. The only incident that for a moment caused little excitement was the tipping over of a row-boat containing several ladies. However, it occurred so near shore that it only occasioned a slight ducking.

The weather was all that could be expected, and everybody seemed pleased with their day's recreation. The last train left Cedar Lake homeward bound at 6 o'clock p. m., arriving at Chicago at about 10 o'clock, nothing having occurred that would cause anything else than pleasant memories. It is estimated that there were nearly 7,000 in attendance. Socially and financially the picnic was a grand success. Much credit is due to the committee of arrangements.

#### MARRIED.

At Joliet, Ill., on June 17th, occurred the marriage of Mr. James Kennedy to Miss Ellen Grace, both of that city. After the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends of the bride and groom, the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride where a bountiful repast

was enjoyed by all, after which a wedding ball was given. The switchmen of the C. & A. and M. C. yards presented the happy couple with a beautiful bedroom set complete—bedstead, dresser, commode, etc.—and chamber set. The yardmen of the C., R. I. & P. and C., St. L. & W. presented them with an elegant marble-top dresser, and other friends to the number of almost a hundred attested their friendship by an equal number of useful and costly presents. In fact all Jim has to do is to walk into his little home in the Seventh Ward, hang his hat on a peg and sit down and he is "at home;" having everything necessary to make a home pleasant, and a loveable little wife in Miss Ellen to make it attractive also. Our friend Jim is considered by all who know him as an exceptionally fine young man, and has been switching for the Rock Island road for some time. Here's our hand, Jim! While we regret that you have determined to "say Grace" no more, we infer from your acts that you realize that there is still room for more Kennedys.

#### THE NEXT CONVENTION.

The next session of the S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A. will be held in Kansas City, Mo., Monday, September 20, 1886. As the time is drawing near, we are pleased to see the local lodges electing their delegates early. By so doing it gives their representatives time to consider various important measures that will come before the convention, and be able to legislate for the best interests of the Association. Our organization as a National body is young, and as a matter of course not as perfect in detail as it should be. Its growth has been won-



derful; hence it is useless for us to remind delegates elected that they have a grave responsibility upon them. The switchmen are a hard-working and conscientious class of workmen. Their surroundings are dangerous and their toil irksome; day and night, storm or sunshine, they are required to be at their posts. Banded as they are together as brothers for mutual advancement, mutual protection and mutual good, to be selected as a representative of such a body is an honor worthy of the aspirations of any man. No one should forget, however, its responsibility.

Let all local lodges elect their delegates early and in doing so select their best men. Men that are conservative; men that have not only the ability, but the disposition to look upon all questions that may come up for considerations from their different phases; men that are not "hobby-riders," but will try and represent their local lodges, regardless of their own opinions, thereby contributing their greatest energy and their best ability in the interest of the Association.

#### BLACKLIST vs. BOYCOTT.

There are no two words that we would do more to have illiminated from our language than these two. But so long as the one is used the other is sure to be. No matter how much may be said against the boycott by public speakers and writers, the careful observer cannot but see that they are as firmly linked together as the Siamese twins were. When one is killed the other is sure to die. However, the blacklist anti-dates the boycott many years in its operations in this country. The difference between the blacklist

and boycott is, that the former aims its deadly arrows at human life, while the latter destroys business. It cannot be said truthfully that the boycott is aimed at life also, for when a man's business is destroyed he still retains the privilege of making a living by toil. But the blacklist takes away that privilege and leaves a man with only the alternative of dying of starvation or crime. Hence the blacklist is the more infamous.

And there is still another feature that makes the blacklist the more detestable. The boycott is never used save as a weapon to carry a strike. Strikes are incipient wars. Then the question arises is the boycott a dishonorable or inhuman weapon to use in case of war? Besides, the boycott as a rule, is proclaimed from the house tops. He who is boycotted well knows it. And he is given an opportunity to call off "the dogs of war." Not so with the blacklist. Its victim is secretly stabbed. It is not a weapon of manly war. Its operations, as a rule, commence after the war is over, and there is no end to it but the death of its victim. No opportunity is given to make amends for errors if errors they may be. And a blacklisted man very rarely finds out that he has been blacklisted. He seeks work here, there, and everywhere, but all in vain.

So long therefore as there is a vestige of the infamous blacklist in existence so long will the boycott remain. Nor will the employé be hoodwinked any by trotting out the old "nag" under any other name. To "place men's names on file," is but another name for the rose, and its perfume has the same nauseating effect upon intelligence

and humanity. No one will be deceived by this procedure. It is the same old devil dressed in a more respectable suit of clothes. And all efforts to conceal his "cloven-hoof" will be unavailable.

We have no praises to sing of the boycott. Neither do we propose to turn all our guns upon it until the last kick into the unknown is given to the black-list. And then we will muster up all the strength we have left and help send the boycott after it. Let the oldest die first, we say.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following is a list of patents relative to railroads, issued by the Patent Office at Washington since our last issue. Reported for the *SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL* by Whittlesey & Wright, Patent Attorneys, 624 F street, Washington:

Automatic Block Signal Apparatus—T. W. Burt, Mineola, N. Y.

Apparatus for Operating Railway Signals—Henry Johnson, Lancaster, England.

Automatic Railway Signal—James J. Hamilton, New Castle, Ind.

Automatic Switch—Benjamin F. Purviance and Christian Helle, Keokuk, Iowa.

Car Coupling—Noble H. Parks, Pilot Grove, Indiana.

Frogless Automatic Railway Switch—Thomas Morgan and John Baker, Chicago, Ill.

Mechanism for Operating Distance Switches Signals, etc.—Peter N. Martins, Madalin, N. Y.

Pneumatic Signal for Railroad Crossings—Benjamin C. Vandusen, Winton Place, Ohio.

Railway Signaling—Wm. C. Crandell, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Railway Brake—John Kornaghan, San Francisco, Cal.

Railway Switch—Samuel Duff and Frederick Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Torpedo Railway Signal—Jacob Duel, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Switch Stand—James Braham, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Switch Lock for Railways—E. DeWitt Thomas, Rochester, N. Y.

Signal Apparatus for Railway Points—Henry Johnson, Flixton, England.

Switch and Signal Apparatus—Jacob T. Humboy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### OUT AGAIN.

The switchmen employed by the Lake Shore road in Chicago went out again on a strike June 23. The cause of this second strike is owing to a violation of the terms agreed upon at the settlement of the last difficulty.

Before entering into a detailed discussion of this trouble, we desire to again repeat that the S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A. has never ordered a strike on the Lake Shore road, neither has it taken any part in the matter up to this time.

In order that our readers may fully understand the issue between the Lake Shore road and its switchmen, we will have to go back and explain the cause of the first trouble and how it was settled.

In 1881 when the switchmen of Chicago endeavored to establish a fair and equitable rate of wages for a fair day's work, and in order to do so were forced to strike, eight men who were the most loud-mouthed advocates of a strike, and who went out with the balance of the men, at a critical time, deserted their brothers, and by so doing turned an assured victory into a defeat. Ever since that time these individuals have been nothing more or less than "spotters" for the company, running to the officials with every word said or act done that in their opinion would not be indorsed by the company, never allowing an opportunity to pass by to twit the switchmen with their defeat, and assuming an obnoxious and overbearing attitude whenever they came in contact with any of the switchmen that took part in the strike of 1881. In fact, they have made themselves so obnoxious that there is not

even one switchman in Chicago who has ever had any dealings with them but what despises them. The effect of their action turned the switchmen of other roads against those who were forced to work with them. And any one familiar with the switching business in Chicago can readily see that such an antagonistic feeling between switchmen not only works great harm to the company, but also makes the switchman's work almost twice as arduous. Everything that it is possible to do without detection is done to prevent them doing their work satisfactorily. Crews from the Lake Shore road containing any of these men in their number were "pocketed" whenever and wherever possible. And a thousand other ways were taken advantage of to make their work not only laborious but dangerous. Many and many times have men gone to the yardmaster and appealed to him to transfer them to some other crew that had none of these men. But the yardmaster was powerless. They stood it as long as they could. And mark you, this was not a strike of union men against non-union men, as stated by the press. But it was a strike of Lake Shore switchmen to have eight men that they could not get along peaceably and harmoniously with transferred to other fields of labor or other places. The strike was not ordered until all their earnest appeals were unheeded. It was not ordered by *any organization*; but by the switchmen employed by the Lake Shore company, almost half of whom belong to no organization. The Lake Shore switchmen did not ask that all switchmen in the company's employ should be members of any organization;

but that the company should not insist in persecuting them any longer by forcing them to work with men that retard rather than helped them in their work.

The SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL desires to be thoroughly understood that it not only discountenances but condemns all destruction of property, acts of violence and violations of law and order. But it is palpable to all fair-minded men that where everybody is in sympathy with the strikers, as it is in this case, it is utterly impossible to prevent uncalled-for acts.

After the strike had been on for several days, Sheriff Hanchett, County Commissioner McCarthy and Mr. Nelson Morris, a prominent packer at the stock-yards, undertook to settle the matter. They had numerous interviews with President Newell and Solicitor Pliny B. Smith of the Lake Shore road, as well as with the committee of switchmen. The Sheriff had been called upon by President Newell for protection to the Lake Shore property, and in many respects was looked upon as carrying out Mr. Newell's wishes. Sheriff Hanchett, Commissioner McCarthy and Mr. Morris submitted a verbal proposition to the effect that if the switchmen would go to work, they would guarantee that all of them would be taken back, and the prosecution against five of the switchmen who had been arrested would be dismissed, and the obnoxious men removed from among them in sixty days. This proposition was submitted to a meeting of the switchmen and they refused to accept it unless that portion of it regarding the obnoxious men was submitted in writing. The committee returned to Sheriff

Hanchett and informed him of the action of the switchmen. He then without any hesitancy, and assuring the committee that, while it must not be given to the public who signed the document, that whatever agreement he entered into would be lived up to by the company—wrote the following on the stationery of the Sheriff's office:

To W. L. STAHL, J. O'KEEFE and T. SHAW, Committeemen—*Sirs*: If all the switchmen of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad in Chicago or Cook county return to work at once, I will personally guarantee that within sixty days from this date the eight objectionable switchmen will be furnished other employment and permanently removed from their present positions. SETH HANCHETT.

This was accepted by the Lake Shore switchmen and all went back to work and have been faithful ever since.

The sixty days having expired, the officials of the road not only refused to comply with the foregoing agreement, but flatly and flagrantly repudiated it. Declaring that they had never authorized or countenanced any such agreement. Such action on the part of the officials had no precedent for downright treachery. To say that Sheriff Hanchett had no authority to act is to talk nonsense. The Sheriff having been out of the city several days after the strike had been inaugurated placed the switchmen at a disadvantage before the public. All sorts of lies were circulated. But on the Sheriff's return he gave the following information regarding his part in the settlement of the strike to a Chicago *Herald* reporter:

"In April last," said the Sheriff, "the Lake Shore asked for my assistance. I had a consultation with President Newell and the company's attorney, Pliny B. Smith, during which we talked over the situation. I stated that in my judgment it would be well to consult the authorities of the Town of Lake first, and if by them it was deemed necessary to have assistance I would turn in with all the force at my

command. When the Town of Lake authorities were seen they requested assistance. At this stage I told Mr. Newell that I had no funds at my disposal to supply the necessary quota of men, and that the railroad company ought to pay the expenses. He agreed to furnish the money needed, with the understanding that if the County Board ever reimbursed me for the expenditure I was to pay the money back to the company. I arranged with the police agencies, on the strength of this understanding with Mr. Newell, to furnish between 400 and 500 men, which number it was thought would be needed for the work on hand. When the men were selected I appointed three deputy sheriffs and authorized them to work jointly with my regular deputies. In the afternoon of April 23 I received a telephone message from the Lake Shore office requesting me to be present at a meeting to be held in the company's office that evening. The message stated that the purpose of the meeting was to ascertain what could be done about settling the strike. I went to the meeting and there met Mr. Newell, Nelson Morris, Commissioner McCarthy, and others. To me Mr. Newell said in conversation that while the company would not agree to remove the objectionable switchmen, or have it appear that the company was willing to make any concessions, they were anxious to have the strike settled, and would be glad if I or any citizen would take an interest in the matter and procure employment for the objectionable men, as it was unquestionably a detriment to the company to retain them. I suggested to him that other positions could be obtained for them, and that I would personally guarantee to obtain the positions for them if the company did not do so. He consented to my proposition, at the same time imposing the condition that it must not be known that the company was taking any hand in the settlement of the strike. President Monahan, of Switchmen's Union, was within call. My proposition was made known to him. Shortly afterward he left the office to go to a meeting of switchmen, which was then in session. To the members of the organization he stated my suggestion, which was if all switchmen in the employ of the company would return to work on the following morning the matter of obtaining other positions for the eight objectionable men would be attended to satisfactorily. The verbal statement of Mr. Monahan was not sufficient for the union, and the demand was made that the proposition be placed before the meeting in writing, which was done."

Mr. Hanchett further stated that his whole action was indorsed, and had the encouragement and approval of the railway officials at the time. At the end of the strike the bills for services of deputies amounting to \$2,642 were presented to the sheriff by the different agencies and he paid them. He then made out a bill to the Lake Shore Road in pursuance

of the agreement with Mr. Newell, and had it presented to the company. In the course of a few days he received a letter from Mr. Newell stating that the amount would be paid provided the Sheriff would guarantee that the company would be paid back by the County Board. Surprised at the unconscionable way Newell ignored the agreement he had entered into, Sheriff Hanchett told a representative of the company, who called with reference to the matter referred to, that he was disgusted with Mr. Newell's action, and would send him no more communications on the subject.

Within about thirty days after the settlement of the strike, the Sheriff stated he had secured places for all of the objectionable men at as good as or better wages than were paid them by the railroad company. The Sheriff sent for one of the objectionables, and when he responded he was accompanied by one of the company's yardmasters. The Sheriff told them that he had positions for all of the eight objectionable men, which they could have at once if they wished to accept them. The "scab" replied that his position was very unpleasant, and the yardmaster, who was present, urged the switchman in his own interest and in the interest of the other switchmen to accept the offer. The man asked time to think it over, and left promising to bring the other seven men within three days. On the following day the Sheriff received an intimation that the railway company was advising the men not to leave their railroad jobs, in spite of the company's agreement to allow the men to go and its expression that it would be glad if they would go. Two or three days later three of the objectionables called on the Sheriff and stated that they had concluded not to accept the situations offered by him. Mr. Hanchett replied that it remained entirely with themselves whether they accepted the places which he offered them or not; further, that he was informed that they had been advised by some of the officers of the road not to leave the employ of the railway. To this they did not reply. After the settlement of the switchman's strike in April, the Sheriff says he appointed a large number of deputies for other railways, with the understanding that they pay the expense. In every instance, he states, the bills were paid on presentation to the roads by the several police agencies which selected the men.

From a reliable source it was learned that the positions offered the so-called "scabs" were in the Sheriff's office, and were worth \$1,000 a year each.

The foregoing statement is clearly true to every one that knows anything about the circumstances. And is verified by all who attended that confer-

ence, excepting the Lake Shore officials. As we before stated there was in reality three distinct propositions considered in the settlement of the difficulty, viz.: the strikers were all to go back to work and those under arrest at the instance of the company were not to be prosecuted, and the obnoxious men were to be removed in sixty days. The first and second propositions were carried out to the letter. But the latter the officials are trying to repudiate.

If Sheriff Hanchett was not authorized to represent the Lake Shore company, will Mr. Pliny B. Smith explain to the public why it was that when the case of the five striking switchmen came up in the police court for trial the same day that the switchmen went to work under the agreement submitted by Sheriff Hanchett, that he appeared for the company and announced that "the differences having been *amicably adjusted*, he would make no charges against the men?" Thereby discharging them in strict compliance with the verbal agreement between Sheriff Hanchett and the committee representing the strikers. How can a strike be "amicably adjusted" unless there is some agreement entered into?

The outcome of the strike is yet uncertain. If the company succeed in their designs of coercing their employes into working with these men they will have established the proposition that their employes will be forced to work with any creatures they may see fit to employ, without protestation—be they moral or physical lepers. But we will be sadly mistaken in the manhood of the switchmen if the company succeeds. The people are with the switchmen because they are right.

"TRUTHFUL PRESIDENTS AND  
PEACEFUL SWITCHMEN."

Under the above heading the Chicago *Herald* of July 1, publishes the following editorial concerning the troubles existing between the Lake Shore officials and the switchmen. We ask a careful reading as it is a true indication of the feeling existing among all honorable and thinking citizens:

"The management of the Lake Shore Road is narrow, illiberal, and according to Sheriff Hanchett, who appears to have been misused by President Newell, tricky. Mr. Newell assured the Sheriff that it would pay the cost of the Sheriff's office in affording the company the extraordinary protection its management had rendered necessary. He refuses now to pay the bills unless the Sheriff will guarantee that the county will reimburse the company. Mr. Newell authorized the Sheriff in April to settle with striking switchmen by promising to procure objectionable men among their number employment elsewhere. He found them places, but the company persisted in retaining them. It was no part of the Sheriff's business to go into any scheme of the kind, but his eagerness for a peaceful adjustment made him a cat's-paw utilized by John Newell to draw the Lake Shore's chestnuts out of the fire.

Trickiness, evasion, lying and like despicable management in a railroad concern does not, of course, deprive it of the right of property it possesses under the law; but while we are considering the lawlessness of the switchmen let us look also at the management of the railroad company in its relation to the public. It has demanded that the county shall be put to extraordinary expense in aiding it to move its trains. It is certainly entitled to protection, but what part of the public burden does it bear? The Michigan Southern Railroad concern is notoriously a tax shirker. In proportion to the wealth of each there isn't a house-renting or a board-

paying switchman on its line that isn't a larger taxpayer. Year in and year out it dodges its obligations to the public as regards proper returns of its taxables, but it is quick, not to say insolent, in its demands upon the public's constabulary power when an officers deliberate conceit and chicane have provoked employes to riot and disorder. It is a mere matter of course that tumult shall be repressed and property protected. The meanest living man must have the protection of the law. But when the subject is up let it be remembered that while the offense of the striking switchman is most obvious it doesn't follow that because this humble worker is all wrong that a tax-shirking railroad corporation with a tricky management is all right. It might not be just to venture the remark that there isn't among the Lake Shore's switchmen as deliberate a law breaker as in the matter of its taxables the Lake Shore always is, but from recent manifestations of his duplicity it is quite safe to aver that the word of any one of these switchmen is entitled to far more respect than any utterance of President Newell.

THE TROUBLE AT CEDAR LAKE.

The shooting affair at Cedar Lake, Ind., June 6, as published by several daily papers, was erroneous in several important particulars. It did not occur at the Switchmen's picnic, but several hours after the last train had left Cedar Lake for Chicago. Vice Grand Master Drury and several other switchmen remained over at Cedar Lake for the purpose of closing up the affairs of the picnic. It seems that quite a number of roughs from the vicinity of Chicago had gone to Cedar Lake for the evident purpose of robbery. The picnic passed off so pleasantly that they had no opportunity of carrying out their infamous designs. As a last resort they presumably concluded to remain over

night and rob Mr. Drury, thinking he was the treasurer of the picnic committee. Mr. Drury was not the treasurer, however, yet, having charge of closing the affairs, had no little amount of money with him. These same characters endeavored to get at the gentleman who controlled the refreshments on the grounds. They wanted him to go boat riding, etc; but by a ruse he succeeded in eluding them, going to a farm-house several miles away for the night. After Mr. Drury had straightened up everything he, in company with several other switchmen, went to the hotel to go to bed, being very tired. Just as he stepped inside the hotel the roughs provoked a fight with several of the switchmen that were with him. The intent evidently was to draw him into it. But he was too smart for them. The roughs finding themselves getting the worst of the affair, the order was given (evidently by their leader) to "shoot." Immediately quite a number of shots were fired, which, as a matter of course, scattered everybody. None of the shots were fired by switchmen; nor had any of them anything to shoot with. When the crowd that had gathered had cleared away it was found that Mr. Joseph Kender and Mr. Pat Gilligan were shot, the former fatally and the latter very seriously.

Brothers Kender and Gilligan were conveyed to Mercy Hospital, Chicago, where the best of medical skill was employed, but after lingering in great agony until June 15th Brother Kender died. Brother Gilligan in all probability will recover, but it will be a long time before he is able to be about.

At the coroner's inquest over the the body of Brother Kender evidence

was given sufficient to cause a verdict to be rendered that "Joseph Kender came to his death from a bullet-wound in the abdomen, fired from a pistol in the hands of a man supposed to be Eddie O'Donnell." The jury recommended that he be apprehended as the principal and Joseph Rosencranz as accessory, and held to the grand jury. Up to the present time neither of them have been captured. There is no question that if these scoundrels had succeeded in overawing the few switchmen that remained, every one about Cedar Lake would have been robbed.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

JOLIET, ILL., June 17, 1886.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

Here are a few lines, if you have space in your next issue, I would like to see in it.

The switchman's life at night at the Rolling Mills is not only exciting but more or less dangerous. For example, the other night as engine 208 was making a run for the Tonica, the little engine owned by the mill company had shoved some cars out so that they would not clear. Engine 208 had nine cars of ore, and was running about twenty miles an hour in order to get the cars up on this Tonica, which is about thirty feet above the level of the ground. The ore is run up on this Tonica for the purpose of unloading. Engine 208 run into the cars that the mill engine had shoved out, and demolished six or seven cars. Switchmen Thomas Donnelly and Murphy had a very narrow escape, having to jump for their lives. The most exciting part of the whole affair, however, was the chase that Don-

nelly gave the rolling-mill switchman. Had it not have been for the bruises that Donnelly received on his leg by jumping, he evidently would have caught the rolling-mill man, and if so undoubtedly there would have been some John L. Sullivan blows exchanged.

The switchmen of Joliet are going to do things up in good shape this year. Rumor has it that little Ellen Grace has stolen James Kennedy away from his mother.—Poor Boy! He will soon be spitting upon his own stove in the little cottage on Eastern avenue, just north of the Three Points. And there is John Mahoney, better known as “Dutch Murph,” from all appearances, will soon take unto himself a fair damsel, from a poor widowed mother in the south part of town. I think it a shame to deprive a poor widow of her daughter. But there is no shame in a man when he is anxiously looking for a wife. And there is, also, poor old Lusey—I wonder if he ever intends to “catch on?” We all would like to see the poor man take to himself a fair old lady that would comfort him in his declining years. There is Durston, if he only braces up a little, comes to the front and not allow some one to get in ahead of him, like that fellow did on Chicago street, there is hope for him yet.

DUKE, THE SWITCHMAN.

#### A GENERAL BROTHERHOOD.

CHICAGO, June 17, 1886.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

For some time I have been thinking what a grand thing a brotherhood of railroad men would be—if such a thing could be brought about—an organization that would bring engineers, conductors, firemen and switchmen under

one head. Although the interests of the different classes are not identical, yet all have the same object in view. It can be argued that the engineers have nothing in common with any other class. They have their brotherhood which answers all purposes, therefore, are opposed to anything of this kind. So too with the other classes. They might each offer the same argument, but such an argument will only be made use of by the selfish and narrow-minded ones in any department. There has always existed a jealous feeling between the mechanical and transportation departments. Until this feeling is overcome it will be hard work to organize a brotherhood of this kind.

I would suggest that this fall when the different conventions of railroad men meet that there be some action taken in regard to this matter. A brotherhood can be organized with degrees; the first to be given to all, the second to one particular class, the third to another, and so on, until the different classes have their own degrees. By so doing each class is excluded from the workings of the other, unless in matters that pertain to all. Should a grievance exist in one department, after a decision has been arrived at in that degree, it is then to be reported to the first, or general lodge, and the decision of all the members must be final. In this way the different departments can preserve their own identity, their own insurances or anything that pertains to their different orders. I do not wish to do away with any of the older orders—only to unite all classes and bind them together that they may be the better able to protect themselves. Capital is organizing the



small roads under one general head. Officials are organizing that they may the better protect their interests. And why not the employes who have so much at stake? Will they for the sake of petty jealousies stand out against themselves for no real cause whatever? An organization of this kind, conducted as it should be by conservative and honorable men, will command respect from the railroad companies, and will show them we are united and can trust each other. The benefits to be derived are protection to each in his individual rights. It will also create a fraternal feeling, and extend favors to brothers seeking employment in different parts of the country.

There is no one brotherhood of any class that can say in time of trouble with their employers they are independent of the others, for that has been proved to the contrary too often. There are too many men in all departments who are competent to fill the places of the others, if it was not for the sense of honor in them. Now, if some one who has the time and inclination will give to us that look at this matter in the same light their views on this subject, it may induce others; and if they have a more practical plan than we have, we should be glad to hear from them. It is only a matter of time when something of this kind will have to be done, and the sooner we get to discussing this question the better foundation for our order can be laid.

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IMPORTED "cheap labor" is a chicken that is coming home to roost in the shape of a bomb-thrower.—*Chicago Sentinel*.

#### LINKS.

—A swarm of bees attacked a freight train in Nebraska, and it was fully an hour before the engineer would proceed.

—A train moving at thirty-five miles an hour clears fifty feet in one second, or quicker than a man can jump across the track. Fools should paste this item in their hats.—*Boston Post*.

—The next man in meanness to him who would eat the bread another earns is the contemptible wretch who takes the place of one who, knowing his rights, dares assert them by refusing to submit to unjust exactions.

—No employer is justified in refusing to recognize the representatives of Organized Labor. The engine might as well refuse to recognize the steam, or the head to recognize the arm. Organized Labor is here to stay.—*Boston Herald*.

—It is stated that the Chicago & Northwestern road has 3,831 miles of road, with 624 regular stations, an equipment of 671 locomotives and a total of 21,054 cars. It employs an army of 15,485 persons, and paid out in salaries to employes during the year ended June 30, 1885, \$9,080,206.12.

—There is a certain man living in Irwin who is so outrageously tall that the other day when he got aboard a train his ear caught on the signal cord and caused the train to stop. This is true, as we were an eye-witness to the affair. The conductor came near bouncing him from the train in consequence.—*Greensburg (Pa.) Press*.

—A device has been invented by which electricity is made to record the weights indicated upon scales or steel-yards, the application being especially designed for the weighing of freight cars while in motion. It is said that with this device properly applied to the scales an accurate account can be kept of the weight of every car passing over them, even at full speed.—*Age of Steel*.

—Going down town in a Fourth Avenue car, last Thursday, a big Irishman, who had evidently been drinking deep potations of Gladstone's eloquence, arose from his seat and gave the bell-strap a sharp pull. The conductor exclaimed angrily, "Here! don't do that. You're ringing both ends of the car." "That's all right. Bedad, an' I want both inds of the car to shtop."—*New York Star*.

—An improved railroad tie, just invented, is formed of two inverted bowls having plain upper surfaces, two fastening clips secured to the plain surface of each bowl by bolts, with a bar connecting the two bowls, and secured by the fastening bolts of the inner clips; the concave side of the bowl is filled with earth well tamped, or with concrete, the object being to furnish a tie which shall be practically indestructible.

—The southern railroads on June 1st, according to an agreement entered into in February last, changed their gauge so as to make it uniform, and also to correspond with the northern railroads. This required that 14,000 miles, embraced in the Richmond and Danville, East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, Louisville and Nashville railroads, and other systems, be changed from five-foot gauge, to the standard of the northern railroads.—*Railway World*.

—President Cleveland's recommendation that a Commission of Labor be created, consisting of three members, who shall be regular officers of the Government, to whom shall be submitted for arbitration disputes between employers and employed, is received with general approval. We suggest that at least one of those officers should be a man who has been compelled to work for his living. He will then know how it is himself.—*Texas Siftings*.

—Senator Beck has introduced in the Senate a bill prohibiting members

of Congress acting as railroad attorneys, etc. It makes it unlawful for any member of either House to accept employment as attorney-at-law, or payment for services of any kind from any railroad company or officer or agent thereof, which obtains its charter or any grants of land or pecuniary aid from the government. Violations of its provisions is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not to exceed \$5,000, or imprisonment not more than one year.

—Two new sleeping cars, the "Yokohama" and "Tokio," built for the Canada Pacific road, are quite novel in construction. At one end there is a bath room where baths can be obtained at any time for fifty cents. The four center berths are comfortable lounges by day, which are drawn out at night to form berths. By this arrangement the center of the car is left as a small hall in day-time. The smoking-room has lounges instead of seats, and the buffet is carried on other cars so that no smell of cooking need disturb the passenger.

—The following has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature: "Whereas, a habit has grown up among the employes of the various railways in the State of announcing the stations along their lines in a sing-song and inarticulate manner, wholly unintelligible to the traveling public and to the great inconvenience and annoyance of all persons who are compelled to use the said railway lines; therefore, be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, that all railway lines in this State shall retain in their service only such employes as are able and are in the habit of speaking clearly and distinctly the English language."

What better can you expect for \$30 a month?—*Railway Reporter*.

—Some \$3,000,000 are to be expended in a giant bridge across the Ohio river at Cairo, Ill. The structure is to be built by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and will require more than

three years for its completion. The bridge will be entirely of steel, and will rest on piers of solid masonry about 170 feet high or more, and a truss pattern, extra heavy, will probably be chosen. The question of fixed span or draw has not been determined: The length of the bridge will be about 5,000 feet, and there will be an equal length of iron or steel approaches ascending at a grade of about 40 feet to the mile to the level of the bridge. But a single track will be provided for. The low bottoms on both sides of the river render the undertaking one of great magnitude, but its importance would seem to overshadow the difficulties to be overcome.—*Railway World.*

#### CYCLONE ON THE RAMPAGE.

The following is a graphic account of the experience of an express train on the Fort Wayne during a recent cyclone:

The lightning flashed continuously from the time the train left Fort Wayne, at 8 p. m., and the rain descended almost solidly until Lima, Ohio, was passed. Such a storm the passengers had never seen before, and the ladies, of whom quite a number were on the train, were greatly frightened, and the gentlemen were too scared themselves to be of much service in allaying their fears. The wind steadily increased in fury, and the breaking of the trees and the rushing sibilation of the telegraph wires made a concert of wild sounds. The train passed Forest, 229 miles west of Pittsburgh, about 10.35. The engineer was then sending the locomotive along at about thirty miles an hour. The engineer put on more steam, and when about three miles from Kirby the storm was at its height. Suddenly there was a dull roar in the distance and then a cyclone tore across the level plain on the south side of the track, and, catching a big tree, tore it up by the roots and flung it across the cars. The limb struck the locomotive and cut the cowcatcher in two; another limb fell

on the platform and steps of the first car and demolished it. Other branches smashed in the windows along the three ordinary cars and the two Pullman sleepers. Telegraph poles came dancing down at the same time, and rocks and bushes flew through the car in a riotous scurry. The car windows were smashed to pieces, cracked and splintered, and the glass flew in every direction.

The train kept on the rails, and the engineer applying the air-brakes brought it to a standstill within two hundred yards. Every passenger was in a paroxysm of fear. The sleepers were transformed into dens of wildly excited men and women. The railway men kept fairly cool, and as far as they could assisted in the restoration of confidence. The storm continued. The air was still filled with flying branches and stones, while the glare of electricity liberated from the clouds intensified the horror of the scene. Though every window in the sleepers Baden and Salamis were fractured, and almost every pane in the other coaches smashed, it is remarkable that very few passengers were hurt. Mr. C. C. Bow, a merchant of Canton, Ohio, was in his berth in the sleeper Salamis, when the tree shivered the glass above him and he received one piece under his right eye, with such force that the eye was literally cut out. A lady in the same car, who refused to give her name, was also cut, though not seriously, about the face. A few others had their hands cut. The storm did not abate much, except that the tornado passed away. An idea of its force may be conceived from the fact that rocks were blown into the cars on the south side, and had sufficient impetus left to pierce the western windows as clean as if they were bullets from a Gatling gun. The roofs of the cars were not much damaged, but the locomotive boiler was dented in several places, and the smoke-stack was knocked out on a straight line. After about an hour's delay, the train started again, and in due time reached Crestline without further acci-

dent. There a locomotive was procured, and the battered cars came on to Pittsburgh, reaching the Union station one hour and a half late, a good deal of the time being made up on the run. When the train arrived here, it looked as if it had been riddled by sharp-shooters and a battery of heavy artillery.

#### SLEEPING-CAR CONDUCTORS.

"Then you think you would like to be a sleeping-car conductor, do you?" said the lord of the palace car to one of his guests. "Well, my advice to you is, don't try it. It is a life of slavery. How would you like two round trips from New York to Chicago every week—one hundred and twenty-five hours' travel? Thirty-seven hundred miles a week! I dare say you wouldn't like it. While we are on the runs we are supposed to get some sleep, but it is precious little we get. We have to be up nearly every hour of the night for something or other, and the best we are able to do is a nap of an hour or two at a time. For this we get the princely sum of \$45 a month. Beds are furnished us, of course, but we have to buy most of our meals away from home.

"And if you could see the list of rules we have to obey, it would make you laugh. It makes us shudder, for every violation is a fine, and so much the less salary to draw at the end of the month. For instance, the erasure of a figure in our report calls for a fine. We are fined for little things that really amount to nothing, for insignificant mistakes which every man will make once in awhile. Then if there is a comb, or a brush, or a pillow-slip, or a blanket missing when we finish a run, the porter has to pay for it, and the price put on is usually two or three times the real value of the articles. The Pullman company seems to manage its men on the theory that it is a fine thing to get from ten to twenty per cent of their salaries in the shape of fines. Do these fines go into a fund for the benefit of those of us that may get sick or be injured? No, indeed.

They go into the coffers of the company—a concern that has expenses of \$1,200,000 a year, and receipts of \$4,500,000. Naturally, the men don't like these fines and other impositions. They look on them as robberies. And the fact is that the company doesn't come out much ahead in the long run. What do I mean by this? I mean that some of the conductors stand in with their porters and proceed to get even with the company. It is not easy to do, but it is done. Our sheets and pillow-cases are counted out to us when we begin a run, and by counting the number of soiled ones at the end they have a check on the number of passengers. But there are plenty of ways of getting over that. A tired, sleepy man who gets on in the middle of the night and pays cash fare, never stops to look if the sheets or pillows are perfectly clean when he rolls in. And I know of more than one conductor who gets a small supply of clean linen at a certain place on his run, and throws it off at another after it has been used. Of course the porter has to have his 'divvy,' but he is usually decent about it, as he can afford to be. He gets only \$15 a month salary, but he is the best paid man on the train on the best runs by the time he has counted up all his dimes and quarters. Spotters? Plenty of them. The sleeping-car company employs more spotters than any railroad in the country, but even the spotters get left. It takes a pretty sharp man to know all that is going on in a sleeper between dark and daylight."—*Chicago Herald*.

THE following incident, which occurred during Mr. Froude's recent visit to this country, is taken from his recently published work "Oceana:" "Among the friends who had come with us from Auckland was an English gentleman, Colonel Blank. At some town where we stopped late one night, two ladies had been put into the railway carriage with us. We were going to bed and paid no attention to them. The berth under Colonel Blank hap-

pened to be vacant. To one of these new arrivals, without his being aware of it, this berth was assigned as a sleeping place. The lady gathered herself in and the same leather curtain fell over them both. In the morning, the colonel feeling about for his underclothes, dropped his drawers by accident over the side of the bed. From below he saw thrust a small, dainty and perfectly white hand, with a diamond ring and a delicate lace frill around the wrist. It was holding up the article in question, and a brisk, ringing voice said: 'Guess this belongs to you.'

#### FREE TRADE IN LABOR.

Sixty stone-cutters landed in Texas the other day, having been imported in a body direct from England to work alongside of convict labor on the new state capitol building. By some hook or crook the provisions of the law forbidding the importation of pauper labor were evaded, and those who sought by legal means to void the contract, after the arrival of the workmen, were told they were without recourse.

In view of the recent riots in the Connelville district and in the Northwest, it would seem that we have carried this free trade business in labor about far enough. The most serious and destructive labor disturbances we have so far had have originated among ignorant foreigners, imported under contract by wealthy syndicates. By cold-blooded, selfish commercial speculation in their miseries, the riff-raff and off-scouring of Europe have been poured into our principal cities and into some of our largest mining districts. There is no excuse for the several purely commercial importations of pauper labor which have been made by the coke masters of the Connelville district, at least not on moral grounds. Is it any wonder then that, with the intelligent, law-abiding, native-born workman crowded into the background by the foreign element, there should be riots and red flags in certain localities. — *Age of Steel.*

#### AN ARMLESS HERO.

The flagman at River Street crossing of the Erie railroad in Paterson is Patrick Lynch, who can discuss with intelligence the relative merits of the Salisbury and Gladstone cabinets, criticise the president's policy daily, tell the cause of the Afghanistan war, and write a beautiful hand. And yet he has no hands, both arms having been amputated at the elbow. He writes by sticking the end of his penholder between his teeth and guiding the pen with his remnants of arms. He can dress himself, hold and turn the paper he is reading, and even defend himself, as he did recently in punching unmercifully a drunken man who attacked him. He seizes the handle of his flag between his arm and side, and waves it to an approaching train gracefully as well as vigorously. He is a jolly, genial, sunny, pock marked, red faced, intelligent man, whom everybody likes and who never had any one hurt when he was on duty, notwithstanding he has the most dangerous crossing between Bergen Tunnel and Hornellsville. It is too wide for gates, for the wind would blow them over.

Early yesterday morning a long string of mill girls were walking down the track on the way to Ashley & Bailey's silk factory, contiguous to the crossing. A train passed, and the girls were just stepping on the tracks to cross them when all except one noticed a train coming the other way. The girl who did not notice the train stepped on the track directly in front of the approaching locomotive, which she did not heed because she confounded the noise it made with that of the first train. The girl's companions and the flagman yelled for her to look out, but she could not hear them. The other girls were paralyzed with horror, and turned their heads so that they should not see her killed. The engineer of the train reversed his engine and put on the air-brakes, but it was too late.

In the meantime, however, Lynch was on his way, dead ahead of the loco-

motive, and running a losing race with it, making a bee line for the girl. When he got down the track to where she was he was not ten feet ahead of the pilot. He had no hands to seize her, so he simply threw himself against her and with such force as to knock her headlong down the bank at the side of the track. Then he jumped to save himself; the pilot grazed his side as he was in the air, but he came down safe beyond the reach of the train.

The engineer and fireman on the locomotive cheered and gave a series of shrill whistles as applause for the brave act, and the cheers were taken up by the girls, and Lynch was led back to his shanty by the whole crowd like a hero. The girl whose life was saved had for a second been indignant at what she thought an unprovoked assault, but she was earnest in her thanks when she recognized the fact that Lynch had saved her life at the risk of his own.—*New York Sun*.

#### HAUNTED LOCOMOTIVE.

Many people have not forgotten the terrible Richmond switch disaster, several years ago, on the Providence and Stonington road. A little brook became swollen by the rain, and carried a railroad bridge. The train came rushing along that night, and was hurled into the chasm, Giles, the engineer, when he saw the danger ahead, instead of leaping from the engine as his fireman did, grasped the lever and reversed the engine. But it was too late. The train was going at such speed that the locomotive leaped clear across the stream, and they found Giles lying under his overturned engine, with the lever driven through his body and one hand clutching the throttle-valve with the grasp of death. Giles, when he came into Providence, was accustomed to give two peculiar whistles as a signal to his wife, who lived near the railroad where it enters the suburbs of the city, that he was all right and would soon be home. The absence of those whistles was the

first intimation which was received at Providence of the disaster.

When the engine which made the terrible leap on that stormy night was rebuilt and put on the road again, there was at first great trouble in getting engineers for it, with such a superstitious horror was it regarded. To-day there are people ready to swear that they have heard whistles, such as Giles used to blow as signals to his wife, sound through the suburbs of Providence, when no train was coming up the road.

#### FROTH FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Irish ladies trim their spring hats with green this year in honor of Parnell.

Hearts are worn hard in fashionable circles at present, with golden settings.

Always remember that you are married to a man and not a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Somebody has invented a woman's hat that shuts up, but the woman herself still continues otherwise.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Do be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

A Minneapolis girl having married a St. Paul man it is feared that the two will not now speak as they pass by.

The poet burns the midnight oil  
To write his vernal sonnets,  
And milliners with vigor toil  
Constructing Easter bonnets.

There is not a girl in Washington who does not fondly hope for the time when she can elope with a Seventh Regiment darling.

It may be said of a theater hat, like some other disagreeable things, that there is likely to be a woman at the bottom of it.

Remember that servants are made of the same material that you are; a little coarser grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

## MET HER ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Ap[ro]pos of romantic marriages, says the Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader* there is no man in Congress who can show a better record than Representative William J. Stone, of Kentucky, who takes Oscar Turner's place in the House. The story of Stone's terrible wound on the battle field was told not long ago, but the best part was left out. The battle where he lost his leg was near Cynthiana, Ky. He was in the Confederate service, and after that battle was lying on the field gasping for water, with his leg shot away almost to the hip. A Federal soldier saw him and asked him if he were not thirsty. He replied that he was, and the Yankee went off and brought back a canteen full of water. He raised the wounded man and gave him a drink, and then in kindness left his own canteen by the side of what he thought to be the dying rebel. Said he: "I will leave this, as you may want to drink again after awhile." Stone thanked him. As he turned to go away another Union soldier came up and said: "Hello, my man, is that rebel dead?" The first Yankee replied he was not, but he thought he was dying. The newcomer then said: "Stand aside and I'll finish him," and with that he raised his musket. The kind-hearted Yankee stepped in front of him and told him if he shot the rebel he would shoot him. This ended the matter, and the good and the bad Union soldier went away together. This much of the story has already been told.

Mr. Stone lay upon the battle-field for some time, hugging the canteen to him. The troops had now all left the field, and none but the dead and dying remained. At this time a number of young ladies from the town of Cynthiana came to visit the battle-field. They had gathered up the ramrods scattered among the dead, and one of them, finding Mr. Stone still alive, and the sun beating down upon him, took a bundle of these ramrods and stuck

them into the earth, making a half moon of paling fence about his head. Over this she spread her shawl and did what she could to ease him. This young woman is now Mrs. Stone, one of the accomplished women of our Congressional society. Stone fell in love with her on the battle-field, and after his recovery he succeeded in winning her. The story, if told in the shape of a novel, would be considered improbable. But truth is stranger than fiction, and there are more romances all around us than there are on the book-shelves.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAWS.

We English seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our "As dumb as a mouse;" the French have preferred a glass, for they say "As dumb as a glass." We say "As deaf as a post;" the French "As deaf as a pot." "As dull as ditch water" Galicized becomes "As sad as a nightcap." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" is changed into "Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it." Instead of "Biting off one's nose to spite one's face," a similarly useless experiment is illustrated by "Spitting in the air that it may fall on one's nose." The self-evident impossibility in the words "You can't get blood out of a stone" is represented by "One could not comb a thing that has no hair." (This last also "goes without saying," which, as literally translated from the French, now forms a proverb in our own language.) "When you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does," every Englishman will tell you; though few, perhaps, could say why Rome was chosen as an example, and whether it is more necessary, when in Rome, to follow the general lead, than in anywhere else, is to us a matter of doubt. To the Frenchman, the idea is sufficiently well expressed, however, by impressing upon you the necessity of "howling with the wolves." "Easy come, easy go," though terse and to the point, is in itself scarcely so intelligible as the somewhat longer sentence, "That

which comes with the flood returns with the ebb." That "a burnt child dreads the fire" is perfectly true, as every one will admit; our neighbors go further than this, and in choosing a "scalded cat" as the object of consideration, speak of it as being in fear of "cold" water even, thus expressing the natural distrust of the cat, after having once been scalded, as extending even to cold water. "Money makes the mare to go," and "For money, dogs dance."—*Chumbers' Journal*.

#### DAN CLASH'S WISE MULE.

"A band of redskins had come into the valley—mebbe a huntin' party, and mebbe a whole village," said Dan Clash, a Montana hunter, describing an adventure with Indians to a New York *Sun* reporter. "It was a warnin' that a white man about my size had better pack up and be off, and I tell you I didn't let no grass grow under my feet in gettin' ready. I had traveled in the timber durin' the day, to keep out of sight and to hide my trail, but now I left the shelter and took to the valley. I had four or five hours to daylight, and the way that mule and me got up and humped ourselves amazed the coyotes. I jist know that we were fully twenty miles away when daylight broke. The timber now was scattered along in groves, and afore daylight was too strong we took to shelter in a bit of timber containin' perhaps half an acre. This timber run to the bank of the river, and the bank at that spot was eight or ten feet high.

"I wasn't jist what you might call an A 1 Injun fighter. As I had put twenty miles between me and the Injuns down the valley, I sorter figered that there wasn't another redskin nigher than them and that I could take things purty easy fur a spell. I unloaded the mule and turned her loose, and had jist eaten a bite of cold breakfast when the beast cum slyly through the bushes, ears laid back and eyes shinin', and gin me to understand that sunthin' was wrong

agin. She didn't pint her head to'rds the valley, but straight fur the river, and I says to myself that perhaps she scented Injuns who were passin' up or down in canoes. I shouldered my rifle and crept to'rds the bank, but I hadn't gone thirty yards when crack! crack! went two rifles, and two bullets zipped past my head in a way to make me dizzy. With a scream such as a wild beast might give, the mule made a rush in the direction of the shots and I follered on.

"This was what happened, and what did happen. A couple of Injuns were, perhaps, coming down the valley when they saw me take to the grove. They saw me, but I didn't see them. They entered the grove on the upper side, leavin' their ponies tied to a tree, and were workin' around to get a shot at me, but the mule twigged the game. Both fired at the same instant, and as a consequence both rifles were empty when the mule charged 'em. To escape her—and I'm tellin' you that she'd have taken right hold like a dog—they scrambled up a cottonwood growin' on the very aige of the bank. One of 'em dropped his rifle on the ground, while the other took his up. The mule stood nigh the foot of the tree pawin' and squealin', and as soon as I saw how the land lay I lifted my rifle fur a shot. The feller who had taken his gun up was workin' to load her, but I stopped him. My bullet hit him in the shoulder, and it was catch-and-go that he didn't tumble. I was loadin' fur another shot, and was takin' notice that the unwounded one was climbin' higher, when the mule jumped back with a snort and the tree began to go over. It went slowly and the two reds yelled out in terror. When it struck the water there was an awful splash and a great commotion. The tree was too green to float, and the water was so deep that only a few branches showed above the surface. I reckon that both Indians were pinned down in some manner, fur neither one of 'em showed up after the splash. I kept a elus watch



all about the place fur half an hour, but not a sign of them could I see.

"I got one of their rifles, which was a splendid weapon, two ponies, worth \$100 apiece, a lot of steel traps, and a large amount of powder and lead. It was more'n a week after that when I rode into Fort Benton, but I never saw another Injun nor had the least worry. When the fellers at the fort wanted to pat me on the back and call me big Injun, I pointed to the mule, and said:

"Gents, there stands the ole gal entitled to all the credit, and the thing I'm onhappy about is that she can't wear a silk dress."

#### AN AMERICAN INSTANCE.

In all the painful recitals in fiction and in political screeds of the wretchedness of pauper labor in Europe, there is nothing sadder than an incident occurring in New York the other day, to which the newspapers give but a paragraph.

A man with a wife and four small children dependent upon him had been without regular work for about a year. They were destitute of nearly everything and only managed to have a room or two that they called home, because a landlord, more lenient than the majority of those who deal with such tenants, had suffered them to remain. Many times during the past winter and spring the family, when on the verge of starvation had been compelled to beg food or seek public assistance. The man looked for better times in the spring, and not finding the prospect improved he foolishly, but despairingly, took his own life. He had been a soldier, and in the brief note which he left to his unhappy widow he said: "I have had more than my share of starving to do in this world. For twenty-two months I starved in Andersonville and stood it out. Now I am starving with my children."

Such a farewell as that is more eloquent than figures, and more forcible than rhetoric in showing the hollowness

of the pretense that there is a golden road to competence and luxury which congress may open at will.—*Chicago Herald.*

#### PURIFYING WATER BY AERATION.

The results of experiments made thus far in the purification of water by aeration have attracted much notice. This method is well known to be based on the discovery that the action of air in purifyinig water is greatly increased by mixing the air and water under pressure. A Fairmount (Philadelphia) turbine engine was converted into an air-pump, which delivered twenty per cent., by volume, of free air into the water main, this being the proportion found necessary to surcharge the water. Analysis showed that the quantity of free oxygen in the aerated water was seventeen per cent greater than before aeration, while the quantity of carbonic acid was fifty-three per cent greater, and that of the total dissolved gases was sixteen per cent greater.—*Boston Transcript.*

#### NOT WHAT HE WAS HIRED FOR.

A man was bounding around in a car on a new Dakota road when the conductor came through.

"Can you tell me," said the man, with a great show of sarcasm, "whether this car is on the track or not?"

"Sir!" replied the conductor, reaching into his pocket, "here is a volume of the rules and regulations of this road."

"But what do I want of it?"

"Look it over and see if you can find any rule saying that I must spend my time running alongside of the train reporting its position to the passengers. See if there is anything in that volume that compels me to go humping myself along on the prairie and yelling through the windows 'Four wheels off now!' or 'Hind trucks dragging on the ties!' or 'Gentlemen, the baggage car has just rolled into the ditch!' or 'Passengers will please remain seated while we turn

off here and scoot across the prairie after a jack rabbit!' Look over them rules, sir, and see if you find any of them rules, sir, and see if you find any of these directions. If you don't, in the future please take your own observations on the wheels."

#### THE EPIDEMIC OF STRIKES.

"Beats all the way dese working people is strikin'," said the porter; "'pears as if they was never satisfied. They wants all dey can see, an' den go kickin fo' mo'."

"That's all right," said a ruddy-faced passenger, who another man said was a labor agitator; "that's all right, porter. Every servant is worthy of his hire, or should be. A workingman is entitled to something in this world besides a bit to eat and a place to sleep. If he doesn't stand up for his rights nobody will, and the only thing he can do when he wants an improvement in his condition is to strike. Strikes are all right, I tell you."

"Guess that's so, boss; guess that's so. Brush you off, sah? Is this your hat? All right, sah; 75 cents, please."

"Seventy-five cents?"

"Yes, sah; we's on a strike fo' higher wages. Seventy-five cents, or the sleepin' cah po'tahs will blacklist an' boycott yo'; an' then yo' might as well travel in a stock car. Seventy-five cents is right, sah—thanks."—*Chicago Herald.*

#### WEIGHING THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

"Yes," said F. E. Snow, "I was Assistant Secretary of State way back in the sixties. Those were the palmy days of the state, too, State scrip was worth 40 cents on the dollar. But the rush for offices was as great then as it is now. Governor Ramsey used to be at his wit's ends to know how to reconcile the office-seekers when several were after one place. Finally, one day, when he had been reading over the ponderous files of recommendations that candidates sent him, a happy thought struck him.

"Sam," said he, opening the door, to Jennison's room, "get me a good pair of scales."

"The General was much younger then, and off he flew to notify Charles McIlrath, the State Auditor, who sent out and bought a good pair of platform scales. The bluff Governor took them and carefully weighed the documents of the various candidates, and finally gave the commission to the one having the weightiest recommendations. It was a good selection, too, and did honor to the Governor's judgment."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

#### THEIR RAPACITY.

A dozen or so of railroad magnates, summoned by private message, meet from time to time in one of our great cities. They consult in secret, dine and wine satisfactorily, adjourn and go their several ways. Next morning the telegraph wires will have flashed across the land their decision that every bushel of grain going to market, every bale of goods passing inland, shall henceforth pay 20 to 30 per cent more freight than has hitherto been paid. In effect, this bevy of railroad kings, have arbitrarily reduced the value of every farm, every quarter-section, every bushel of grain in the Great West. If they owned the whole country, and all who live in it, they could not lord it over us more tyrannically. And perhaps they will proceed next day to make a scrip dividend, or additional issue of stock, representing nothing but their own rapacity, so as to conceal from dull or careless eyes the fact that they are exacting from their customers an annual profit of 15 or 25 per cent, on their actual investment.—*Horace Greeley.*

No matter if a woman hasn't but three lines to write on a page of letter paper, she can't resist the temptation to write two of them on the side margin and then sign her name upside down over the date.—*Palmer Journal.*

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

EVERY bachelor who purchases a \$50 suit of clothes of a particular clothing house at Hemingford, Neb., will be provided with a wife.

"SOME people," wrote Karr, "complain that nature has mingled thorns with the roses. I, for my part, am thankful that she has given me roses among the thorns."

"HOW LONG has Brown been married, Charley?" "Didn't know he was married at all; I don't believe he is, either." "Yes, he is; I noticed him turn pale when the clock struck 11."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE girl who isn't pretty doesn't figure in the elopement scandals extensively, but she is a pretty important factor in the social problem of how homes are made happy.—*Philadelphia Times*.

A FARMER at Congden, Neb., aged twenty-six, writes that he is prepared to accommodate a wife, if the right one applies before harvest time. He boasts of a farm of 560 acres, well improved, and means business.

A SECOND Lime Kiln Club has been organized at Welaka, Fla., and the colored brethren have held forth on the question: "Which has de 'wusset' defect on the public—de man getting de best of de woman in a quarrel or de woman getting de best of de man?"

So many fish are found in the milk cans of the New Jersey dairymen that small boys are begging for the privilege of fishing in them before the milk is disposed of. It is supposed that a large percentage of the milk is drawn from the Jersey trout streams.

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old gentleman at the City Hall elevated station. "Sometimes, but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman; "just take a scat in the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."—*New York Sun*.

If there is anything that will cause a man's feelings to be in sympathy with those of the party who wrote "I would not live always," it is to unpack his trunk and discover that the moths have been holding a series of progressive eucher parties all winter in the basement of his best summer trousers.—*Texas Siftings*.

A MAN in Southwestern Georgia had a remarkable experience the other night. He was driving home the cows when he and the horse on which he rode suddenly went down out of sight. The earth had given way beneath them. In the descent the man and horse parted company, the former lodging on a ledge of rocks. The horse went down into a deep cave, and the man managed to get out. Next day the neighbors got the horse out with the aid of pulleys. The animal was not much damaged, although he had fallen over fifty feet.—*Chicago Herald*

THERE is an Irishman in Evansville who reads a great deal, and tries to use all the hard words he can find. He had read theatrical articles in the papers, headed "From the Foyer," and he thought "foyer" was a good word and decided that he would use it at the first opportunity. The other night he came out of the Opera House between acts, hurrying to keep ahead of the crowd behind him, so that he could get his drink first and not have to treat anybody. At the foot of the steps he nearly run over a friend who was passing.

"And where did yez come from in sich a hurry?" said the friend.

"Me? From the foyer, av course."

"From the foire? Where is it?"

"Sure, in the Oprey House up there," pointing up the steps.

"Foire is it, thin be Jabers, I'll turn in the alarrum," and before he could be stopped he had rushed over to the Sherwood house and turned in an alarm from box 23.

And that's what the firemen were all so hot about.—*Evansville Argus*.

"A WOMAN gave us a good laugh the other night," said the sleeping car conductor. It was about 11 o'clock and everybody had just turned in. In one of the berths was a man and his wife. She was one o' these nervous, cautious creatures. She was all the time afraid she had lost something, or the cars would run off the track, or they wouldn't get up early enough next morning to get off at their station. She kept up her nagging after she got in bed, and though we couldn't hear what he said he grunted miserably every few seconds and we knew by that she was still at it. Finally she dozed off to sleep and all was quiet in her berth. Everybody was glad. But in less than ten minutes she started up, and everybody in the car heard him groan as she poked him in the ribs and shouted:

"William, git up! I know you've left the doors open and forgot to close the kitchen windows."

"It must have been the force of habit with her."—*Pecks' Sun*.

ARE we overdoing railway construction in the West, is a question which some Eastern writers are asking who know no more about the West than they do about Madagascar. The West will not over do in railway building. It is the receptacle of a vast amount of capital and enterprise. The West is a vast empire; it has resources far beyond those to be found in its own territory. It connects with the British America, China and Japan and Mexico; it is the avenue of travel to regions far beyond the Pacific; it has capacity for development far in excess of the region east of the Mississippi. Railroad building there can be prosecuted for years with safety. The development of coal mines make extensive manufacturing possible. Eastern investors have made extensive land, mineral and, in some cases, timber purchases for long investments. The great bulk of railway projection is confined to that region.—*Railway Reporter*.

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Alexander Emvart	Vice Master
Heartwell McKinstry	Recording Secretary
398 Tenth av.	
Emiel Barthel	Financial Secretary
Mat. L. Johann	Treasurer

### 6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.

James Stuart	Master
William Nevins	Vice Master
William Owens	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
Robert Devoe	Financial Secretary
Edward Collier	Treasurer

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets at Hibernian Hall, on Market st., between Semantha and Main sts.  
 Robert E. Workman ..... Master  
 Tim. Crowley ..... Vice Master  
 W. A. Brown ..... Recording Secretary  
 494 Ransom st., South Ottumwa.  
 S. G. Cogswell ..... Financial Secretary  
 F. G. Baxton ..... Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.****9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and Angeli-  
 que sts.  
 Charles Chowning ..... Master  
 James T. Main ..... Vice Master  
 William McNichols ..... Record. Secretary  
 513 Mitchell av.  
 Joseph Smith ..... Financial Secretary  
 Michael Fitzgerald ..... Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Richard Wilson ..... Master  
 John Mahoney ..... Vice Master  
 J. H. Rogers ..... Record. Secretary  
 806 Ottawa st.  
 Charles R. Parish ..... Financial Secretary  
 James Melvin ..... Treasurer

**11. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

J. J. Kennedy ..... Master  
 Ben F. Miller ..... Vice Master  
 William M. Buchanan ..... Record. Secretary  
 623 Pierce st.  
 Patrick H. Meehan ..... Financial Secretary  
 William Hall ..... Treasurer

**12. CLINTON, IOWA.**

William Green ..... Master  
 Edward Kilduff ..... Vice Master  
 John F. Quinn ..... Record. Secretary  
 532 Ninth av.  
 Nicholas Cooley ..... Financial Secretary  
 Stephen Quinn ..... Treasurer

**13. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**

David Collins ..... Master  
 Thomas McDermott ..... Vice Master  
 William W. Warring ..... Recording Secretary  
 Detroit Junction.  
 George J. Best ..... Financial Secretary  
 M. J. Curran ..... Treasurer

**14. TOLEDO, OHIO.**

J. D. O'Shea ..... Master  
 Matthias Mannes ..... Vice Master  
 John L. W. Humphrey ..... Recording Secretary  
 102 Fitch st.  
 E. R. Freeman ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. Winslow ..... Treasurer

**15. DENVER, COLORADO.**

Edwin Smith ..... Master  
 T. O. Sebree ..... Vice Master  
 J. R. Williams ..... Recording Secretary  
 Lindle Hotel.  
 E. O. Downing ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. J. Fishbaugh ..... Treasurer

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Joseph J. McGee ..... Master  
 Henry Padgett ..... Vice Master  
 H. P. Ming ..... Recording Secretary  
 1431 Commercial st.  
 Wm. J. Lee ..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Danforth ..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

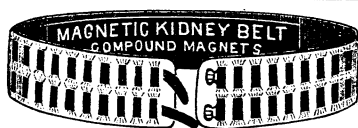
J. F. Seymour ..... Master  
 W. H. McDonald ..... Vice Master  
 W. F. Wilson ..... Recording Secretary  
 17 South Fourth Street.  
 W. J. Henry ..... Financial Secretary  
 G. H. Rohrbuck ..... Treasurer

**18. QUINCY, ILLINOIS.**

W. G. Burk ..... Master  
 A. C. Joseph ..... Vice Master  
 J. F. Coughlin ..... Recording Secretary  
 318 Locust street.  
 N. L. Stewart ..... Financial Secretary  
 P. Hines ..... Treasurer

**19. FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

The foregoing is a partial list of lodges. We could not ascertain the officers, etc., of others before going to press. Old and new lodges will be kind enough to send us the number of their lodge, when and where they meet, and the names of their Master, Vice Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary and Treasurer. Also the address of the Recording Secretary.

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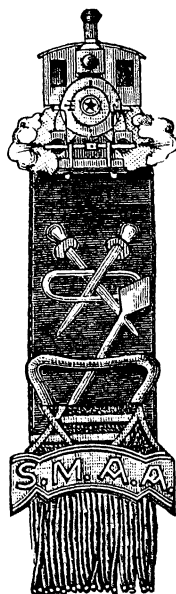
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1886.

No. 4.

## ALONE.

Since she went home—  
The evening shadows linger longer here,  
The winter days fill so much of the year,  
And even summer winds are chill and drear,  
Since she went home.

Since she went home—  
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,  
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,  
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,  
Since she went home.

Since she went home—  
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;  
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed:  
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest  
Since she went home.

Since she went home—  
The long, long days have crept away like years,  
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,  
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,  
Since she went home.  
—Robert J. Burdette in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

## THE LINKS THE CAT FORGED.

It was past 11 o'clock when I opened the door and the black cat walked slowly out and down the steps, waiting to see if I followed. I turned up the collar of my coat, for the air was chilly, and went out again into the beautiful October night. The street was as silent as the footfalls of the lithe animal softly walking down the steps. The black cat led the way, and I followed. Why, I do not know.

Two nights before I had walked up from my office late with a friend. It was long past midnight when we turned into the quiet street where I lived, talking about I know not what. Suddenly there stepped out of the shadow of a huge tree a black cat. Looking neither to the right nor the left, she walked deliberately before us.

"Ha," said my friend, with a tragic air, "a cat!—a black cat! Let us follow the cat."

And then he laughed, and even as he

waked the echoes down the street—I cannot tell why—I shivered. The cat walked silently along past the lower steps of the flights leading down from the houses, keeping a pace or two ahead of us. My friend left me at his door, saying, "Good-night. Beware of the cat." I went on to my house, not far beyond. At the steps the cat stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then walked up to the door. Somewhat surprised, I followed.

I do not like cats. They seem to me to be treacherous, dangerous brutes, and I am even half afraid of them. But when the black cat stopped at my door I determined, for some inexplicable reason, to admit her. She seemed to know my room, for she walked up the single flight of stairs before me, and entered the room as I opened the door. I found her stretched out on the floor when I had lighted the gas, and if she had lived in my room all her life she could not have appeared more at home. For the same inexplicable reason that I admitted the cat to my house I allowed her to remain in my room.

The next evening I came in earlier; it may have been 10 o'clock. The black cat met me at the door and darted by me as I stepped over the threshold. Then, as I turned to see whither she had gone, I felt a pull at the leg of my trousers, and saw that the cat had fastened a claw there and was certainly trying to draw me from the house. I stooped down and softly stroked the animal's back, at the same time disengaging her claw. Then I turned and entered the house, and the cat, after a moment of apparent irresolution, followed me, mewing strangely.

The next night she again met me at

the door, and the effort to draw me from the house was repeated. The desire was so apparent that I was puzzled, and, I own, a little disturbed. The cat went with me to my room, and, sitting there in the firelight, with her bright eyes staring at me, I formed a purpose to yield to this curious whim if it were again displayed. I tried to reason with myself, but reason seemed to have given way to an impulse as uncontrollable as it was mysterious.

I passed an uneasy night and then a day, half hoping that when evening came my unbidden and unwelcome guest would be gone. I heard the clocks in the houses along the street where I lived strike eleven as I walked down toward my door. As I stepped over the threshold I saw the fiery eyes of the cat in the dark hall. A cold shiver passed through my frame. I trembled with an excitement as intense as it was sudden. My heart began to beat so loudly that I involuntarily held my hands over it as if to still it. Then summoning my resolution I followed the cat down the steps and strode after her as she flitted down the street.

It was a black night. Heavy, swollen gray clouds had been hanging low in the sky when darkness came on, and now they drew an impenetrable veil between the earth and the stars. The old, winding streets of the quarter of the town in which I lived were silent and deserted. Now and then a gust of wind swept down and swung some shutter back upon its hinges with a hoarse, grating sound. The moaning of the wind was full of strange meanings to me. My thoughts wandered off through the black arches of that dismal night, and as I strode down the street, drawn irresistibly after the noiseless black cat, there came up before me a vivid picture of the tragedy which had come into my life only a year before, when I had completed my college course.

I saw my father's house—a large white building, surrounded by spacious piazzas and standing in the middle of a

wide, velvet-like lawn. I saw my father sitting in his comfortable library, from which two bay windows opened upon the piazza. He had left my sister and mother and myself in an adjoining room, and was sitting at a table facing one of the open windows. A student's lamp cast a soft, mellow light over the room. Behind my father stood his safe, which contained a large sum of money, put there to pay his workmen on the following morning. The door between the library and the room in which we were was open, and occasionally he spoke to us. Then came a long silence, and we heard only the soft patter of the rain on the piazzas.

"What can father be doing," asked my sister at length, "that keeps him so quiet?"

"Writing, I suppose," said my mother. "He is making up the pay rolls, you know."

"Then he'll never get through," replied my sister, "for he has fallen asleep, I'm sure."

We listened again. We heard only the steady, monotonous patter of the rain.

"Well," said my sister, rising, "don't you think I ought to wake him up, mother?"

"Yes," answered my mother.

My sister went into the next room.

"Father," she said, "wake up; it is growing late."

There was no answer. The next moment a piercing shriek rang through the house.

"My God! He is dead!"

Horror stricken, we rushed into the room. The safe had been robbed and my father shot through the heart while he sat not thirty feet away from us, and we had not heard a sound. At the post-mortem examination they found in his body a curious missile more than an inch long and shaped partly like a bullet and partly like a dart. The point was sharp, and three sharp faces ran back toward the body of the missile. Experts said the missile had been pro-



jected by some force other than powder, else my mother and sister would have heard the report, and they talked very learnedly about the application of compressed air and even hinted at electricity. But what manner of weapon the murder used none could say.

I had mechanically taken the dart and put it in my pocket. I always carried it there in the vague hope that some day it might help me to unravel the mystery of my father's death, which had slain my mother and had rested upon my soul like a great pall. I had that dart in my pocket even then.

And there I was following a mysterious black cat out of the suburbs of the city in the gloomy night and down a country road, moved by some impulse which I could not explain, and which, strangely enough, I did not want explained. The cat turned into a narrow lane leading to a piece of dense woods. I could hear the bell in the cathedral tower striking the hour of midnight. I was cold—almost numb—although the night was hardly chilly. I wanted to go back, yet I went on. My eyes vainly strove to penetrate the black arches of the forest. The whispering of the night wind in the trees was full of hidden meanings. Cold perspiration trickled down my forehead. My teeth chattered. My knees knocked together. Yet I went on.

At the edge of the wood the cat paused. I could not see her body, but her eyes glowed in the darkness with a weird light. She began to mew, and the sound echoed dismally among the trees, dying away in smothered sobs in the darkness. I could tell by the agitation of the dead leaves at my feet that the cat was scratching, as if hunting for something. Presently she uttered a long, piercing cry that seemed to make the very trees tremble, and then she was silent and motionless. Trembling violently, I struck a match and stooped over her. She had her foot on something half covered by leaves. It looked like a dead branch. I picked it up. It was a gun—not like any I had

ever seen before, but still like a gun. I looked at it blankly. Mechanically I drew from my pocket the curious missile, which I always carried, and dropped it into the barrel. It fitted perfectly. The horror that rushed over me when I knew that I held in my hands the weapon which had slain my father was too great to be borne. The skies reeled above me. I saw a hundred pairs of glowing eyes. I tottered, groaned, and fell senseless upon the earth.

Two years passed away. I had not yet solved the mystery. My sister was about to be married, and I was preparing to go to the wedding. She had been living with relatives in Cincinnati, where she was completing her musical studies. There she had met a young man whom I had never seen, but who, all my relatives assured me, was worthy to become my sister's husband. He had been in Cincinnati only two years, but had in that time made himself a favorite in the best society of the city. He had plenty of money, which he said he had made in the West, where he had a large cattle ranch. I saw no reason why I should object to my sister's choice.

I had invited Mortimer Melville to go with me. Mortimer was my most intimate friend, although I had known him less than two years. I had the good fortune to find his pocketbook, which he lost, and took it to the business address written on a card inside. From that trivial incident our friendship grew up. We never visited each other's rooms, because we used to prefer to sit together in the smoking room of the modest club to which we belonged. Having invited him to go to the wedding with me, I was waiting for him in my room, where he was to call for me on his way to the station.

"Come in," I said, hearing a knock at the door.

"Good morning, old fellow," he said, entering; "it's a little early yet, but I confess I was a trifle curious to have a peep at your rooms before starting. Pretty comfortable place you have here, Bob."

"Yes, it is. Make yourself at home, Mort, while I try to coax the total depravity out of this necktie."

Mortimer strolled around the room looking at the pictures. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. I turned and saw him pointing at the black cat, which was lying asleep on the hearth rug.

"Where did you get that cat?" he asked.

"She followed me home one night," I said.

"She's mine," he exclaimed. "I lost her two years ago, before I knew you."

Then he walked to the other side of the room and called, "Here Witch, Witch." The cat ran to him and purred around his feet.

"You see," he said, "she answers to her name. But how on earth did you get her?"

I looked at my watch. We had an hour to spare. I sat down and told him the whole story. As I went on I noticed that a look of deep trouble settled upon his features. When I had concluded he said:

"Have you the gun yet?"

"Yes," I answered, taking it from a closet.

"My God, I knew it!" he cried. "It is my gun."

"Your gun!" I echoed aghast.

"Yes, mine."

I stood looking at him for a moment trying to collect my thoughts. Thoughts too terrible to entertain crowded upon me.

"You cannot be," I said, "my father's——"

"No, no; not that," he interrupted. "I mean that I invented the gun. It was my idea, and the gun was made for me, it was the first one ever made, and—and I sold it."

"Sold it!" I cried. "To whom?"

"Listen," said Mortimer, "and I will tell you all about it. God knows I have nothing to conceal. I discovered a new and powerful use of compressed air. I worked at my idea a

long time and finally made a gun which was a success. I was poor and needed money to push the invention, and when one day a young man came into my shop and wanted to buy this particular gun I sold it to him. He said he wanted it as a curiosity, and paid me a good round sum for it. I know this is the gun, because there is no patent mark on it. The young man was the son of a good family, with lots of money. I learned afterward that he had a bad reputation. He lived a wild and dissolute life for a time, but I understand that he reformed a couple of years ago, and is now once more received in good society."

"But who was this man?" I asked.

"What was his name?"

"George Sutherland," said Mortimer.

I had never heard the name before, but I knew that was the man I had been looking for, and I could see another step toward solving the mystery of my father's death. Without thinking of what I was doing I took the missile from the chamber of the gun and put it into my pocket.

"Come," I said, "we have just time to see the Chief of Police and tell him about this man."

"The chief knew all the details of my father's death, and with me had often examined the gun. Mortimer gave all the information in his possession, and an hour later we were on the road.

When we arrived at Cincinnati on the morning of the wedding we went to the house of my relatives. When we were told that the groom had arrived, Mortimer and I went together to the room where the young man was with his friends. I went in first and was introduced to my prospective brother-in-law. I found him a good-looking man of the world, well fed and rather fascinating.

That was all I had time to notice before Melville entered the room. I saw a sudden pallor come upon the face of

the man who was about to become my sister's husband. Mortimer Melville started forward, and, without waiting for an introduction, exclaimed :

"George Sutherland !"

That was not the name given to me in the introduction. It was the name of the man I believed to be my father's assassin. I staggered ; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"It is he !" cried Mortimer. "He bought the gun !"

"What do you mean ?" stammered Sutherland.

Then my senses returned. I drew the curious missile from my pocket and held it before his eyes.

"Miserable wretch !" I exclaimed. Look at this—this you sent to my father's heart. But now you shall suffer for your cowardly crime."

I sprang forward to seize him by the throat. With a sudden bound he eluded my grasp and the next moment sprang through the open window into the street.

"Stop him !" I shouted ; "stop the villain !"

Twenty men sped after him. He was caught. He confessed that the murder had been the crowning act of his life, and with the money taken from the safe he had gone west and engaged in the cattle trade. Returning under an assumed name, he had seen and really loved my sister. He suffered the extreme penalty of the law for his crime. My sister, after a long illness, recovered, and now lives always by my side. We still keep the black cat.

THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair ; fill the vast Cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ keys ; blow, bugle, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords

all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men ; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, laughter, rose-lipped daughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.—*Ingersoll.*

#### TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A double house was recently moved from Powell street, San Francisco, concerning which an old settler tells an interesting story in the *Sacramento Bee*. He says that two young men from New York state, who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the "fifties." Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city and with a small sum, fitted up a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in tight place, from which nothing but \$15,000 could extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble, and gave him all his history during the ten years they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black, "but \$15,000 just sizes my pile. I am tired of mining and hoped to settle down here and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rocker again."

Gray took the money, and Black returned to the mountain. In the course of that year the merchant made luck turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterward the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything

had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining out of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was, of course, delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, "excepting to get a job shoveling sand, if you can help me to get one."

"I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Gray, "and I want you to come and dine with me tomorrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabbily dressed wife and little ones.

"You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old schoolfellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all your own, and having a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the lateness of the hour warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray; "but just step next door; there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall, Black halted. "Here," said he, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray; "come upstairs to this bedroom."

"Why," said the miner, looking about him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging house."

"Aye, have I, my friend!" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder, "Where should a man keep his things but in his own house—and in what part of the house better than his own bedroom?" Black was bewildered, and

began to have doubts of his friend's sanity; but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and followed with a deed of copartnership in his business, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving away this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take \$100,000 for it." It was Black himself who told the story, now a successful merchant.

#### SAM JONES' SAYINGS.

If I had a creed I'd sell it to a museum.

What's culture worth if it's nothing but whitewash on a rascal?

I have little taste for theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers.

I can't bribe God's grand jury nor defy the court that tries me the last day.

"I have doubts," says one. You just quit your meanness and you will quit doubting.

I've seen men not afraid to die, but I never saw a man that was not afraid of the judgment of God.

Everybody ought to keep good company. There is not an angel in heaven proof against bad company.

It's not so much when and where a man joins the church. It's all right just so long as he sticks to it.

A man's hates and his likes determine character; a man's affinities determine what he is and who he is.

I had rather associate with a dog than with a profane swearer. I say things that sound strong, but I've weighed 'em.

If you will let me I will cut loose the last ligament that binds you to sin, and let you swim out into the bottomless ocean of God's love.

Perhaps if you do not talk of your religion it is because you have no religion to talk about. Folks with ill-health don't go around bragging about their physician.

## TWO BLOSSOMS.

On the fourth floor of a large tenement house in one of the poor localities in a great city, in a small back room, a little child lay ill. She had been ailing from her birth, and the neighbors said it was a wonder that she had lived so long, she was such a sickly little thing.

In the next room a woman toiled wearily over washtub, rubbing and wringing, rubbing and wringing, while the perspiration rolled down her face. Every little while she would stop, and taking her arms out of the steaming tub, wipe them hastily on her apron, and putting her head into the tiny bedroom, ask: "Do you want anything, dear?" And the little child, shaking her head, would answer feebly: "No, ma'am." Then the woman would go back to the tub and rub, rub, rub, and think, think, think, till a tear mingled with the perspiration on her face, and then, brushing her eyes quickly, she would say: "What is the use of thinking and fretting; it won't make things any better," and she would turn again to the tub, and rub, rub, rub, and think, think, think.

Very often the neighbor down stairs came up to see the child, and watching the woman working would say: "Sure, woman, you'll kill yourself workin' so hard."

"I don't mind it. I'd work my finger nails off if she was only spared to me," the woman would answer, nodding her head in the direction of the other room.

"Indeed, I hope she will be," the neighbor replied, but when she was down in her own rooms she would say, with a long drawn sigh: "It would be well for both of them, if it was the Lord's will, if He would take them to Himself, for I see nothin' in this world for the poor but hard work and sorrer."

The little child never complained, but lay for hours and hours looking through the window at a small bit of blue sky, just visible between the housetops that shut in the narrow yard.

The harsh tones of street peddlers, calling their wares, and the shrill voices of children, as they played and squabbled in the yard below, came in through the window, but she did not appear to heed them, but lay calmly watching the bit of sky and the clouds that passed over it.

She was very fond of flowers, and some one gave her a geranium in full bloom; but, owing to its having been forced in a hothouse, the leaves soon turned yellow, and it lived only a short time. The child felt so grieved that the woman obtained a box, and, remembering the little cottage with the tiny porch in her country home that she had left years before the child was born, planted some scarlet runner beans, and placed the box on the ledge of the window of the tenement below. Very carefully they were watered each day, and in a little while began to show their heads. When told the little child asked: "When can I see them?" And the woman replied: "In a little while, dear."

So the child watched the blue sky and waited patiently till one day, a tiny leaf lifted its head and looked in. Then the little child was glad. And soon another leaf appeared, and then another, and she forgot the bit of sky and the clouds floating over it, and watched the vine as it grew. In a short time a bunch of green buds pressed against the pane and the little child smiled for she knew the blossom was nigh.

She seldom turned from the window, unless some neighbor looked in and asked: "Do you feel better, dear?" and she would answer in a weak, little voice, "Yes, ma'am," and turn again to the window to watch the ripening buds.

"I never saw her so taken up with anything before. I think she must be getting better," the woman said.

And the neighbor answered, "She does look brighter."

One morning the little child found the buds tipped with scarlet, and her

eyes brightened; and she thought: "They will be open to-morrow," but the next day came in dull and cloudy and the buds were no nearer opening. All day long she watched and waited, but the buds were waiting for the sun before they could burst through their green prison walls. When the day closed and they did not open the little, child grieved, and turning her face to the wall listened to the rub, rub, rub in the next room.

In the morning the sun shone out bright and clear, and the buds burst their bonds and, nodding their glowing, scarlet heads, tapped merrily at the window.

The curtain was drawn and the rub, rub, rub, in the next room had ceased, and, in the small back room, the little child lay, with small, thin hands folded, and weary eyes closed, for she had found the eternal sun and bloomed in the land of perpetual summer.

The next day, while the tiny form lay in the small, pine coffin, the woman opened the window, and plucking the bright hued blossom, placed it tenderly on the pure, little, pulseless heart.

Today, in a cemetery out in the suburbs of a great city, people pause and gaze curiously at a small grave, around which the scarlet runners run and twine lovingly, and away up on the fourth floor of a tenement house a woman rubs, rubs, rubs, and thinks, thinks, thinks.—*Nellie F. O'Neil, in Free Press.*

### THIRTEEN PETRIFIED MEN.

While Mr. T. Bowman, residing about three miles north of Akron, Ind., was recently engaged in setting posts, he was greatly surprised to see a post with which he was "packing" the bottom of the hole disappear from sight. He took his spade and dug down, with the intention of discovering where the seemingly bewitched post had disappeared to. The hole was soon enlarged and a cave was disclosed to his view. He procured a ladder and a lantern and descended into the cave. The hair of the

inquisitive Mr. Bowman stood on end as he discovered sitting around on the ground the forms of twelve men, while a part of the thirteenth leaned up against the side of the cavern, one hand outstretched, as if earnestly addressing his twelve comrades.

By the rays of the light from the lantern Mr. Bowman saw that there was no life there, and, being a man of nerve, he examined the bodies and found them to be petrified. He soon made his exit and spread the news, and up to the present time hundreds of persons have visited the spot. The cave is about twenty feet square and nine feet deep. Much speculation is being engaged in about the strange discovery, and excitement is running high in the neighborhood of Akron.

### HOW TO CURB CRIME.

The veriest fool who flaps his ears, although his head may be as empty as a hencoop that has been explored by a colored suffragan, can not have failed to perceive that as soon as the hot weather begins to arrive in unbroken packages there is an increase in crimes of violence. When the average American citizen wipes the perspiration from his brow with his elbow and says, "It ar durned hot," then the man of criminal violence, who is very numerous in this fair land of liberty, goes to jail—when he is caught.

When the plumber laughs and says: "This is the kind of weather I love," for his bills go up as the mercury goes down, mad dogs are comparatively rare, and even the average policeman is almost civil. Crime is at a decrease when the washing freezes on the lines away down in Florida, and the grateful negro exclaims, "De good Lord has done starched all de close for us in de night."

The number of crimes by violence recently reported in the newspapers shows that depravity still continues to be influenced more or less by the bright orb that hangs resplendent in the blue vault above; hence the question arrives,

what can be done to prevent crime during the heated term? We have a few practical suggestions to make in this connection.

1. Furnish the police with ice cream tickets which they are to distribute among the toughs. The police themselves shall be compelled to substitute ice cream for beer during the heated season.

2. Young men who are engaged to be married, or who are trying to become so, should not have less than a gallon at a time. Unless figures lie—and some do—one gal is equal to four quarts.

3. If there is an irascible person in the family, he should be supplied with a palm leaf fan and a ticket to Coney Island.

4. Have the equator moved further south. Let a bill be introduced into Congress to that effect. Perhaps it would be better to remove the equator altogether.—*Texas Siftings.*

A CITIZEN rushed upstairs on the Jefferson avenue side of Merrill Hall so fast yesterday that a man on the landing inquired?

"Has anything happened?"

"I'm getting out of the way of a man who wants to borrow money," was the reply, as he passed on down the Woodward avenue side.

In about five minutes a second man came rushing up and called to the man on the landing:

"Anybody gone up?"

"Yes."

"Have on a light overcoat and plug hat?"

"Yes."

"Wonder which way he went?"

"Down the other stairs, I guess. He said some dead-beat was after him to borrow money. If you hurry perhaps you——"

"Oh, it's no use!" calmly observed the other. "I'm the dead-beat he referred to, and it's evident he has tumbled to the racket."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## PROPHETIC LYING.

"Did you ever sit down and reflect on the progress that has been made in this country during the age of man?" It was the renowned Gen. Prentiss returning from Ohio, where he had delivered a Decoration-Day address, who asked the question. He then went on to say:

"It was some time in the '50s that I attended a jollification meeting at Jefferson City, Mo. The meeting was for the purpose of celebrating the completion of a railroad, and of course wine bottles had to be cracked and speeches made. If the speeches had been made first and the bottles cracked afterward I would probably not have been called on to speak, but as it was the gentleman who was to speak for the city of Quincy was too full of wine to have any wit, and I was requested to speak in his stead. I saw that the company was too far gone to listen to much seriousness, so I began a series of the most extravagant prophecies.

"Gentlemen," said I, 'there are those present who will live to see a city of 50,000 inhabitants flourishing on the banks of your great Missouri.'

"Make it 100,000 while you're about it," cried one man.

"Yes," said another, 'you might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb.'

"The child has already been born," I continued, 'who will step into a palace on wheels on Monday morning in New York and go to bed the next Saturday night in San Francisco.'

"That's a pretty stiff yarn, I thank you," yelled a man at the other end of the table, and he proposed to drink to the health of the man who could tell so big a story without cracking a smile. The health was drunk and I went on:

"The day is coming when some one will stand in Jefferson City and talk into the very ear of his friend in Liverpool."

"My God," said a half-tipsy man at my right, 'what a liar you'd make if you'd turn your attention to it!'

"Yes," I said, without noticing him,

'and the boy now lives in Missouri who will one day get up from his dinner table and say: 'Wife, where are my wings? I want to jump up to Chicago this afternoon, I'll be back for supper.'

"At this a perfect howl went up; the dishes were swept from the table and I was voted the most artistic yarner in the land.

"But now," continued the General, "isn't it strange that, although I selected the most extravagant prophecies I could imagine, all excepting that relating to the wings have practically come true already, and I am not prepared to say that, gray as I am, I shall not live to see men fanning the air with wings and chasing birds in their loftiest flights."

#### SMALL BOY AND THE MINISTER.

Little Johnny Jordan was a passenger on a suburban train yesterday. Beside him sat a tall, solemn-looking man with side-whiskers. In front were Johnny's pa and ma, and behind him his aunt Hetty. The whole party had been to church, and the man sitting beside Johnny was the minister, going out to spend the afternoon with the Jordans.

"My little man," said the minister to Johnny, "did you pay close attention to the sermon?"

"Yessir."

"Do you remember that I said something about miracles?"

"Yessir."

"Well, Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?"

"Yessir."

"Tell me, please."

"Well, all I know about it is ma she said this morning that it would be a miracle if we could go to church once without having the minister taggin' home with us to dinner. So I guess this hain't no mir——"

"Johnny Jordan!" [from the front seat.] "Will you come here this minute?"

"Yes'm."—*Chicago Herald.*

#### MATRIMONY AND THE REPUBLIC.

The recent census returns from Paris are worthy of notice. They show that in ten of the twenty arrondissements of that city the population has decreased in the last five years. There is one most apparent and suggestive reason for this. Bachelorhood has grown constantly more popular in France, and the government has thought seriously of placing a special tax on unmarried men. The same tendency toward celibacy among men of wealth and standing is to be observed in this country. Increase in luxury always thus affects a nation. The Romans realized the danger from a general neglect of marriage, and imposed a heavy penalty on bachelors and conferred special honors on married men and fathers. Statistics show that here, in the Eastern states, the number of unmarried women is rapidly increasing. There is, of course, nothing intrinsically dangerous about old maids. They have no anarchial tendencies, and are generally peaceable and useful members of society. But it is not well for the Republic to allow them to grow too numerous. In Massachusetts the excess of females in 1840 was only 7,672. In 1885 it was 76,627. Should not every bachelor in the Bay State blush when he reads such figures? The present Administration, seeing the danger which threatened society, has declared against celibacy. Daniel Lamont, M. A., with the foresight of a great statesman, brought about a union which should serve as an example to unmarried men throughout the land. Now is the time for bachelors to rise to a conception of their duty. The seashore and mountains are sprinkled with fair maidens. The summer is not merely a season in which to avoid mosquitoes and keep cool. It has higher, holier duties. Let the unmarried men who are taking their vacations in the pleasant corners of the earth realize that the eyes of the public are upon them. The fall crop of marriages should be large. Matrimony must not fall into obnoxious desuetude. Let the



census returns from Paris stand as a terrible warning to our nation, which is growing neglectful of marriage and too fond of divorce.—*New York World*.

#### LOST LILLIAN SCHAFFER.

One year ago today the community was aroused by the report that a little girl, 18 months old, had been stolen from the home of her parents in this city. The latter were humble folks, living in a tenement at the rear of 192 Wesson street. Briefly the story was told at first: While the father, William Schaffer, and his wife were down town on business during the middle of the day their children, five in number, played out of doors. The eldest, a lad of 8, took charge of the child Lillian, who was abducted on that day. He drew her back and forth on the wooden pavement in a play wagon, while another little one, four years old toddled by his side. Between 12 and 1 o'clock a strange woman came along and spoke to the boy. She admired the baby, and the boy innocently replied to her inquiries in regard to his parents that they were absent.

"Come with me to the bakery and I'll give you money to buy the pretty baby some cakes and candy," the strange woman said.

Arrived at the little bakery, just around the corner, the woman gave the boy a small coin and bade him take the other child with him into the shop. When he came out the little wagon was empty and the woman and baby had disappeared. As the days went by and no trace of the child could be found, the attention of the whole city became attracted to the mysterious case. The papers devoted large space to it daily and recounted all the efforts made toward her recovery. Conjecture was exhausted to solve the reason of her abduction. Hope of reward for her return could not have incited the crime, for the father was then, as now, a poor flower and fruit peddler, with a stand on the State street pavement. Neither

he nor the mother had reason to suppose that anyone on earth bore them such implacable hatred as to take their child for revenge.

Stimulated by rewards offered by different individuals the detectives searched vainly for some clew that would lead to the finding of the little one.

There was nothing to distinguish the child from the many who swarm over the sidewalks in that vicinity, save a faint birth mark at the base of the brain. At length the unavailing search was abandoned. From the hour when Willie Schaffer stepped into the bakery and left his little sister in the strange woman's care no tidings of her have been obtained.

Day after day the half-frantic mother has gone about closely searching the face of each child she has seen to trace some resemblance to her loved one. At times her grief has quite overpowered her reason.

"I have two who are dead," she says. "I know where they are. But this little one—I know not where she is, and that is far worse than death."

"A philanthropic gentleman has offered to give me \$200 dollars to offer as a reward for any information that may lead to the discovery of the present whereabouts of our child," the father said yesterday. "Even if we can find that she is dead it will be a relief from the suspense we now endure. I would not prosecute the persons instrumental in her disappearance if they would only reveal themselves and give my child back to me or even show me proof that she is no longer living."

The family removed some time since to 158 Larrabee street, hoping that a change of residence to a neighborhood unassociated with little Lillian would be of benefit to the mother's disturbed mind.

"I fear that if we can obtain no knowledge of the fate of the child my wife will never be the same again," said the husband, sorrowfully.—*Chicago News*.

## HUMOROUS.

No woman can lace herself so tight as a man can drink himself.—*Goldsboro Argus*.

There's something wrong when a preacher gets \$400 and a base ball pitcher gets \$5,000.—*Sam Jones*.

Providence, Rhode Island, is 250 years old, and yet has not grown out of the state.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*.

A Philadelphia girl recently married a legless man. When she asks for a new bonnet he can't kick.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

There is no longer any doubt as to what destroyed the left half of anarchist Most's jaw-bone. It was worn out.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Idiosyncrasy of the English language: Why is it that a man is said to leave the earth just the moment he enters it?—*Burlington Free Press*.

When doctors give a man up his chance for life has gone. When lawyers give one up his money is gone.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

First boy (in New York)—“I was born here. Where were you born?”

Second boy—“I wasn't born. I came from England.”—*Tid-Bits*.

A western medium has just had a long interview with the spirit of Adam. He reports that Adam still blames the whole business on Eve.—*Philadelphia Press*.

“Is that dog ferocious?” said a traveler to an Arkansaw man. “No, he ain't ferocious, but he's the darndest dog ter bite ever you seed.”—*Goodall's Chicago Sun*.

A New York society young man was so imprudent as to write to his Boston fiancée a letter in which he called her “my sweat girl,” and now the engagement is off.—*Boston Herald*.

A girl's heart will palpitate and her breath come short and quick at the very thought of getting up to recite a

verse in the Sunday school concert, but she will sit calmly up in the choir and flirt with the handsome tenor all through the service in face of the whole congregation, without experiencing a single tremor.—*Somerville Journal*.

“Why don't you get up, John?” spoke his wife impatiently: “I've called you three times.”

“Is two small pair any good?” asked the unconscious John?—*Puck*.

It was the Episcopal bishop of Connecticut who said that if the evolutionists would leave his ancestors alone in the garden of Eden, he would not disturb theirs in the zoological garden.

“I hope, Johnny,” said the Sunday school teacher to her new scholar, “that your parents are good Christians?”

“Well, ma is,” replied Johnny, “an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now.”—*Life*.

Minister (to laborer)—“Are you a Christian?”

Laborer—“Naw; I is a Swede man.”

Minister—“Don't you want to enlist with us and work in the vineyard of the Lord?”

Laborer—“Naw; I gotted a yob.”—*Union Pacific Magazine*.

A society paper, in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: “The bride walked on the arm of her father.” This may all be right, but it seems to us that a church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.—*Chicago Rambler*.

First New Yorker—“What did you see in Egypt that impressed you most.”

Second New Yorker—“The country is no good; it's way behind the times.”

First New Yorker—“They say the pyramids are very wonderful.”

Second New Yorker—“Well, they may have been in their day, but they must be at least a hundred years old, and for style they don't compare to some of our bar-rooms.”—*The Rambler*.

## THE YANKEE SPY.

During the session of an important religious body in our city I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Dubuque, a delegate from one of the northwestern States. What attracted me to the man was his amiability and meekness. Mr. Dubuque came up to my ideal of a preacher, and I found his companionship very pleasant. One afternoon my western friend asked me if I thought that any of the bomb-proofs dug by the citizens during the siege of Atlanta were still in existence. He desired to see one, as he had been requested by his friends at home to sketch it. "I know of one that we can reach in a ten-minute walk," I said. Mr. Dubuque was delighted, and we were soon on our way to the place.

I had a slight acquaintance with the old lady upon whose premises the bomb-proof was situated, and when we reached the place and stated the object of our visit permission was readily granted to examine the queer-looking hole in the ground which had served as a refuge from Sherman's shells. The bomb-proof fortunately was in a fine state of preservation, and the old lady pointed it out to us with a good deal of pride. At first we saw only a huge mound of earth covered with grass, but at one end was found an opening to a crooked underground chamber about six feet deep, ten feet long, and five in width. No falling shell had sufficient force to penetrate the mound, composed of red clay, timber and scrapiron.

When we scrambled out of the gloomy place the old lady remarked that when she occupied it the walls were lined with old carpets and the floor was covered with rugs. With a few chairs and some blankets her family had found a night in the dugout, as she called it, very endurable.

"Those were stirring times," said Mr. Dubuque.

"They were, indeed," replied our hostess. "I can never forgive Gen. Sherman for shelling a city full of women and children."

"One of the necessities of war," said the preacher in an undertone. "By the way, did any of your soldiers ever seek shelter in this snug little hole?"

"Only one," replied the lady, "and he turned out to be a Yankee spy."

"Is it possible!" her two listeners exclaimed.

"Yes, I was never so surprised in my life. One day the shelling was unusually hot. Two spent shells struck the house. A soldier who was passing ran into our yard and made for the bomb-proof. He requested our permission to remain a few minutes, and of course we had no objection. He was a fine-looking young man, and made himself very agreeable. When he left he expressed a wish for something to read, and I let him have 'The Aide de Camp,' a Confederate novel. He promised to return it, but I did not expect to see it again."

"And did he return it?" I asked.

"Yes, and I wish he hadn't. Why, what do you think? Two weeks later, after Sherman had occupied the city, I was out in my front yard one morning looking after my plants, when who should ride up to the fence but a young officer in a spinck-spanking new uniform. I wouldn't look at him until he saluted me, and said: 'Madam, I have called to return your book. I enjoyed it very much.' I took the book. It was 'The Aide de Camp.' Then I looked the officer full in the face. 'So you were a spy,' I said. 'That's what they call it,' replied the young officer, with a laugh. He bowed, waved his hand and galloped off. I never saw him again, but I would know him anywhere by the two scars on his right temple."

"A very interesting incident," said Mr. Dubuque. "It is to be hoped that your spy abandoned the tricks of his business and settled down into a good citizen after the war."

"I don't believe a word of it," responded the old lady. "If I had known what he was at first, I would

have had him turned over to Gen. Hood and shot."

By this time we had seen all there was to be seen and were ready to take our departure. As he turned to go, after thanking the mistress of the house for her courtesy, Mr. Dubuque, before replacing his hat, brushed away his curly locks carelessly from his right temple, revealing two little scars, and gazed at the good lady, who was smiling upon him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the excited woman. "Why, you are the spy, the very man himself."

With a sardonic grin the Rev. Mr. Dubuque bowed, and, putting on his beaver, turned and walked rapidly away, gently drawing me with him.

"See here, how about this?" I inquired. "Your curiosity is but natural," said the preacher. "The fact is—but hold on a moment. Here is a delegate who is looking me up to write a report for his committee. You must excuse me for the present."

And off he went with his brother minister. I returned to my office, and that night when I tried to look Dubuque up for an explanation I found that he had suddenly been called home by a telegram announcing illness in his family. I have never heard from him since, but he impressed me as a nice man.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Do NOT constantly tell your boy "how tall" he is—that he "grows like a weed"—and finally make him think that he is a giraffe. If you keep it up you will finally make a round-shouldered, awkward, bashful bean-pole out of a mighty good-looking boy. If every tall boy in this country will agree to lick every wooden-headed man who tells him "how he does grow," I will agree to hold the coat of said tall boy. I am now dealing with a subject of which I happen to be informed. The same rule applies to girls as well. If you want to make your daughter fall over the piano and yearn to climb a tree whenever she sees anyone come

toward the house, tell her "what a great swalloping tom-boy she is getting to be." In this way if her parents act judiciously and in concert, we can soon have a nation of young men and women whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and symmetrical as the plaster cast of a sore toe.—*Bill Nye*.

#### SOCIALISM AND INSANITY.

Some time ago a romantic story was put forth that Louise Michel, the female leader of the Paris communists, was insane. She had fallen violently in love with a nobleman, it was said, in her early youth, and aspired to be his wife. He had encouraged this feeling as long as it amused him, and then had thrown her aside with contempt. This treatment had enraged her against his class, and she became a monomaniac on the subject. Hence her bitterness toward rank was due to a misplaced flirtation, and not to any innate love for the masses against classes. Now comes a learned Dr. Lombroso, who declares, in a French publication, that all anarchists and communists are demented. He finds that a propensity for revolution is merely a demonstration of insanity and should be treated the same as other forms. He thinks that the advocates of the destruction of government and the distribution of property, if placed under restraint somewhere and properly treated, would, in course of time, for the most part, become as lucid and sensible as other people. This learned Dr. Lombroso, after certain investigations, discovers that revolutions occur chiefly in warm countries and during the summer. The heat stirs up the blood and excites the mind. The thermometer is really the thing to be looked to for explanation of many of the social phenomena witnessed, and it is found to be true, as the ancient sages thought, that the dog-star sets men, as well as their four-footed friends, mad. To illustrate the fact, the doctor shows that of nearly two hundred popular outbreaks in Europe,

covering France, Italy and Greece, there were thirty-two in June and twelve in November, and the summer averaged three times as many as the colder seasons. All leaders of the socialist propaganda this eminent physician considers insane. He recalls the fact that after the Paris conspiracy, in 1871, four of the chiefs of the movement were discovered, upon examination, to be hereditary lunatics, while four others had previously been under treatment for insanity. Among the rabble nearly two thousand were found to be deranged and had to be placed under treatment for a year. The doctor gives the history of a number of cases, and shows that extravagant social theories are almost synonymous with insanity, and that one of the manifestations of the disease is a homicidal tendency. The popular term, crank, therefore, in connection with these persons is certainly not misplaced.—*Baltimore News*.

#### WHAT TO DO WITH THE BOYS.

We often hear the question asked: "What is to become of our boys?" This is indeed a serious question for fathers and mothers to answer. It is a startling fact that far too many boys of the present day are permitted to grow up, and that, too, with the consent of their parents, without preparing themselves for the hard, rough-and-tumble fight that life surely has in store for them. Few boys of well-to-do parents are learning trades. Young men reach their twenties, who, if they were suddenly thrown upon the world and their own resources, would be as helpless as the child in its teens. Why is it that so few of the boys of well-to-do parents are learning trades? Is it because it is no longer considered honorable for a boy to learn a trade? \* \* \*

Many young men are struggling today with the meager salary of clerks, or eking out a miserable existence in some of the overcrowded professions, who would be a thousand times better off had they put their pride to the rear and

learned some one of the useful trades. Money expended to educate a boy, if the education is going to his head with the idea that it is not honorable for an educated man to work, is money poorly expended. Education should be just as honorable in its shirt-sleeves, working at some one of the useful trades, as it is in a shabby-genteel Prince Albert coat loafing about a lawyers office. And it would be if it wasn't for the tyrant called "Society." Can any sensible father or mother tell us why the boy who is clerk in the postoffice or a clerk in a dry goods store, measuring tape and selling embroidery and corsets, should be admitted to the drawing-rooms of society, while the door is shut in the face of the brother—son of the same father and mother—who is at work in the machine-shop, the carpenter-shop, or on the locomotive? People say this is not done; but it is done, and every day, in this city and every other city and town in the country. Is this the reason that more young men are not learning trades? Is your daughter less safe in keeping company with an honest young man who wears a check shirt at his honest toil all day than she would be with the young man who does nothing, and who decks himself out with celluloid shirt fronts and cuffs of the same material?

We often read of men who have grown suddenly rich by some lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, who disown their sons because of their marriage with some honest but poor girl, whose parents are in every respect except of wealth the equal of the parents of the young man. This is italicized vulgarity such as only a wealthy vulgarian can assume, and such only as the tyrant society seems to demand. Wealth is no crime, neither is it a virtue. The father or mother who makes it a test of respectability in choosing husbands and wives for their children are fathers and mothers scarcely worthy the name. Some writer in giving advice to young men put it in the following words, which the *Mail* commends to the young men

and boys who read its columns: "Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power while others buy their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die."—*Chicago Mail*.

#### HAD A PROBLEM.

A farmer who "put up" for dinner at a Grand River avenue hotel the other day, accepted several invitations to drink a glass of beer, and while he was at dinner some of the boys in a blacksmith shop changed places with a front and hind wheel. The effect was ludicrous, and was immediately observed by the old man as he came out. He stood still and took a long squint, shook his head and squinted again, and finally called a man aside and said:

"S-ay, my friend, does one of them wheels look bigger to you than the other?"

"Well, I can't say as it does."

"Maybe I'm wrong, but it's powerful queer. That ere off-wheel looks big 'nuff for a hind one."

He walked up and examined it, stood around for awhile in deep thought, and then said:

"S-ay, it's all right. I'm going to drive out in the country about a mile and look this case square in the eye. If the wheels have been changed, then I'm sober and won't have to lie to the old woman tonight. If they haven't been, then I'm drunker'n a biled owl, and have got to hire a fust-class liar to go home with me and convince the family that sunstroke and lager beer hit a feller on the same jaw."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### CAN'T DISMOUNT FROM A STREET CAR.

Some philosopher—not Emerson or Carlyle, but one equally observant—has said that there are two things a woman cannot do; throw a stone without hitting some one behind her, and sharpen a lead pencil. To this list I think another might be added—she cannot leave a street car properly. Did you ever see her get out of one of those, especially the bobtail species, without wondering why she escapes serious injury? When she puts her foot on the platform (the size of it, the foot, not the platform, is, of course, material to the question,) she invariably turns her back to the horses and steps out in the opposite direction. She seems to have no ideas of the laws of propulsion or gravitation, and never stops to consider that if the underpaid driver, who also acts as cashier, ticket-seller and conductor, were to start his horses a moment too soon she would be pitched violently into the street. So far she has not met with an accident, but some day there will be a confused mass of striped stockings, disordered bangs and disarranged bustles on the cobblestones, and when that time does come I can only echo the wish expressed in the last stanza of "John Gilpin" by saying, "may I be there to see."

TEACHER—"Johnnie, do you know the nature of an oath?"

Johnnie—"Yes'm. Its something that a man gives when he wants to be believed."

Teacher—"That's right. Now let us have it illustrated. Johnnie, suppose your father should swear to your mother that he would be at home at ten o'clock in the evening. Where would he be at that hour?"

Johnnie—"Tim Doogan's bar-room.—*Tid-Bits*.

BE honest and pay your debts. There are too many men in the church boarding with their wives.

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Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

## A CHANGE IN THE JOURNAL.

I desire to announce to the readers of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL that I have disposed of all my interest in the JOURNAL to the Grand Lodge of the S. M. A. A., of the U. S. A. Having all my life been accustomed to an active outdoor life, I found that to be cooped up in an office was not only distasteful to me, but not in the interest of my usually good health. I wish to return my sincere thanks to the many friends of the JOURNAL for their kind and generous support and well wishes, and assure them it has all been duly appreciated. If they will continue their efforts in the future as they have in the past, I feel confident that the new management will give them a journal that they may well feel proud of. Wishing all the readers of the JOURNAL success in life, and the new management all the support the official organ of the S. M. A. A., of the U. S. A. deserves, I am Respectfully,

C. R. WOOLDRIDGE.

In assuming the editorship of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL we desire to

state that it will be conducted solely in the interest of the S. M. A. A., of the U. S. A. The JOURNAL will avoid all personal controversies, believing such to be not of interest to the Association, yet will look carefully after the interests of our organization. Resent all unjust attacks on the same let it come from what quarter it may. And will endeavor to teach new members what is expected of them after joining our ranks.

It will be seen by the change that the JOURNAL is now the property of the Grand Lodge, and will be conducted by the Grand Lodge officers. All revenue derived from its publication will go into the treasury of the Grand Lodge. We propose by making the JOURNAL a channel of communication between the different lodges to make it interesting to all members of the Association, and railroad men in general.

Our association has been so misrepresented of late on the question of strikes, that it may not be amiss to give our position. The S. M. A. A. was not organized for the purpose of fomenting strikes, but rather to avoid them. The Grand officers having in the last year avoided quite a number of strikes contemplated. It is an organization founded upon mutual benefit, and the encouragement of sobriety, morality and all the elements that tend to make men better switchmen and better citizens. We look after the sick, bury the dead, and in a measure place those who are so unfortunate as to lose a husband or father beyond want. Thereby preventing them from becoming subjects of charity or cares of the state. We look after the material wants of our members in so far as it lies in our power.

We have at all times proclaimed against strikes and urged upon our members not to engage in them. Believing arbitration to be the most satisfactory way of settling all differences. But when employers decline to remedy palpable evils, or refuse to sufficiently compensate men for actual labor; and also decline to submit differences that may arise between them and their employes to arbitration, we can see no other way to get justice than to strike for it. In this we desire to be thoroughly understood. We will exhaust all honorable means to prevent strikes before resorting to them. We are open and candid in the matter. Believing that to say to the public and employers that we will not under any circumstance strike, is misleading to the public, treacherous to the employer and unmanly. And we know of no organization of railroad employes but what will strike as a last resort. While we claim mutual benefit as a corner-stone of our organization, we do not offer it as the only inducement for switchmen to become members. We will not, if in our power to prevent, permit injustice to be done any of our members either by his fellow-switchman or those in authority over them. We see no room for an organization composed wholly of railroad men, founded solely on benevolence. There are plenty of benevolent organizations of long standing, that can offer better inducements at a less expense. Hence we do not desire to sail under false colors. While as we have said before we will exhaust all honorable means before resorting to strikes, when the strike does occur we will act none the less honorable and not only condemn all violence and destruction of property,

but exert all our energy to prevent such. Believing that law and order is the greatest safeguard society has.

JAMES L. MONAGHAN,

JOHN W. DRURY.

*Editors.*

SINCE we last noted in these columns Vice-Grand Master John W. Drury has organized nine new lodges. On his western trip he organized Denver, Col.; Atchison, Kan.; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Quincy, Ill., and Savannah, Ill. And on his eastern trip he organized Indianapolis, Ind.; Columbus, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio, and East Saginaw, Mich. The switchmen all over the country seem anxious to organize, and the Vice-Grand Master has even more than he can do to answer calls for his services. In his travels he has been treated courteously by the officials of all roads, which leads one to believe that they are beginning to find out that the more lodges of the S. M. A. A. organized the better it will be for the companies, for the reason that in the absence of this organization their employes will evidently join other organizations not as conservative and with less worthy objects. The Vice-Grand Master also reports that switchmen and railroad employes in general show him every courtesy and consideration. This is as it should be. There is no occasion for anything but good feeling to exist between all railroad employes.

THE Wisconsin Central road is now running trains into Chicago. It will make a valuable feeder to Chicago, as the section of the country through which it runs is as fine as there is in the Northwest.



ROCK ISLAND Lodge No. 2 have suspended Nick Newcomb, Charles Larkin, Robert McCloskey and Albert Hurley for non-payment of dues.

It is published that the Philadelphia horse-cars have posted conspicuously in each car the great truth that "advertising is a great deal like making love to a widow—it can't be overdone."

BUSINESS on the C., R. I. & P. road was never better at this time of the year than now. At its Chicago station in Omaha they were so crowded that over 150 cars were refused on the 15th of July.

BURLINGTON Lodge No. 6 have elected the following officers: Master, William Nevius; Vice-Master, E. Straine; Recording Secretary, William Owens; Financial Secretary, Robert Devoe; Treasurer, Edward Collier; Delegates to Convention, J. Gantz and Edward Collier; Alternates, William Owens and Robert Devoe.

JAMES MARTIN, a member of Lodge 1, employed on the C., M. & St. P. road, had the third finger on the left hand badly mashed, and the flesh stripped off almost to the bone, on July 3d. Mr. Martin's many friends on the C., M. & St. P. road were pained to learn of his misfortune, and all earnestly hope to soon see him at his post again.

MILWAUKEE Lodge No. 5 will hold a grand picnic Sunday, August 1. The picnic will be held at National Park, located on National avenue between Twenty-second and Twenty-third. The boys contemplate having a great time,

and invite all their friends to participate. Special invitations have been received by the Grand Lodge officers and the officers of Lodge No. 1 to attend.

BROTHER George W. Eckhert, a member of Denver Lodge No. 15, met with a serious accident July 7. While switching at Grant Smelter he was caught between two narrow-gauge cars, dislocating both knees. His injuries are painful, yet not considered dangerous. He will be laid up for some time, but has the earnest wish of many friends that he will be around soon.

WE regret to learn of the illness of Mrs. Kenney, the estimable wife of our old friend John Kenney. Mr. Kenney has gone with her to Amboy, Lee county, Ill., in hopes that a change will help her. It has been a long, long time since John has had to come from "following the engine" with no one to greet him, and we all hope he will not have to do so long, and that Mrs. Kenney will speedily recover.

JAMES H. CHAMPLIN, night yardmaster of the C., M. & St. P. road at Halsted street has taken charge of the yard of the Wisconsin Central at Chicago as general yardmaster. Mr. Champlin has been connected with the C., M. & St. P. road for a number of years and was well liked by all who knew him. He leaves a large number of warm friends connected with the St. Paul road who regret to lose him, but rejoice at his promotion. The JOURNAL ventures the assurance that the Wisconsin Central will never have reason to regret its selection, and tenders to Mr. Champlin our best wishes for his success in his new field.

A YOUNG man who had lived all his life in New York City, recently concluded that the happiest man in the world was the American farmer. Hence he concluded that he would throw off the noise and turmoil of city life and hereafter lead the quiet and contented life of the farmer. Purchasing a farm on which there was a large and valuable orchard, one of the first things he did after moving onto it was to tap all the apple-trees for cider.

BROTHER Frank Clapsaddel, of the Wisconsin Division of the C. & N.-W. road, and a member of Lodge No. 1, S. M. A. A., while at work in the yard, got his left leg caught between two Miller buffers and frightfully mangled. The foot and leg almost to the knee was mashed flat, necessitating amputation. Brother Clapsaddel has always been considered a careful and reliable switchman, and his numerous friends and brothers were pained to hear of his misfortune.

MRS. JAMES A. HEALEY, wife of James A. Healey, one of the Board of Directors of the Grand Lodge, has been ill for some time. Mrs. Healey has gone to Denver, Col., and if the climate agrees with her, Mr. Healey will make Denver his home. We will assure the switchmen that they will find Mr. Healey a No. 1 man, and an earnest worker for the benefit of his brother switchmen. Lodge No. 1 will miss his wise counsel and earnest work for the lodge very much.

ATCHISON Lodge No. 16 desires, through the columns of the JOURNAL, to return the thanks of the Lodge "to

Brother J. D. Hill, of No. 4, for his earnest efforts in assisting the switchmen to organize, and for the fraternal regard he shows for their welfare." It is meet in this connection for us to say that Atchison switchmen are not the only ones that should publicly return thanks to Brother Hill. He is an earnest and hard worker and one that we all are proud of. Lodge No. 16 is growing rapidly and great hopes are entertained of its coming usefulness.

THE genial and wholesouled Financial Secretary of Lodge No. 1, Mr. W. A. Simmons, accompanied Vice-Grand Master Drury on his organizing trip east. He seems to have enjoyed himself hugely—especially the trip on Lake Erie from Cleveland to Detroit. He inspected the wine vineyards on Kelly and Put-in-Bay islands, and declared them immense. His inspection, however, did not produce any serious result, and his vision did not become so "foggy" that he could not take in the beautiful scenes on the trip. He declares that the wine is great, but there is nothing like water—to float a boat in.

WE are in receipt of a book entitled "The Other Side," written by Congressman Martin A. Foran, which is supposed to be an answer to the "Bread Winners." Congressman Foran has in this work treated the important question of the existing relations between capital and labor in a forcible manner, yet in such a way that will make it interesting to all. It is claimed to be a work of fiction, yet when we follow the characters of "Richard Arbyght" and "Marcia Nullus"—the former's earnest and honest struggle (though unknow-

ingly) with the barbaric "black-list," and the latter—poor, innocent and beautiful "Marcia"—whom, it would seem, nature cursed by making her beautiful and innocent—we say that when we follow these characters, we are almost led to the belief that it is not founded upon fiction but facts. We bespeak for the work a large sale, and will say that it is more than worth the price asked for it.

As an evidence of the great love the Lake Shore company have for the men who were induced to come to Chicago and take the places of the striking switchmen, it is only necessary to quote a Chicago paper's account of the killing of one, Lemuel Close, of Delta, Ohio. It seems that he was run over and killed at the Forty-third street crossing by a Lake Shore oil train. Previous to this accident, he had been petted, feasted and paid \$5 per day for his work. After it, however, the company, we are informed, seemed to have lost all interest in him, and his body laid in the broiling hot sun for some time—cut all to pieces—without any one even placing a shade over it.

OUR old friend, George Wishmire, we regret to learn, was severely squeezed the other day between a Lehigh and Southern car. While making a coupling at Jefferson street crossing of the C., B. & Q. road he was caught between these two cars, the bumpers striking him just below the breast-bone, and so tightly squeezed him that he will have to lay up for some time. However, he is able to walk around, and has left for a brief visit to his old home at Indianapolis. George is an old member of the

Association, and one of its most earnest advocates, as well as a staunch friend of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. We wish him a speedy recovery as well as a pleasant visit at his old home.

THE enthusiasm of the Lake Shore company in swearing out promiscuous warrants for arrests of switchmen is more conspicuous than the justice or good sense of such procedure. With the usual accuracy and justice that has characterized the management of the Lake Shore company under John Newell, a warrant was sworn out, and a deputy sheriff hurriedly summoned to serve it, for the immediate arrest of poor Joseph Kender, for obstructing traffic, destroying property, intimidation, etc. It turned out, however, that Joseph Kender had been dead and buried long before the strike occurred. We understand that John Newell insists that the deputy sheriff serve the paper on Joseph's grave, for fear his ghost will rise up and seriously interfere with the traffic of the "Winchester rifle route."

WE much regret to announce the resignation of Grand Secretary and Treasurer John Downey. And we feel that we express the feelings of all members of our Association when we say that we all deeply regret that circumstances forced him to resign. He has been an honest, painstaking, conservative, hard worker for the S. M. A. A. Watching its growth with pride, and carefully guarding the funds intrusted to him. His advice on all questions was tempered with conservativeness, and showed unusual intelligence, always commanding that respect guaran-

teed to a man who thinks twice before he speaks. He resigns on account of ill-health. He tried hard to educate himself to office work but found it impossible. The grand officers will miss him very much in their counsels. He turns over the office to his successor about August 1. In the selection by the Grand Lodge of Mr. Joseph D. Hill, of Kansas City, as his successor they did wisely. If there is any man in our Association that can fill Mr. Downey's shoes, Mr. Hill has given every evidence of being that man. The Grand Secretary and Treasurer's office will be removed from room 16, 133 La-Salle street, to the office of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, room 19, 164 Washington street, on or about August 1.

A good story is told around the yards on our friend Bill Quirk. Some time ago, it seems, having been out of work quite a while, he was on the road looking for a job and got "stalled" at a small town in Ohio on the line of the C. C. C. & I. It seems that on said road there was a freight conductor who did not believe that "good clothes made the man," hence was not a little careless about his wearing apparel. Bill had tried almost every way to get out of town without buying a ticket. At last he accepted a seat on the cushioned side of a plank on a flat-car of lumber on a train in charge of the conductor referred to. Shortly after leaving the station, and while Bill was speculating in his own mind as to what a wonderful invention "wakes" were—which, by the way, he has a weakness for and has been known to walk fourteen miles after a hard day's work in order to attend one—he was startled from his

pleasant reverie by a voice close to him. Looking up he discovered on top of the box-car next to the one he had taken passage a ragged looking man who asked him: "What are yees doin' there? Don't ye know ye can't ride on this train?" Bill took the man for a tramp, and reaching up pulled him down to his own level, saying: "Lay low! The conductor will see us and put us both off." Imagine his surprise on being informed that the gentleman in the disgraceful clothes was the conductor whom he was trying to dodge. Bill got his ride, however, but he says conductors have no business to dress so deceptively.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relative to railroads have been issued by the Patent Office at Washington, D. C., since our last issue. Reported for *The SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL* by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, 624 F street, Washington, D. C.

Apparatus for operating railway switches—Eugene J. Remillon, Moberly, Mo.

Automatic Railway Signal—Morgan D. Brown, Forest, O.

Car coupling—John Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.

Electric signal for railway switches—Burton H. Gedge, Covington, Ky.

Electric railway signal—Malcom W. Long, Hyde Park, Mass.

Railway frog—Wilson P. Dodson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Railway signal—John E. Smith and Fred A. Ballin, Detroit, Mich.

Railway signal—Malcom W. Long, Hyde Park, Mass.

Railway signal light—Henry H. Swan, Marissa, Ill.

Railway switch—Manoah Miles, Russell, Kan.

Railway switch—John Quinn, Elizabethport, N. J.

Semaphore—Frederick Stutzel and Charles Weiuedel, Louisville, Ky.

Semaphore signal—Frank I. Myers, New York City.

Self-acting apparatus for preventing railway accidents—John P. Duboc, Calradon, France.

## CONDUCTORS VS. SWITCHMEN.

Rock Island Lodge No. 2 sends us for publication two sets of resolutions, which read as follows:

At an informal meeting of Rock Island Division, No. 106, Order of Railway Conductors, June 27, at their hall in this city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, There is now existing a strike of switchmen in Chicago; and

WHEREAS, We believe their demands are unjust and unreasonable, and that in inaugurating the present strike they have lost all claims upon the companies as employes; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we express ourselves as in sympathy with the companies, and condemn the action of the switchmen in this case; and,

*Resolved*, That we, as members of the Order of Railway Conductors, extend to the companies our sympathies, and commend the different companies for the firm stand they have taken against such unjust and unreasonable demands.

*Resolved*, That we, as members of the Order of Railway Conductors, assure the companies that we will at all times stand true to our principles, believing that arbitration is the true method of adjusting differences between employer and employe.

## DIVISION NO. 106, O. OF R. C.

At the regular Sunday meeting of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, Lodge No. 2, of this city, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, There is an order existing in the city known as the Order of Railway Conductors, Division 106, and

WHEREAS, At a meeting of that body, held June 27, 1886, a set of senseless resolutions were adopted, extending sympathy to the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad company (whose switchmen are on a strike), and condemning the action of the striking switchmen in very forcible terms, and a copy of said resolutions were ordered published in Rock Island and Chicago papers of June 29 and 30; and

WHEREAS, At the time of said meeting said order knew nothing of the trouble existing between the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad company and its switchmen, or the causes leading thereto; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in our candid opinion the sentiments so thoroughly aired by the members of Division 106, Order of Railway Conductors, were uncalled for, unjust and unnecessary (worthier objects of sympathy could be found nearer home), and while we do not advocate strikes or dissension of any kind, our sympathy is with the weak and downtrodden, the

unpaid and unappreciated switchmen who are forced to work side by side with traitors and unprincipled characters or starve; and furthermore be it

*Resolved*, That we extend our contempt and detestation to the members of Division 106, Order of Railway Conductors, who drafted the obnoxious resolutions, for groveling at the feet of railroad officials, and that a copy of the above be sent to Rock Island, Davenport and Chicago papers and to the official organ of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association for publication and be spread upon the records of our association.

There are, we believe, two divisions of the Order of Railway Conductors located in Chicago. Be it said to the honor and credit of these divisions that they consider they have sufficient to do to attend to the affairs of their own divisions without meddling in the affairs of other railroad men. And if any conductors have been directly or indirectly affected by the strike on the Lake Shore road, they certainly are the ones. But as yet they have not thought the occasion required them to "informally" meet, pass buncombe resolutions of condemnation of the switchmen, and smear silly and nonsensical "taffy" over the "different companies." Division No. 106 presumes to pass judgment upon a case in which they are not the least interested in, unasked and without the slightest knowledge of its merits. It will be a surprise to the switchmen engaged in the strike to learn that there were "different companies" that have earned encomiums from such an august assemblage that can so readily "informally" meet in a little village almost two hundred miles away. They have never heard of more than one company connected with the trouble. If the principles of the O. of R. C. are as some of their leaders proclaim—that they never participate in strikes—then it occurs to us that Division No. 106

have technically overstepped the bounds. There are always two ways of taking part in strikes. One to participate in or endeavor to help those who are striking. The other to leave the duty one is hired to discharge, and voluntarily help out the other side to the controversy, or to give them moral support. Hence, when this division took upon itself, without provocation, to call an "informal" meeting and tender their moral support to the Lake Shore company, technically, we say, they were participating in a strike.

But why does Division 106 stop with condemning the switchmen? If they are opposed to strikes and condemn them on general principles, why do they not turn their resolution guns loose upon the engineers, firemen and brakemen? They are forced to strike quite often. Is it because the switchmen are not so thoroughly organized? Or is not all this resolution business confined to a few divisions who have members in them using the divisions for malicious purposes? Perhaps John Hill, who was expelled from Rock Island Lodge, No. 2, S. M. A. A., for embezzlement, and who, we understand, is a member in good standing of the O. of R. C., is trying to get revenge out of the switchmen in general because Rock Island Lodge had not more money for him to embezzle.

The last of these resolutions say that Division No. 106 believes "that arbitration is the true method of adjusting differences between employers and employé." Will Division No. 106 be kind enough to inform us who in the name of common sense does not believe so? The most radical of protective labor organizations declare the same. But

when the employers, as they sometimes do, reply to an earnest appeal to arbitrate differences that have arisen, that "there is nothing to arbitrate," what does Division No. 106 propose to do about it?

We regret to say that there seems to be a disposition on the part of a few men connected with the Order of Railway Conductors to create ill-feeling between conductors and switchmen. We do not wish to be understood that we charge responsibility to the order. We believe the rank and file of conductors are not in sympathy with this. We believe the rank and file will also agree with us that it is for the best interests of all railroad men, as well as all railroad companies, that good feeling should prevail among all employés. Harmony should exist between all—and harmony can only be perpetuated by each attending to their own affairs. And we trust the conductors will see that this is the only way to pursue. We write with no ill-feeling toward the Order of Railway Conductors, but we shall resent all uncalled for attacks upon switchmen, no matter from what source it comes—ever ready to do all in our power to promote harmony and good will between all railroad employés, which we believe to be not only for their best interests, but the railroad companies also.

WE had the pleasure of looking on at a very interesting game of base ball between the conductors and switchmen of the Wisconsin Division of the C., and N.-W. road, July 4. The conductor's nine were: Nash, 1st base; Clements, 2d base; Conroy, 3d base; Finn, short-stop; Hodgins, right field; O'Brien,

center field; Johnson, left field; Cantillon, pitcher, and Copp, catcher. The switchmen were: Anderson, 1st base; T. Hassett, 2d base; Ortman, 3d base; Bartels, short-stop; Bissell, right field; Faulkner, center field; Burdett, left field; Myers, pitcher, and P. Hassett, catcher. Game commenced at ten o'clock, and, while the conductors played a strong game, it did not take long for the switchmen to convince them that they were too much for them. Game was called at the end of the seventh inning, the score standing: Switchmen, 17; Conductors, 8. While the Conductors entered into the contest with considerable enthusiasm, and when at bat *punched* the ball with characteristic accuracy, the Switchmen succeeded in *switching 'em off* before they got round the bases. It was an interesting game, however, and one, too, that the boys need not be ashamed to play before any audience. We understand it is the intention of the Switchmen to challenge the railroad men on other roads in the city.

BROTHER John Short, a switchman on the Burlington, has earned quite a reputation in a boarding-house on the West Side that he has been stopping at for some time, by his kindheartedness and humanitarianism. There has not a doctor darkened the door of that boarding-house for lo! these many years. John, in fact, is an expert in compounding "squills and pills," etc., having an infallible remedy for all the ailments of humanity. Notwithstanding his great success in treating his numerous patients, however, and notwithstanding his equally great interest in medical science, there seems to have

been a vacancy in his life that nothing less than the bright smiles and musical voice of Miss Mary Morrissey, an estimable young lady on the West Side, could fill. Now men of science, as a rule, are modest men. They never go around blowing what they have done in the interest of humanity, or what they contemplate doing. Just so with John. He did not go to his landlady and say to her he contemplated changing boarding-houses. Nor did he notify all the boarders that they would hereafter have to depend upon some one else when they eat too much watermelon; and that he had concluded to start a small hospital of his own. On July 16, however, when John came to work, everyone noticed a wonderful change in him. His face, which usually indicated seriousness, was all lit up with smiles. Little waves of pleasure danced over it, like grasshoppers over a Kansas wheat-field. Just what had happened to John became a matter of speculation among the boys. One offered to wager \$1.17 that he had discovered an infallible remedy for hydrophobia, but received no takers. While the mystery seemed impenetrable some one, in reading over the daily papers, ran across the following, which proved its solution: "Married—On the evening of July 15, Mr. John Short to Miss Mary Morrissey." Strange as it may seem, the reading of this had a peculiar effect upon all the railroad men around the Western avenue round-house. Every one became suddenly ill, and it cost John just two kegs of Seipp's best medicine to bring them out of their illness. There is "wailing and gnashing of teeth," however, at the boarding-house over their great loss.

## THE LAKE SHORE STRIKE.

The strike on the Lake Shore road is far from being over as the company would like to have the public believe. The company and Pinkerton are exerting themselves to do the business of the road, but do not have much success. They are doing some business, but not one-third the amount they have been accustomed to do this time of the year. The switchmen are leaving the company severely alone, but there is a *matinée* every time they undertake to do any work in Packingtown, but we desire the public to understand that the switchmen are in no way responsible for the *matinée*.

The trouble has assumed a feature that is annoying John Newell very much. A large number of the largest shippers have refused to ship over the road. Another large number refuse to do so unless the company furnish men to load their cars—workingmen in the large packing-houses having refused to load Lake Shore cars. Retail business men near the yards also refuse to sell goods to men working for the company, while boarding-houses decline to accommodate them with board.

The question now is how long will the stockholders of the Lake Shore company quietly acquiesce in incompetent management? Whether they will much longer submit to the squandering of their money in a futile effort to sustain presumptuous dignity? The company are not only paying about twice as much for incompetent men to attempt to do the switching, but have to pay for a large army of Pinkerton's men to guard them. And are also losing a large amount of shipping that they would otherwise receive—shippers de-

claring that they had have enough of mismanagement on the part of the company, and will not take any more chances over the Lake Shore road until the management is placed in the hands of men who are not constantly having trouble with their employés.

The switchmen as well as the public interested believe John Newell is guilty of gross and inexcusable treachery, and as long as he persists in his present course the Lake Shore company will not do the business they have been accustomed to do, and it will cost them twice as much money to even keep up a show of doing the work. The public have also been convinced that the trouble is not between union and non-union men, but between honest and competent workmen on the one side, and dishonest and incompetent workmen, and a pusillanimous management on the other. They believe a management that will deceive and perpetrate treachery upon their employés, will also play the same game upon shippers. Hence the question now is—is not John Newell's pronounced dignity too expensive? Can the Lake Shore company jeopardize its business and bring the road into public contempt by further paying John Newell's bills?

WE are in receipt of a circular emanating from the Executive Committee, State Labor Association of Illinois, calling attention to the fact that the people of Illinois will be called upon in November, 1886, to vote on the pernicious system of contract convict labor. We believe the interests of switchmen are identical with other laboring men on this question, and hope the switchmen of Illinois will see



that their ballots are cast for its abolition. The committee also call for contributions in order that they may carry on an aggressive campaign against it. They also say that the contractors who have become immensely wealthy off of the labor of convicts, are using every effort to have the system continued, telling the people that those favoring its abolition also favor keeping prisoners in idleness. The committee disclaim any such proposition, and declare that the only evil they desire to do away with is the one allowing contractors to employ prisoners at forty-five cents a day and compete with legitimate contractors who employ free labor. And they advocate a system that will force the prisoners not only to support themselves but to contribute to the support of their families, and not make them as they now are a burden to the State. We hope the switchmen of Illinois will not forget this important question.

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

The general observance of the grand and glorious day we all celebrate had a peculiar significance in the city of Chicago. Considering the events for the last few months, its general observance might be termed a fitting revival of patriotism. While there was no old-fashioned celebration that characterized the nation's early history, yet a drive through the different streets of our city would convince the most skeptical that the hearts of our people are in the right place. Bunting and flags could be seen not only at the mansions of the wealthy people, but conspicuously displayed, either large or small, at the homes of the working masses. The adopted cit-

izen seemed only conspicuous by his equal loyalty to country with his native-born brother. Could the great patriot who declared "eternal vigilance" to be "the price of liberty" have witnessed the evidence of vigilance on our streets on the national holiday, regardless of recent occurrences, he would have been convinced that his words have not been forgotten.

And yet as humble workingmen, when we consider the license allowed by the authorities to irresponsible men to publicly teach and urge men to commit murder, arson and destruction of property, we cannot but feel that there has been a gross dereliction of duty bordering upon a crime against the nation by those in authority. It cannot be urged that to prohibit such public teaching would be an infringement upon personal liberty, because the teachings in themselves were an attack upon personal liberty. The outgrowth of the license allowed these individuals causes us to hold our heads in humiliation because of another scene being enacted in Judge Gary's court on the day we celebrated—men on trial for participating in an open and flagrant revolt against law, order and liberty itself.

We remember distinctly a few months ago the writer of this attended a meeting at which one of these men now on trial for the Haymarket massacre was the principal speaker. After portraying the evils of the present state of society under the rule of law and order, the speaker launched out into a dreamy recital of what it would be under the red flag. We asked him publicly how he proposed to change the order of things. He answered from the plat-

form: "By revolution." We said to him, "Then you wish us to understand that the end you seek justifies the means?" He replied, "That is precisely what I desire you to understand." And now we find him disclaiming responsibility instead of pleading justification.

It may be possible, however, that these occurrences are all for the best. While it is to be lamented that so many human lives should be sacrificed, it will evidently make us more vigilant—vigilant that our flag shall not be insulted or supplanted on our own soil—vigilant to the end that unjust laws that furnish texts for these individuals to appeal to ignorance and passions are repealed—vigilant in teaching *all* men that they are not above the law, and must respect it—vigilant in seeing that all laws enacted must be in the interest of the whole people, thereby promoting that peace and happiness that is so essential to the perpetuity and prosperity of the nation.

#### DIED.

Death has again claimed another member of Lodge No. 1 as its own. Walter E. Dunlap died at his home 1903 South Clark street, July 23, of typhoid-malaria fever. Mr. Dunlap was born in Kentucky and was 33 years old at the time of his death. He was a conductor on the Wabash road for some time, running out of Springfield, Ill., after which he worked in the Peoria yards of the P. P. & U. over two years. He came to Chicago from Peoria, and has been working in the yard of the Fort Wayne road over two years. He was always considered a conscientious and worthy switchman,

well liked by all his brothers, and an earnest member of the Association. He leaves a wife and one child three years old to mourn the loss of an affectionate and loving husband and kind and considerate father, who have the sympathy of all the members of Lodge No. 1 in their sad bereavement. Brother Dunlap was buried at Bloomington, Ill., an escort appointed by Lodge No. 1 attending his remains to their last resting place. Lodge No. 1 also provided nurses, etc., during his illness, which was appreciated very much by him as well as a great satisfaction and relief to his loving wife during the trying hours of his sickness.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

KANSAS CITY, July 22, 1886.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

Not seeing anything in the JOURNAL of late from any of the members of Lodge No. 4, I thought I would write a few lines for publication, hoping that in the future I will see letters in the JOURNAL from at least one member of each lodge.

Business in the yards here is pretty dull at present, consequently there are a number of our boys idle. But the prospects are good for heavy business during the fall and winter months, and then they can make up for lost time. We have good men down here in Kansas City, even if they are nothing more than switchmen. They are all hard workers and reliable, too, as one may judge from the way they hold their situations.

The boys are all smoking cigars today. They were passed around by a brother member of our lodge whose

initials are Lincoln Richardson. The cause of this wholesale liberality on the part of Brother Richardson is his marriage to Miss Nellie Cassey, which took place in this city yesterday afternoon. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Richardson is a good member of S. M. A. A., and a great favorite among the boys.

On June 22, Mr. Daniel Duggan and Miss Maggie Hanley were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and now Dan is dining at his own table at No. 1425 Wyoming street. Daniel must have been absent from the city the evening immediately after his marriage. At least that is what James Tobin, Chas. McDonnell, John Sheehan, Ben. Hibbert and about fifty others say, as they visited six or seven residences, ostensibly for the purpose of tendering Mr. and Mrs. Duggan their congratulations. Mr. Tobin says the tin can he carried all over that part of the city was for no other purpose than to scare a vicious dog that was known to have his headquarters on the line of their march. But the boys all smile when he tells it. Dan says the laugh is on the boys this time, sure.

The railroads centering in Kansas City are as follows: H. & St. J.; C., R. I. & P.; W., St. L. & P.; K. C., St. J. & C. B.; C., A. & St. L.; M. P.; U. P.; K. C., Ft. S. & G.; A., T. & S. F., and S. K.—making a total of ten different lines. There is also an independent belt line operated by the Kansas City Belt Line Railway company. So you may judge for yourself that there is considerable whistling and bell-ringing going on here when business is booming. The Belt Line has lately

received two new switch engines from the Baldwin Locomotive Works. They are six-wheel connected and fine pieces of machinery. James McGee, who has charge of one of them at Twentieth street and Grand avenue, says that when he drops his wings he has to drop them low for fear that he may pull out a draw-bar or two.

A large amount of material is moving west over the A. T. & S. F. road, to be used in constructing their new lines in Kansas, of which they are building largely this year.

C. A. Brooks looks much better since he has been taking open-air exercise. All signs of the hole in the ground under the famous cross-bar have been obliterated.

Brother John Shea goes to Colorado this evening for the benefit of his health. His many brothers here in Kansas City hope that he may find speedy relief and entirely regain his lost health during his sojourn in the mountains of that delightful state.

The convention is all the talk now among the boys, as they anticipate a large representation of local lodges of the S. M. A. A. at this its second annual convention, and no pains will be spared to make everyone comfortable and to have all enjoy themselves. No. 4 will certainly do credit to itself on this grand occasion.

The oldest switchman in Kansas City is John B. Snyder. Mr. Snyder is now running a crew in the C. & A. yards. He has been in actual service as yardman in Kansas City over seventeen years. Brother Snyder is the Treasurer of Lodge No. 4.

In my next I will give a list of the various yards and their yardmasters,

together with the number of crews, names of switchmen, etc.

I would also be very much pleased to see some of the other lodges contribute something each month for the columns of the JOURNAL, as I know there are a great many brothers that would like to hear from the various parts of the country through this channel. Now, brothers, as you are all interested in this grand association of ours, take hold of this matter and contribute your share of correspondence to the JOURNAL, thereby making it interesting to our members as well as other railroad employés. Let every brother also, who has not already, subscribe for a copy of the JOURNAL. By so doing he will not only help our own official organ, but will promote the interest of the Association of which you have the honor of being a member. Will now close by hoping to see the JOURNAL on time as usual.

DON.

PHILLIP'S SWITCH, TEXAS,  
(On the G. C. & S. F. Railroad.)  
July 20, 1886.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

Having been favored with several copies of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, each one an improvement upon its predecessor, I take great pleasure in pronouncing it a journal in every way worthy the support of railroad men in general, no matter what branch of the business they may happen to be engaged in. It is equally valuable in giving all the news that pertain to railway interests, whether occurring on the track, train or in the office, and I am convinced that so soon as your venture becomes known, and its contents read—as read they will be—and digested by all engaged in railroad work,

it will become a power for good throughout the whole country, north, south, east and west.

The position taken by you in regard to strikes, boycotts, and above all, against that unfair, unjust and barbarous relic of the dark ages, black-list, can but meet with the hearty approval of all right-thinking men, and lovers of justice everywhere.

Since the settlement, or partial settlement, of the great strike at Fort Worth and other points in this state along the line of the Gould Southwestern system, railroad affairs are moving along swimmingly. All the leading trunk lines are putting their road-beds, tracks and bridges in good order in anticipation of a heavy fall trade, and indeed the crop prospects for corn, cotton, etc., promises them more than an average freight traffic. This road having been purchased by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road, will form an unbroken link from the city of Galveston, on the Gulf of Mexico, to New York, Chicago and the lakes of the north, after completing its main line to the Indian Territory, where it joins the main stem of the A., T. & S. F. The gap is now two hundred miles, but will be closed ere the ides of November are upon us. Altogether the railroad prospects for the future are bright all over the South, and especially so in this, its empire state.

In a future number of the JOURNAL I will, with your permission, have more to say regarding railroad matters, and what I believe will prove interesting reading to all in that line. My next letter will be a sketch of some interesting matter that occurred away out on the Kansas Pacific road in 1868,

during the Indian war, when I was stationed at various points as telegraph operator, with a guard of twenty or more troops to protect my "scalp" from the Cheyennes, Siouxs and other red devils then on the war-path.

With every wish and confidence in the success of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL allow me to subscribe myself,

ROBERT L. RUSSELL.

SOUTH NEW LYME, O., July 12.

*Editor of the Switchmen's Journal:*

Volume 1, No. 3 has been received, and I am much pleased to see the progress the JOURNAL is making. Although in the country and far away, I can say that it gives me much pleasure to see the interest taken in the Association. There is no reason why it should not be made one of the grandest in the land. Its laws promote morality, sociability, and benevolence, and each member should extend a helping hand to keep the wheel rolling.

Looking through the columns of our JOURNAL I find but few, comparatively speaking, that are assisting in its progress in the way of giving us some new thoughts as to how we may live and work in the interest of brotherly love. I am sure our Association is supplied with a great many intelligent members that it would do us all good to hear from. A few lines of encouragement and advice from brothers Kenney or Cullerton, or any other old members would be quite acceptable.

Just think what a grand old world this would be if the Golden Rule was strictly lived up to by all! We would have no strikes, no boycotting, and no convict labor to disgrace our country. But it is impossible to arrive at this

state of affairs so long as intelligent men who claim the respect of honest Christians, and the hand of American fellowship, sell their word and honor for what little respect they might receive from some overpowering monopoly or corporation. Such men should have a place in the rogues' gallery, and their walking body shunned like a snake in the grass.

Perhaps there are others in the country, like myself, who would like to hear from our friends through the columns of the JOURNAL. Those who have been following the engine for eighteen or twenty years can imagine how lonesome it is in the country. And still to hear the sweet songs of the birds, and listen to the summer breezes as they blow through the trees, should cheer our hearts and refresh our memories to the great laws of nature.

Hoping to see more of our brothers speaking through the columns of the JOURNAL, I remain,

Respectfully,  
H. L. STULTO.

FOUR children of Mr. Rodenberger, living near Big Skookum, when going home from school recently, were surprised by a big tiger, which sprang upon one of them, a six-year-old boy, who was walking in the rear. The animal threw the boy to the ground, seized him by the head, tearing the scalp in a frightful manner, and mangling his face. Another boy, eight years old, bravely rushed to the rescue, and, catching the beast by the ear, beat him upon the head so furiously with a large glass bottle that he released his hold and ran to the brush. The alarm being given, parties started out to hunt the brute, and brought him down. He was a full grown male, and measured between eight and nine feet in length.

## LINKS.

—A tramp will steal a ride on the bumpers of a train; a millionaire will steal a whole road. His ideas are larger. On the whole the tramp is the better citizen.

—The engineers of the Pittsburgh division of the Baltimore & Ohio road have made an informal demand for the readjustment of runs and wages. The matter is now under consideration by the company.

—Eugene Hurst, a switchman in the Omaha yards, while climbing up a freight car, recently, missed his footing on the lower round, but as he clung to the upper round his wrist was jerked out of place. Fortunately; he received no other injuries.

—A Frenchman, who has lived in South America for some years, says: "When they build a railway, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is done with great ceremony. Then they break the shareholders. This is done without ceremony."

—The Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners, who have been investigating a collision between a passenger train and a freight train, find that the engineer and conductor of the freight train had worked from 10 a. m. on Friday until Saturday evening, when the collision occurred.

—An exchange says: "Elmer Marsh, of Harrisburg, had his leg mashed while coupling cars below the knee." It strikes us that it was dangerous to couple a car below the knee. It should be coupled between the hip and fifth rib at least, or possibly higher.—*Newman Independent*.

—The first "strike" in America of which record can be found was made by factory girls at Dover, N. H., in 1827. Oppressive exactions aroused the indignation of the operatives, who, to remedy the evils complained of, left their work and paraded the streets with a band of music and American flag.

They carried the sympathy of the people with them and won the cause.

—The profit earned by a business, over and above a fair allowance for the capital and skill of the employer and the labor and skill of the employed, does not all belong to the former. A share of it should go to the latter. That principle, we believe, is settling and compacting itself as the bed-plate on which the machinery of our industries is to work.—*The Advance*.

—German engineers have succeeded in diminishing the swaying in locomotives, and with it the wear of the rear driver flanges, by making the tender coupling more or less rigid laterally, and, indeed, four-wheeled locomotives have been used on some roads for line engines by having heavy shoot bolts on each side entering sockets on the tender—in this way preventing either vertical or horizontal swaying.—*Chicago Herald*.

—A well known citizen of Tecumseh was married not long ago and started on a southern wedding trip. When the train stopped at Topeka for dinner a waiter rushed out and began pounding a gong. The young man from Tecumseh, thinking it was intended for a charivari, rushed up to him and exclaimed:

"Hold on, there! How did you fellows down here get on to this racket? Stop her. I'll set 'em up for the boys."

—Recently a Boston & Lowell freight car broke away from its train, and crashing through the side of a house near the track, brought up against the bed in which Jeremiah Callahan and his wife were sleeping. The man was painfully injured by falling timber, the chamber was laid open on two sides, while the south end wall was forced two feet out from the framework. Mrs. Callahan, and a number of children sleeping in the upper story, were uninjured.

—The day of the accident up the road which delayed the fast mail some eight hours, witnessed some fast run-

ning. The run from Princeton to Burlington, a distance of 170 miles, was made in 178 minutes; from Burlington to Ottumwa, 75 miles, in 80 minutes; the distance from Creston to the transfer, 104 miles, in 110 minutes, making a total of 349 miles in 368 minutes. This is a feather in the cap of the "Q" boys and they can proudly ask, "where is the record that will beat this?" and echo will answer "where?"—*Railroad Reporter*.

—"We had a queer mixed train yesterday," said a Milwaukee brakeman this morning as he methodically unbuckled two coaches on the Eastern and signaled "Go ahead" to the pony engineer. "Going down there was a corpse in the baggage car and a bridal party in the Pullman, and besides that we had over a hundred going to the court at Winona, one murderer and two horse thieves and a postoffice robber, two secret societies, and besides all this a couple of right little girls that were put in my charge to see them through to Portage, where their sister lives."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### COUPLERS FOR FREIGHT CARS.

The Railroad Commission has announced its decision in regard to the car-coupling tests made at East Albany recently. The recommendations of the commission, which are the most important made since its organization are as follows:

1. That the standard height of draw bar of the Master Car Builder's Association, viz.: 2 feet 9 inches from top of rail to center of drawhead, when the car is empty, be adopted by all railroad corporations; that new cars be made to conform thereto, and that old cars when repaired, be made to conform as nearly as possible.

2. That all freight cars not having platforms be equipped with "deadwood" blocks to conform to the standard of the Master Car Builders Association.

3. That a standard link be adopted

of 10½ inches inside measurement and 13 inches outside measurement.

4. That all existing links and pin drawheads be provided with a stop in the throat to prevent a link entering more than 7 inches.

5. Of the couplers presented to be tested on the 16th and 17th of June the board finds the following to fill the requirements of the law. There are many others of which the board has drawings or models, and which possess merit, but as to them the board makes no mention for the reasons, first, that cars were not equipped with them; and, second, that little weight can be given to the workings of a model alone. Those practically tested are divided, first, into classes mentioned in what the board regards as the order of merit; second, each coupler is mentioned under its class, in what the board regards as its order of merit.

First Class, A—Link and pin couplers, pin held up by catch or "dog." The "dog" is thrown back by a link entering and allowing the pin to drop automatically; uses standard link and coupler automatically with the old drawbar of stop in throat, or B, beveled pin permitting link to slip under. Hoag, McKen, N. Barr, Perry, United States, Robinson, Keeler, Sherman, Thurber, Whitman, Kilmer beveled pin, Wilson beveled pin.

Second Class—Vertical hook and link, link pushed on to hook, couples automatically with old drawbar of stop in throat, Archer, Aikman, Marks, Smith, Baldwin; Fennell.

Third Class—Janney, Barnes, Cowell, Thurmond, Dowling, Heim, Titus & Bossinger, Boston automatic, Lorraine.

Fourth Class—Ames, Custis & Wood, Adams, Felthausen & Lawten-slager.

It is now understood why the French Academy made M. de Lesseps an Immortal. They wanted to give him time to construct the Panama Canal.—*Macon Telegraph*.

## THE CROSSING ON THE BRIDGE.

Have you ever heard the story  
How Tim Nesbitt crossed the bridge?  
When the down express came roaring  
Round the curves of Smoky Ridge?

You remember the big trestle  
Just this side of Carey's mill;  
Twenty miles about from Sharon,  
And as far from Smoky Hill.

Half a mile in length—they say so—  
And its not a yardstick less—  
Fifty feet above the creek, to;  
That's as near as I can guess.

Well, as I said, Tim Nesbitt had  
The six o'clock express;  
Five coaches and a sleeper back,  
With engine "Lady Bess."

And just as Tim came round the curve,  
And saw the bridge ahead,  
He felt the track was giving like,  
And knew the rails had spread.

Down grade at last, and thirty miles—  
That was her common run—  
A bridge not fifty yards ahead,  
Oh, Heaven! what could be done?

Like jingling millstones bounced the cars  
Along the sleepers' ends;  
Tim had no time to think of wife,  
Of babe, or self or friends.

The fireman jumped, but quick as thought  
Tim Nesbitt took it in—  
The bridge is straight, there is a chance  
For life if he should win.

And with a mighty jerk he threw  
The throttle open wide—  
And said a prayer—and "Lady Bess"  
Went on her crazy ride.

Dreadful! You might have seen the wood  
And nails and glasses fly,  
And splinters torn from bridge and beam,  
And clamps from every tie.

While "Lady Bess" just flew across,  
And Tim just held his breath—  
While half the passengers had swooned,  
And half were sure of death.

But ere the scared had time to pray,  
Or broken wheels to stand,  
Tim Nesbitt's train had crossed the bridge,  
And we were safe on land.

I reckon that no other man  
That runs upon the line,  
Has got a watch as big as his,  
Nor anything so fine.

For on one side's a picture like  
The creek at Smoky Ridge—  
And on the other's writ: "To him  
Who run across the bridge."

—S. H. Byers in *Detroit Free Press*.

## RAILWAYS AND LABOR.

The following extract is from James F. Hudson's excellent book. "The Railways and the Republic:"

"This country has already learned by experience that its entire railway system can be taken possession of by an organization of dissatisfied employes, and either be operated by them for weeks at a time, or utterly destroyed, as the moderation or desperation of the laboring element may dictate. The only safeguard against a repetition of the experiences of 1877, with, perhaps, still more disastrous results, lies in teaching the laboring classes that the operations of the railways contribute to their employment and sustenance. All thinking men know that the stoppage of railway operations, or the destruction of railway property, would be an infinite calamity, of which the direct results would fall upon labor. But hungry and idle workmen with starving children do not always listen to the calm counsels of reason. The condition of trade and industry during last year should suggest the gravest reflections to all classes of business men, and more especially to the railway interests, which will be the first to suffer by disorder or revolt. Unemployed labor has been restless under the pressure of idleness and want. The apostles of anarchy have been openly sowing the seed of revolution and destruction. They have found their greatest support in the hardship produced by the existing constitution of trade. With grain so abundant and cheap in the great agricultural states that it has been burned for fuel; with all classes of manufactured goods produced in such excessive supply that the factories have had to shut down, the farmers of the West have been unable to buy goods, and the mechanics of the East have



suffered for the lack of food. Writers on economic subjects tell us of over-production; but when, in the midst of universal over-production, or, in other words, excessive abundance, we find the presence of grim want, the only explanation left is in the presence of abnormal restraints upon the exchange of products. When too much grain, too much meat, too much iron, too much cloth, and too much coal is produced in the country, the fact that labor suffers from the lack of grain, meat, cloth, and coal, proves that there are barriers to trade between the producers.

"The most prominent and most universal of these barriers are the railway pools. The combinations which are formed with the purpose of raising the cost of exchanging the grain of the West for the goods of the East above the level that would be reached by the workings of competition; which restrict the production of fuel and sustain artificial prices to consumers, when thousands are freezing; which build up monopolies in the agents of light and heat; and which are every where imposing restrictions upon trade which create the paradox of general want in the presence of universal abundance, are offering the greatest provocation to violent and dangerous attacks upon the railway interest. Whether the popular feeling is provoked to express itself in advance and extreme legislation, or whether the work of combination is perpetuated and extended until the monopolies like the petroleum and coal pools become universal, and an exasperated and maddened proletariat tears the whole system down in general ruin, the evils of that policy will, if continued, eventually bring a revulsion besides which its questionable pecuniary gains will be as a mole-hill on the side of Himalaya. Not only in the interest of public justice and free competition should the railways abandon their present work of suspending competition and building up monopolies; but the instinct of self-

preservation should lead them to restore the free and unrestricted working of the legitimate influences of trade. The abandonment or continuance of the pooling policy may involve the safety or ruin of the entire railway interest of the nation."

### THREE REMARKABLE MEN.

The Rev. Dr. Harsha, of Omaha, narrates the following incident as told to him by John Dixon, of Dixon, Ill.:

"Gen. Winfield Scott when a young man was stationed at Fort Snelling, at the time perhaps the remotest outpost of the United States. When the Indian outbreak known as the Blackhawk war was inaugurated some militia from Illinois proffered their services to aid in conquering the savages. With a view to mustering them into the service of the United States two lieutenants were sent by Scott to the then village of Dixon. One of these was a very fascinating, good-looking, easy-mannered, affable, and fluent young gentleman. The other was equally pleasant looking, but an exceedingly modest young man. On the morning when the mustering in was to take place a tall, gawky, slab-sided, homely young man, dressed in a home-made suit of blue jeans, presented himself to the two lieutenants as the captain of the recruits and was duly sworn in. This was he who afterwards became president of the United States—the lamented Lincoln. One of the lieutenants, the modest youth, was he who fired the first gun from Sumter, Maj. Anderson. The other, and he who administered the oath, was in after years president of the Southern Confederacy—Jefferson Davis."

Corroborative of Dixon's story Dr. Harsha relates that he was afterwards in the book-rooms of Carter Bros., New York, where he chanced to repeat these coincidences in the presence of several persons who were listeners. One of them, an elderly gentleman, arose and remarked that he was happy to be able to confirm the facts as given by

Mr. Dixon, as he was the chaplain at Fort Snelling at the time, and was fully able to corroborate each statement. Another by-stander added: "Mr. Lincoln had often been heard to say that the first time he ever took the oath of allegiance to the United States it was administered to him by Jefferson Davis."

#### CHASED BY A WILD ENGINE.

One of our freight engineers was a man named George Roby, said an engineer to a New York *Sun* reporter. He came on our road from some line in New England and gave good satisfaction for about three months. Then whisky got the better of him and he went to the dogs. One day, after his fireman had brought the train into Columbus with Robey drunk and asleep on the floor of the cab, he got his blue envelope. The idea somehow lodged in his head that the officials were down on him, and he swore he would have revenge for being discharged. One afternoon he turned up down the road, and was noticed to be drinking heavily and to have the bearing of a man bent on some desperate deed. This was at a station eighteen miles from Columbus and on a gloomy April evening. I was due there at 7:28, and it was a two-minute stop. A mixed freight always side-tracked there for us to pass, and then followed us down the line.

Well, I was there on this special evening on time, as usual, having baggage, express, and three coaches. It began to drizzle just before we reached the station, and I saw that we were in for a dark night and a slippery track. I did not see Roby, nor did any one tell me that he had shown up there. I noticed that that freight train was unusually long and that it was pulled by one of the biggest engines on the road. Three or four people got off, and perhaps as many got on, and were off on the second. It was a run of seven miles to the next stop, and my schedule was thirty-seven miles an hour. We had

not yet come to a standstill at the next stop when the telegraph operator, whose face was as white as snow, ran alongside and called to me:

"There's a wild engine behind you—for heav——"

He ran back to the conductor, and in ten seconds that official rushed up and shouted to me:

"It's a runaway engine—pull out at once!" He yelled "All aboard!" sprang for the steps of a car, and away we went, some of the people getting off or on being flung down as they jostled each other. After we left the station where the freight was side-tracked a brakeman ran down the track to open the switch. As he did so Robey mounted the engine, with cocked revolver in hand, and drove the engineer and fireman off. He had previously uncoupled her from the train without being detected. He ran the engine out on the main line and a half a mile beyond. Then he filled up the fire-box, saw that she had plenty of water, pulled the throttle wide open, and jumped off. That was how we came to have a runaway engine behind us. As soon as the engineer was driven from the cab he ran into the station and informed the operator, and about the time the runaway started we got the news. We were about six miles ahead of her. That meant about six minutes.

When I pulled out I supposed the programme was for some of the station folks to run down and open the switch so that the runaway would be ditched, but it appeared that the agent was so dreadfully rattled that he did not attempt this step until too late. The switch was forty rods from the station; and just as the employé reached it the runaway came roaring past. My next was ten miles distant. I reasoned it out in about a minute that if the runaway was ditched the fact would be telegraphed ahead. If she wasn't, that fact would also be clicked over the wires, and I would get some sign or signal as we passed. If she was follow-

ing us there would be no time to switch in, and my hair stood up at the idea of trying to outrun her. I made the ten miles in twelve and one-half minutes. A mile away I began tooting the whistle, and as we neared the station, still flying, I leaned out to look for the agent. He was on the platform. If he held up his hand I was to stop. But he did not. On the contrary, he waved his arm down the line for me to keep on, and I knew that we were in for it. The runaway could not be over three minutes behind, and there would not be time to turn her in on the siding here.

The next stop was eleven miles away, and it was a good piece of track. Little by little I gave her more steam, and after the first mile I knew that we were reeling off a mile every minute. There was train enough to hold us steady and the track was straight, and but for the awful roar it would have been easy to imagine we were flying. The agent ahead would let us know by signal, as the other had done. He was on the platform with a great crowd behind him and he motioned me on. The runaway was still after us. She must have gained some, but how much I could not say. It was eight miles and a half to the next station, and I could not do better than forty-five or forty-eight miles an hour on an up grade. The runaway must catch us in the next six or seven miles. We had gone about five miles when I got the signal on the bell-rope to stop, and as soon as I had slowed down a little a brakeman came over the tender with instructions to stop at the station.

The conductor, knowing that we could not outrun the wild engine, and that there was no show to ditch her, could think of but one plan to save the train. He called the passengers from the rear coach and cast it off. This was on the eleven mile run, and the coach had about two minutes to lose its momentum before the runaway struck it. The pilot ran under the platform, the end of the coach was lifted up,

and, next moment, engine and car were in the ditch. Neither one of them was ever repaired, the wreck being too complete, nor did the officers of the law ever succeed in laying hands on Roby.

#### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

When we remember that Divinity stood by a carpenter's bench and the early manhood of Him, who spake as never man spake, was passed in honest toil; when we remember also that from the toiling classes he chose those to go forth and proclaim the grandest, greatest and most cheering tidings ever listened to by the human family. It may also be safely inferred from the sacred records that he chose this very class to witness the majesty of his power—we believe that it was at the marriage of a workingman in Cana of Galilee that he converted water into wine. From the prow of a fisherman's smack he commanded the raging seas to a sudden calm; by the tomb of the poor he bade death depart and life and health return and animate its victim. The only place he refused to visit was the sick chamber of the wealthy ruler, but a cheering message was sent by him. When we remember also that from the toiling masses have sprung earth's greatest statesmen, divines, benefactors, inventors, navigators and travelers; as we think of all these we feel proud to be one of those who earn our bread by the sweat of our brow.—*Springfield, O., Workingman's Advocate.*

THE report of the United States Commissioner of Labor, recently issued, contains the following in regard to speculative railroad building: "Just prior to periods of depression, especially the latter periods, there has been an enormous extension of railroad building, a large part of which must be considered as speculative. When times are good and profits large those who are making the large profits seek to increase their wealth through specula-

tive investments, and railroad building, since the days of the railroad, has been one of great attractiveness. The idea seems to take possession of men that by running a line into the wilderness business can be developed. It has been estimated by an eminent authority, and the estimate has not been doubted, that, assuming the railroads built in 1882 to have cost with the equipment an average of \$30,000 per mile, more than 766,000 workmen of all classes must have been employed in connection with railroad building in that year, while in the building of the greatly reduced mileage of 1883, with a reduction in wages, say, of 11 per cent., and of 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. in the cost per mile, only 250,000 persons were employed—a great army of 516,000 men employed in all the ramifications of railroad building thus being discharged from railroad work in one year. Two railroad projects alone resulted in the discharge of nearly 20,000 who had been brought from southern Europe for the very purpose of building the roads; so when discharged they must, to a large degree, have served to increase the idle class."

#### RIDING TWO MILLION MILES.

L. D. Closson has been a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the last twenty-four years. He runs now on the fast train, which leaves the Broad street, Philadelphia, station every morning at 7.30. He comes to New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad. Brakeman Closson is noted for his funny stories, which he tells in a droll way. He can get an audience any time. He knows what every man's business is who travels on his train, and how much they are worth, and how old they are, and how they made their money. During his twenty-four years' service he has traveled 2,000,000 miles.

The distance between Philadelphia and New York, over the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad is ninety-two miles. Brakeman Closson hasn't missed making this journey

twenty-four days in twenty-four years. The round trip daily is one hundred and eighty-four miles. Made daily for twenty-four years the number of miles would be 1,611,840. Besides this long distance, Brakeman Closson estimates that he has made 400,000 extra miles in the twenty four years. In the summer season, when travel is heavy and brakemen scarce, he doubles the road several times every week, which makes the day's riding three hundred and sixty-eight miles. He is fifty years old, but as spry as brakemen half his age. Whenever he is not on his train the regular riders inquire of Conductor Silence where he is. Brakeman Closson always believed in a rainy day and has a snug sum in the bank.—*Railway News.*

#### LIFE ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

As a class locomotive engineers are not to be envied. Their position is one of great danger and responsibility, and is obtained only by years of hard and exhaustive training. The hours are long and irregular and the duties so exacting that a trifling error may undo the work of a lifetime. The trade or profession of an engineer differs in no respect from the other trades and professions, in that the first lessons, or preparatory steps, must be just as thoroughly mastered. Of course the first step is to learn to keep up steam and to become familiarized with the uses of the different parts of the locomotive. Many a green fireman despairingly rolls his eyes towards the steam gauge and wonders if the time will ever come when it will be an easy task to keep that slender needle above the century point.

It comes to him, however, with practice, but not as quickly perhaps as does the knack of jumping from a moving train without detriment to clothes or body. Most men stand on the stirrup with the foot farthest from the train held straight out. This is neither the safe nor the easy way. If you wish to jump from, say the right hand side, let

your right foot remain on the stirrup, and swinging well back put out your left foot from underneath. When you strike the ground your feet are in such a position as to be ready for the next step; or if you do fall it will invariably be away from the train, and not under the wheels.

Engineers who have never had an accident, and have always been noted for their careful running, have been known to incontinently throw over reds for greens and made a bad failure in general, showing beyond a doubt their total inability to distinguish colors. Yet these same would never run past a red light or fail to stop when the proper signal color was shown. The explanation generally given and accepted is that, although a red light may not look red to him, yet he is trained, and experience has taught him, that that particular shade of light or flag signifies danger. It is with a feeling akin to disappointment to see an account of a terrible railroad collision that the engineer escaped injury by jumping. It takes very little time for an engineer to do all in his power towards stopping the train, and having done this there is no valid reason why he should stay on the engine any longer. Old runners, however, say that no fear of personal danger enters the mind when an accident is imminent, but the one thought of stopping the train at all hazards absorbs them, even until the crash comes, and it is only at almost the last instant that safety is sought in flight.  
—*Cleveland Leader*.

#### THE WORKINGMAN'S LEISURE.

The just claims of the workingman to leisure and recreation were advocated by Lord Macaulay in a noble passage in his speech on the Factory Acts. "Man is the great instrument that produces wealth. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with a country inhabited by men of mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk into

bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labors one day in seven. The day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process that is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of all machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivance of the Watt's and the Arkwright's are worthless, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor. Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger, and healthier, and wiser, and better, can ultimately make it poorer."—*Cotton Factory Times*.

#### BROKEN LAWS.

No man who is not a fool, if he has a delicate machine for weaving lace, would go work to make carpets with it, or be surprised if he did that it would break to pieces with the strain; or if he had an instrument of tone and compass fit for rendering divine harmonies, and chose to jangle only waltzes and discords on it for years, he would not be indignant at nature or God if it was out of tune and forever incapable of echoing heavenly music. Yet every man of sense knows that his physical brain is a material machine, an instrument subject to material waste and injury just as much as any Cremona. If he persistently maltreats it he alone is responsible for its ruin. God is not accountable. He does not work material miracles for any man, however good his motives in life may be. Christ himself would not throw himself down from the pinnacle even to prove that he was the Son of God, in the hope that he would be miraculously held up. The man who puts an intolerable weight on his brain, throws himself down in such

a hope, and the man who gives up his real high mission for a while in the world, in order to grub money or set his family on a fashionable basis, in the hope that he can go back to it at will, has thrown himself down a suicidal height from which no angels will bear him up.

#### PASS IT ON.

When Rev. Mark Guy Pearse was about fourteen years old, having been in a school in Germany, he came to London, on his way to the "beautiful wilds of Cornwall," his home. He traveled by train to Bristol—the rail only went as far then. He went on board the vessel to carry him home, and thought, when he had paid the money for his passage, that that included all. He was very hungry, and ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey, a dapper little steward, with a gold band round his cap, came to him and presented him his bill. He told him he had no money. "Then," said he, "you should not have ordered the things you did." He asked him his name. He told him. He took him by the hand, shut up his book, and said, "I never thought I should live to see you."

Then he told him how, when he had lost his father, his mother was in great distress, and the lad's father had been so kind to her that he made a solemn promise that, if he ever had the opportunity, he would show kindness to one of his; so he took charge of him, paid his bill, gave him five shillings, and put him into a boat with some sailors, who rowed him in fine style to the shore. His father met him, and he said:

"Father, it is a good thing to have a good father;" and he told him of what had taken place.

"My lad," said he, "I passed the kindness on to him long ago, in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you. Mind, as you grow up, you pass it on to others."

Well, one day he was going by train, and intended to take a first-class ticket,

as he had a deal of writing to do in the train, when he saw a lad at the third-class ticket office, rubbing his eyes to keep down the tears. He asked him what his trouble was, and the lad told him he had not enough money for his fare by four pence, and he wanted so to go, as his friends were expecting him. He gave him a shilling, and the lad went, got his ticket and brought him the change. He told him to keep it, and said he was going to ride with him. Then, in the carriage, he told the lad the story of how he was treated in the boat.

"And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others. He got out at the junction, and as the train left the station, the lad waved his handkerchief and said, "I will pass it on."—*Old Jonathan*.

#### PAT'S EXPLANATION.

Pat is a hard nut even for a veteran cross-examiner to crack. The astute Daniel O'Connell was not unfrequently worsted in encounters with some troublesome witness. How an officer fared in an encounter with an Irish soldier is told as follows:

While on the Peninsula, during the war, an officer one day came across a private soldier belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish Brigade. The fellow had the lifeless bodies of a goose and a hen tied together by the heels, dangling from his musket.

"Where did you steal those, you rascal?" the officer demanded.

"Steal, is it? Faith, I was marching along with Color Sergeant Maguire, and the goose—bad cess to it—came out and hissed at the American Flag, and bedad! I shot him on the spot!"

"But the hen? sir, how about the hen?"

"It's the hin, is it? Bad luck to the hin! I caught her laying eggs for the rebel army, and as a Federal soldier, I couldn't stand that anyhow; and I gave her a lick that stopped that act of treason!"

## ADVISING THE GIRLS.

Come here, my daughter, and sit down while I talk to you a little. Do you know, dear, I have often considered you somewhat neglected by newspaper men. "My son" has from time to time received all sorts of advice by almost every writer from Maine to Panama, and I feel a little hurt that you have not received more attention, because I think you are as capable of appreciating good advice as the boys are; so pay attention now, and when you get tired say "enough."

In the first place, my daughter, while you are still young don't be afraid to romp and play in the open air. Make Rome fairly howl with your shouts if you feel like it, and you generally do feel like it. If folks call you boisterous and unladylike, tell them you would rather be boisterous than puny, and you don't want to be a lady till you get through being a girl. Never mind being called tomboy. The tomboy girls make the healthiest, best-looking women. Do everything you consistently can while young, to develop a good physical system, for remember, daughter, you will need all the health you can possibly store away to carry you safely through all the ups and downs of a woman's life. And then there are other things besides playing out doors that will be beneficial; for instance, washing dishes, to save a tired mother the trouble of doing it, and taking care of baby brothers while mother has a nap in the afternoon. Oh, there is nothing in the world so beautifully healthy for a young girl's body and mind as to be always doing some little loving service to lighten the burden that a mother has to bear.

And when you get a little older and people begin to call you Miss, don't get the big-head and think there is nobody else quite so utterly charming as you are. You can get the big heart all you like, but don't let your bump of self-esteem grow too fast.

You will most likely be wearing corsets by this time and—now don't blush,

for it is all right to wear corsets if you don't wear them too hard. I know a great many wiseacres proclaim against the corset entirely, and say that all the female sex are completely ruined, gagged and destroyed by them; but then a girl is so constituted by nature that she must be hugged by something, and I say let the corset do the hugging for awhile if it isn't made to hug too tight. You can have it snug enough so that when it is hooked up in front it will just nicely hold your heart in its place; but don't, under any consideration, daughter, tie one end of the corset string to the bedpost and grab hold of the other with both hands, and tug and pull till you have forced your liver and stomach up where your heart and lungs ought to be, and make your œsophagus run up into your throat like a telescope. *Don't do it!* If there is anything in all heathendom that would make me spank you, my girl, it would be to find you trying to saw yourself in two with a corset lace.

And your shoes must have thick soles, but they must be bevel-edged so as not to look clumsy, for every person likes to see a neat, tidy-looking foot on a girl. They must have low, broad heels, and they must fit your foot. That is, they must be, not too tight, but just tight enough. I don't ask you to wear a boot that your little foot would slide all around in, and that looks like a moccasin; but remember, I don't want to see you mincing along the street on a well cultivated corn patch.

If you can only afford to have a calico dress, make it up in the latest style and have it fit your figure like a glove. I am a believer in fashion, my daughter, and want you to always look trim, clean and neat. I also want you to study accomplishments. Get a good education, but don't break down your health in trying to be a sweet girl graduate. Study drawing if you want to, but learn to draw it mild; study painting, but don't practice it on your face; study music, but don't wrestle with an exercise while your mother is wrestling with

the cook stove out in the kitchen. No, instead of that go out in the kitchen and say, "Ma, I am young and strong and feel just like making things stand around here for a little while, so you go in the parlor and lie down on the sofa till I get the work done, and then I'll come in and play for you." And when you come in and fling off the great big apron that I want you to always wear in the kitchen, and run up to mamma and take her wrinkled face between your two hands and kiss her right on the mouth, and then sit down at the piano and play "I want to be an angel," why, bless you, my daughter, your music will be answered right away, for you wouldn't be any more of an angel if you lived in heaven a thousand years than you are that minute. If there is any jealousy among the angels at all they will be jealous of you then and you can't help but be happy.

And if you happen to have a father or brother who is inclined to stay out nights, and cause your mother's heart to ache and her hair to turn gray faster than it ought to, just set yourself about making a change in the programme. You can reform them if anybody can. Always have a cheerful face for them when they enter the door, and show them that there is no place on earth where they are so welcome as at home. When your father leaves the house, put your young, white arms around his neck, look him straight in the eye, and say, "Papa, I know you will come home early tonight just because your daughter wants you to, won't you?" I'll meet you at the gate if you will whistle when you are coming up the street, and then we'll go into the parlor and have a lovely time all the evening. I'll get your slippers for you, for your feet must be tired after your day's work. I'll do everything to make you comfortable and happy. Now you will come, won't you, pa?"

And nine men out of ten will go away thinking, "Well, I guess I can't stand that kind of thing long, and anyway when I come to think the matter

over, I believe I'd enjoy the evening better at home playing carpet balls with that little girl of mine than I would playing poker down town with a lot of fellows who are trying to fleece me." And all the time he is away the image of that little face looking up so fervently at him, is in his mind, and I tell you it is almost impossible for him to go astray. You don't know how much power there is wrapped up in a corset the size you wear till you try it, and I want you to make the experiment the first time you get a chance.

And now, my daughter, I suppose by this time your mind is beginning to run in the direction of some young man who doesn't, strictly speaking, belong to the family. That's all right, for a girl's mind will meander off that way in spite of all the old maid aunts in the world, and almost in spite of herself. But let me tell you something right here. Don't get mashed on any young fellow whose only qualifications consist in holding up one side of a bar, carrying a cigarette between his central incisors, or sucking the bald-headed end of a cane. It is all right enough for a young man to be tony, well-dressed and in the fashion. He may understand how to conduct himself at a party, and be able to dance divinely, so long as he has other ambitions in life to which these are secondary. When you meet a man who devotes himself entirely to dress, drink and the devil, give him the shake so sudden that it will jerk his heart right around into the place where it ought to be, and then the next girl he meets will most likely be treated like a lady. Oh, you girls want to give these fellows a lesson once in a while, and you can do more to make them walk the chalk than all the sermons or temperance lectures in Christendom. You needn't stick up your nose at a young man just because he has gone wrong once, but take him off quietly to one side, where no one else can hear you, and then talk long and earnestly to him. Show him that you are interested in him. Tell him to brace up



and be an honor to his mother or sister. If he tells you he hasn't a mother or sister, tell him to do it for the sake of somebody else's sister. He can't get around that argument. Make him promise to do right, and then show him that you have the confidence in him to believe that he will keep his promise.

And when you find a young man who just naturally seems to fill the vacant space in your heart, and you can't begin to forget him all day long, and even dream of him nights; and you have proved him to be a true man of good habits and lots of business ability, with some fun mixed up in his anatomy; and if besides this you notice that his eye always looks a little brighter whenever it falls on you, and if you both seem to be drawn toward each other so naturally that you always feel as though there was something out of joint, whenever you are separated; then, my daughter, the indications are to freeze to that young fellow so tight that all the fires in — sheol couldn't thaw you away from him.

And when you have been married awhile, and the springtime smiles on a young mother looking down for the first time into the queer, tiny face of her new-born babe, and the birds are chirping their welcome at the window pane; and you turn from your babe to receive a kiss of joy from him you love; remember my daughter that you are then the sweetest, saintliest thing this side of kingdom come. There, now, you may go. Good-bye.—*Peck's Sun*.

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### POETS

As a general thing the poet is poor. In most cases not only is the poet poor but his poems are likewise poor. Some poems are bad enough to justify their inditers being indicted by the grand jury. In fact there are so many poor poets that people would almost be justified in following the example of the level headed citizens of a town in Minnesota. As soon as a youth begins to show a propensity to rhyme, he is borne

out of town on a rail by the indignant citizens, and made to travel just as fast as his little hexameters will let him.

The waste baskets of the editorial fraternity are distended to a degree suggestive of dropsy by documents bearing such titles as "Ode to a Cucumber," "Verses to Prometheus," etc. In this connection we may remark a diadem studded with gems of the Orient is hanging on a peg in the Texas *Siftings* office waiting impatiently for a poet, male or female, who has not perpetrated, at one time or another, verses headed with the word, Prometheus. But to return to the poverty of poets. Many people believe that a poet is a dreamy kind of a crank, who is utterly indifferent on the subject of filthy lucre. This is a great mistake. The poet knows very well which side of his bread has been lubricated with oleomargarine. When he suggests matrimony he asks the object of his affections not only if she will love him with her whole soul and her whole heart, but also love him with her whole pocket-book. It is likewise noticeable that the long haired out-cast usually selects a girl with the biggest kind of a pocket-book, and that well-filled, too.

It is with most poets as it is with some preachers. When a preacher says that he has a call, it means he has been offered more salary by some other congregation. When he is offered \$10,000 a year, with slippers and dressing gown free, then it is no longer a call. It is a shout.

What causes us to write in this strain is the fact that Swinburne, who has written tons of poetry that was radically revolutionary, has come out against Home Rule in a poem for which he was only paid 200 guineas. Bah!—*Texas Siftings*.

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A MAN in Campbell County, Ga., had thirty-six boys old enough to fight in the last war, and twenty-three of them were killed. He has been married nine times. Other interesting facts are gradually coming in.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

DON'T scald your tongue in other folk's broth.

LONGEVITY is a good thing, though I have known public men to overdo it.  
—*Bill Nye*.

ONE-HALF of the children born into the world die before they reach the age of five years.

IT is a terrible thing to be the unknown husband of a famous woman.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WHEN a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow space.

IF the Venus de Medici could be animated into life women would only remark that her waist is large.—*Onida*.

GENERAL CROOK says that he is not sorry to get away from the frontier, where he was forced to "hunt mosquitoes with six-mule teams."

IF I were to go home and tell my old neighbors what I know about the city, they would say, "Sam, you haven't quit lying yet."—*Sam Jones*.

"SHALL our daughters whistle?" asks an editor. He had better ask his neighbors. If they don't object, we will not.—*New York Graphic*.

IF that casting of 6,500 pounds of crucible steel into one ignot be successfully accomplished, it will be a big feather in Pittsburgh's cap.—*Pittsburgh Commercial*.

THE weather at Jefferson does not suit the editor of the *Jimplecute*. He says: "We got some tough wether we didn't like. The butcher sold it to us for mutton."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE census returns for Paris have just been issued. The population numbers 2,254,306 souls, showing the small increase of 14,378 since the last census taken five years ago, in 1881.

THE first prisoner to be placed in the new lockup at Danbury, Conn., pulled off the iron leg of his beadstead, and,

using it as a crowbar, had almost dug his way to freedom when discovered.

A POOR woman went about Walla Walla, W. T., trying to sell her hair for a switch. She had it already cut off, but was unable to effect a sale. She claimed to be on the verge of starvation.

"It's a 'dridful toime that I have sewing buttons on me own clothes. If I was only a married man I'd ask me woife niver to allow our son to grow up an ould batcheler like his fayther."—*Texas Siftings*.

A CONNECTICUT man kept his whisky bottle at the bottom of the well, and when his wife found the string and pulled it up he tried to make her believe that it belonged to a Chinaman who had bored through from the other side of the earth.

SIRE, the fundamental principles of society require men to regard each other as brothers and to work together for their common welfare. Do not forget this! Remember to do grand things we must have enthusiasm. All my life resolves itself into one great thought—to secure for all mankind the most unfettered development of their faculties.—*St. Simon*.

RUPERT.—We decline to tell you the difference between a cow-boy and a cow-catcher. They may seem synonymous, as you say; but we will not tell you the difference, because, if we do, you will only ask us a lot more foolish questions, and the weather is too hot for that sort of thing. Now, don't write to-morrow and ask us how it is that you can see a crack in the wall and not hear it, and hear the crack of a rifle and not see it.—*Puck*.

AMONG the various interesting summer romances is the following, contributed from Europe: A young lady was caught out in a storm. During a vivid flash of lightning she felt a strange and alarming sensation. It lasted only for an instant, however, and she pro-

ceeded to her home, where she removed her bonnet and discovered that her hair had been literally cut off, her head presenting, as the hair fell, the same appearance as though her head had been shaved with a razor.

A YOUNG girl was arrested last Wednesday at Port Jervis for stealing some jewelry, and sent to the penitentiary for four months. The *Paterson Press* says that the girl is motherless and her father is unable to support her. She is from Milford, Pa., where she was a regular attendant at church until some of the lady communicants wrote to her that her presence at the meetings was not desired unless she should become better clad. So the girl, in despair of getting to heaven in rags, went to Port Jervis and got into the penitentiary.—*New York World*.

THE landed property of England covers some 72,000,000 acres. It is worth \$10,000,000,000, and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of \$330,000,000. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is owned by 7,400 individuals. The population is 35,000,000. The peers, not 600 in number, own more than one-fifth of the kingdom; they possess over 14,000,000 acres, worth over \$2,000,000,000, with an annual rental of \$66,000,000.

A WATERLOO veteran has recently passed away at Belfast in his one hundred and second year. His name was Charles Rivers and he had the honor of being orderly sergeant to Lord Wellington, was present at Salamanca, Orthes and Vittoria, took part in the famous march over the Pyrenees and subsequently fought at Waterloo and Quatre Bras. At La Haye Sainte he was wounded both in the knee and breast. He has been interred with full military honors, the detachment present being the band and 100 men of the Fourth Battalion, Royal Irish Rifles.

He was believed to be the last Waterloo veteran in Ireland.

THE new schedule of prices to be paid to employes issued by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, increase the wages of brakemen from \$42 to \$45. Freight conductors who have formerly received \$2.50 per day, have been advanced \$2.45 per day running through freights, and \$2.75 per day on way freights, while the wages of their brakemen have been advanced from \$1.45 to \$1.90 per day. The salary of engineers has been increased \$1 on every hundred miles and the firemen receive 50 cents per one hundred miles more than formerly. The schedule provides that no employe of the road shall be suspended without first receiving a fair hearing before the superintendent.—*Railroad Reporter*.

"YES," said Col. McLure, appointment clerk of the Postoffice Department, to a *Critic* reporter lately. "General Forrest, of the Confederate army, though a born cavalry general, was one of the most illiterate men that ever lived. He and orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody were mortal foes. I have frequently seen letters from him. They would have made Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby as jealous as a young girl is of her first sweetheart. As many battles as he was in he never could spell an engagement as being other than a 'fite.' I saw one letter from him in which he said that he had been in the war a long time and had come to the conclusion that to be successful it was necessary to git thar the fustest with the mostest men."

THERE is a young woman at Widdin who went through the Servian war disguised as a man. Only the commander of her company knew her secret; she was obliged to disclose it to him when the company set out upon its march, and he appears to have loyally kept it to himself. In all exercises, parades and reviews she took part jointly with her male comrades. The heroine took part in the forced march into Servia.

fought at the battle of Slivnitza and joined in the attack upon Pirot. Her comrades voted to her the company's medal for bravery. When, in consequence of the war coming to an end, the militia was dispersed, she went to Sofia, and was there presented to Prince Alexander, who awarded to her a second decoration for bravery. She then returned to Widdin, her place of domicile before the war, where she now acts as servant to an old lady.—*Chicago Herald*.

WHEN the news of the new rich copper strike in the Lake Superior district was flashed to Boston stockholders, two of them met on the street, compared notes, and the first observed:

"Shouldn't wonder if we made 500 per cent on our investment!"

"I haven't the least doubt of it," replied the second.

"And now there will soon be a meeting of the board of directors."

"For what?"

"To cut down the wages of the mine employes."—*Wall Street News*.

#### ASHAMED OF HER NAME.

The modern way of changing and "twisting around" some honorable old family names, says an exchange, indicates a mental vacuum in those who do it. A name on which there is no stain is one of God's best gifts. Accept it, be thankful for it, and do it no dishonor by seeking to put it aside for one more fanciful and fashionable, to which you have no right. We sympathize with the old farmer whose daughter was ashamed of her name.

When she first left her good old country home, with its quiet, simple ways, for a year in a fashionable boarding-school, she signed her name "Sarah Jane Smith," and took no offense at being called Sally.

Three months later her letters came home signed "Sadie J. Smith."

Six months elapsed and she had become "S. Janie Smith."

Time rolled along bringing in its wondrous changes, and when the June

days came, she blossomed forth as "S. Jeannie Smythe."

Then her father hitched his old blind horse to the vegetable cart, and said:

"I'm goin' ter bring that there Sal home, an' let 'er know that she can't bring odjeum on the good old name o' Smith by ringin' in any more 'y' and 'e' changes on it.

"They can't nobody say a word o' harm agin my branch o' the Smith family. I'm proud of it and glad I'm one of them. I reckon a month o' right hard work in tater-time 'll let Sary Jane know that J-a-n-e don't spell no Jeanny."—*Home Companion*.

WISHING to teach his young daughter some home-made grammar an Oakland father, desirous of impressing upon the child the difference between singular and plural number, said:

"What do we say of a young lady who is not married?"

Instead of the expected answer "that she is single," the pert miss retorted:

"We say of her that she is going to be married," and so ended the first lesson.

TRAVELER (to ticket agent)—Gimme a ticket to New Brunswick.

Agent—The next train doesn't stop at New Brunswick. It goes through that town at fifty miles an hour.

Traveler—That suits me. I've umpired too many games of ball between the New Yorks and Chicagos to be afraid to get off a train that's only jogging along at fifty miles an hour.

THERE are some foreigners who set about regulating the industrial affairs of America before they have been in the country a week.

NEVER spread an ill report about your neighbor until you know positively that it is true; and don't do it then if he is a good deal bigger than you are.

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The foregoing is a partial list of lodges. We could not ascertain the officers, etc., of others before going to press. Old and new lodges will be kind enough to send us the number of their lodge, when and where they meet, and the names of their Master, Vice Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary and Treasurer. Also the address of the Recording Secretary.

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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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No. 5.

## A WIFE'S LAMENT.

I know a mountain, high and grand,  
And seamed with chasms dark and deep;  
Dark, stern, magnificent! it stands  
And guards the hamlet at its feet.  
Through cloud, and fog, and morning mist,  
Unmoved by tempest, storm, or time;  
And when the sun its brow has kissed  
It smiles with radiance sublime!  
The fertile valley lies below  
Clothed in her shimmering summer dress,  
And smiles up to the gray, cold rock  
That guards, but stoops not to caress.

I know a face, a kingly face,  
That towers high above my own—  
An artist's eye, a form of grace,  
A poet's soul, a heart of stone!  
He stands unmoved by praise or blame,  
With conscious power and mind complete  
He lives for labor, art, and fame,  
Nor heeds the offerings at his feet.

I'd give the world were I the Sun  
To kiss to smiles that haughty face,  
And see the lightning glance of love  
Light up those eyes with tender grace.  
I nestle mutely at his feet,  
He shields me from the storms of life;  
I bring him offerings pure and sweet—  
A worshiping, devoted wife.  
But, ah! his heart, once all my own,  
Forgets the gracious tenderness  
Of bygone days. I sit alone,  
He guards, but stoops not to caress.  
—*Jacinta Jacques, in Chicago Tribune.*

## HER SACRIFICE.

Pretty little Grace Wentworth listened eagerly for her husband's coming home. She had been married but a year, and that evening was the anniversary of her wedding.

"He will bring me that exquisite diamond ring, I'm sure. Linnette Osborn's husband gave her an elegant pearl cross on their anniversary. Harry knows I'm just wild about that ring, and—ah! here he comes now," she said.

A moment after a quick, firm step came through the hall, the door opened, and Harry Wentworth came forward, kissed the bright lips held up to him, and, taking off the wrapping, held forward an exquisite bouquet of rare exotics.

"Here, darling!" he said. "I wanted to bring you something different today, but I dared not do it. We must wait for better times. This day, the anniversary of the very happiest of my life, I thought to have brought my little wife something of greater value to express my appreciation and love. But these flowers must speak for me."

Grace took the flowers, pressing them to her lips to hide their quivering, but she could not hide from the loving, watchful eyes of her husband the look of disappointment all over her face.

"There, there! never mind, love. I know you are disappointed; but cheer up, little wife. I trust this sad state of affairs will not last very long, and then you shall have your diamond ring," Harry said, gently caressing her.

At the mention of the ring Grace could restrain her tears no longer. She sobbed right out.

"Four days ago Linnette Osborn's husband gave her a lovely pearl cross and chain, and—and I told her what I hoped for. She will think it so queer, and I will be so mortified. What can I say? She will surely ask me. And, Harry, I don't think Will Osborn is doing any better business than you."

Harry Wentworth's fine face grew very grave, and he said, in a slightly reproachful tone:

"I did not think my wife would grieve so about a really unnecessary article. I believed you would understand that some very good reason prevented my giving you this pleasure. I, too, am disappointed, dear. But don't measure or weigh your husband's love by his gifts, Grace. But I must not be severe. You are scarce more than a child—loving, petted, spoiled child.

But now listen, dear.\* I might have brought you the ring. I could have paid for it or gone in debt."

"No, no; I would not have wished that," Grace said, wiping her eyes and trying to look satisfied."

"If I had paid for it, dear, it might have been at severe cost. But we will not say any more about it. Kiss me, and then we will have one of our duets, love. It is so long since we have had any music. These times have almost driven all the music from my nature."

"These times!" Grace said to herself. "I am heartily tired of hearing those words. And it is too bad that I should have to suffer for other folks' misfortunes or misdeeds, I am not sure which."

Ah, little did Grace Wentworth know the meaning of the word she used.

Cradled in luxury, reared in a home of affluence, what could she understand of suffering?

The week passed by, and Grace tried to banish the disappointment from her mind. She did not return Mrs. Osborn's call, as she had promised.

"I could not endure the look of astonishment she would fix on me, when, in answer to her inquiry, I should have to answer, 'Only a bouquet,'" Grace said.

The bouquet was still very beautiful, and fresh, although quite a week old. Indeed, it seemed possessed of a perpetual bloom. Grace was changing the water in the vase when Nora, the Irish girl, came in.

"What is it, Nora?" Grace inquired, as the girl stood hesitating beside her.

"Could I have an hour or so this morning, please? And would you spare me a dollar? Sure and it's not for myself I'd be asking, but me brother. The childers are sick, and it's not a cint they have, and it's half starving I found them last night," Nora said, the tears running down her face.

"Why, yes, certainly—go; and here, your month's wages are nearly due, you

can have more, or all. But, Nora, is not your brother at work with Mr. Osborn?"

"Sure he is, ma'am, but it's not a cint that he got Saturday night. Ah, and it's awful times these be now! Tin of the hands that's bin getting \$12 a week wint home with none at all sure. Did the master say nothin' at all about it? The men takes it awful bad, because some tells of how Mr. Osborn could have done better. Sure and it's meself, Nora O'Flynn, that sees the suffering about."

"No, Nora, Mr. Wentworth said nothing of it. I believe his men were paid off."

"Yes, and may the Lord bless and kape him forever! the men are telling about the difference between them, sure—Mr. Osborn and the master. But it's goin' I'll be."

"Nora, come first to the pantry; I'll fix up some things for you. Or, just give me a basket and I'll put in the things while you are getting ready," Grace said.

Ten minutes after Nora came back, picking up one bundle after another, smelling and pinching them, as she exclaimed:

"Tea! coffee! sugar! crackers! wine! the cold chicken I fixed for your lunch, sure! And jelly! Oh, may you live forever! For what would we do without you, sure! Oh, the mother and the childers will pray for you every day that they live."

With the grateful Nora's words still sounding in her ear, Grace Wentworth sat down to think over the scene about the diamond ring.

"Oh, how must Harry have been hurt and disappointed at my reception of his gift! Ah, perhaps when he said if he had bought the ring it might have been at a severe cost, he meant that he could not have paid his men as usual. He has looked so worried oftentimes lately. I'm sorry I behaved like a child. I will try and do better in future."

When Harry came home to dinner



Grace had so much to tell about Nora's friends. But her husband said little on the subject. He had determined to cloud Grace's sunny nature as little as possible with outside troubles. And so she began to think perhaps things, or "the times," were not so bad, after all, and the next week she said:

"Harry, my hat is out of date. Almost all of my friends have got their fall fixings, and cannot I have mine?"

"What is necessary?" Harry asked in a tone Grace did not like at all. So she said:

"Necessary! Nothing. I suppose I can stay in the house."

"What do you wish, then, Grace?" her husband asked gravely.

"A hat, a fall suit, gloves, shoes and some new ribbons. Harry, I declare, by your looks, one would suppose I was extravagant. I've not had a hat for three months," Grace said, the quick tears coming again. Alas! for her good intentions.

"What will they cost?" he simply asked.

"A hundred dollars I might make do."

He looked as if about to remonstrate, but then, with a sigh, he took up his hat, asking:

"When must you have it?"

"This is Friday; I should like it by Monday, please."

"Very well; I will try to have it for you. "Good-bye," he said; and pressing his lips to hers went out.

"Now Harry is worried because I asked him for that trifle. I declare, the more one gives up, the more she may," pouted Grace. "I don't care. I'm not going out looking dowdy. I will put on my things now and go and engage Mrs. Harding to do my suit the first of the week."

"Are you busy?" she asked, entering the dressmaker's room.

"No, indeed; I wish we were. Scarcely any work at all, and no pay for what we have done," Mrs. Harding said, with a sigh.

A groan from the next room caused

her to go hurriedly out. After several minutes' absence, she returned and said:

"Maggie is suffering so terribly with her eyes, poor child; it almost sets me crazy to see her so."

"Yes, I remember they were troubling her considerably some months ago. Was it occasioned by trying them too severely?" Grace asked.

"Yes, yes; every night until almost morning, and on very trying materials, too. Do you remember that embroidered black cashmere of Mrs. Osborn's? That was the finishing stroke, I believe."

"Yes, I do. No amount could pay the cost of that suit, I should feel. Does she know it?" asked Grace.

Just at that moment the door opened and a girl entered. Mrs. Harding asked quickly:

"Have you got it?"

"Not a cent. She read your note, and I told her how terribly Maggie was suffering—"

"God help us! What shall we do?" groaned the mother.

"What is it? Tell me, do!" said Gracie, going up to Mrs. Harding and taking her hand.

"Oh, I sent to Mrs. Osborn again. I have been sending for weeks without success. This time I made such an appeal I thought she could not resist. I begged her to send me enough only to send Maggie to B—— to have her eyes attended to. But, you see, she has not done it. She owes us, Maggie mostly, fifty dollars. I begged for thirty dollars, or, if not so much, any amount," the poor mother sobbed forth.

"Perhaps she has it not. Her husband could not pay his workmen last week," Grace was saying, when the poor woman cried out:

"I know it; and I know more than that. I know that the same week he bought and paid for a pearl cross and chain that cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars. My neighbor's boy is employed in Gray's, where it was bought.

He told me. And now, now my poor child is almost dying with pain and quite blind. They will not pay us a dollar. How can she wear that cross, knowing this?"

"May I see Maggie?" Grace asked.

"Yes; but it is no use to have you distressed about her."

Poor Maggie had heard the girl's reply when she returned. Ah, what a heavy cross she had to bear then. She had hoped so much. She was so confident of the skill of the oculist whom she was advised to seek.

She was praying for strength when Grace came in:

"Dear Lord, give me strength to bear my suffering! Savior, help me bear my cross!" Grace heard her whisper.

So pale, so wan, so thin, so patient! Ah, Grace saw what suffering was then.

"I cannot see you, but I hear you, dear lady. Come, sit close by me; I'm glad you are here. Poor mother is almost broken down. Try to cheer her a little."

Grace's tears were flowing—she could not answer just then. After a little she asked, because she knew not what else to say, I think:

"What is the doctor's name—the one you wish to consult?"

"Doctor Mason," Maggie answered.

"Doctor Mason! Charles Mason?" Grace asked quickly.

"Yes, madam."

"Then, my dear, my patient little Maggie, you shall go to him tomorrow—or just as soon as you can. He is my father's dearest friend, and a distant relative. Maggie, you shall go right to him. It will cost only the fare to B—, and we will manage that," Grace said, kissing the pale brow of patient Maggie, and adding, "I have enough money for that now with me. Mrs. Harding, come here," Grace called.

"Mother, God has helped us quickly," Maggie said.

Again kissing the gentle girl, Grace hurried off with her mother's blessing following her. She would not tell the mother of what she was about that

night. "Not until I get Maggie off," she said.

Grace then consulted Nora about the probability of getting one of her nieces to go and help Mrs. Harding for a few days. "Do you think either of them would go, Nora?"

"Sure and I know they will, and for not a rid cint of pay, but one of your own blessed smiles. And if you would go for thim yourself, sure, and its the whole o' thim that'll be after following you to the ind of the earth if you go," Nora answered.

"Then I will go myself, Nora," Grace said.

It was Saturday afternoon again.

"Suffering enough anywhere now, I think," said Grace, as she sat in Nora's brother's home.

"Just wait a bit till the father comes, and then Katie'll go with you. She be after wantin' to know if it's any pay that he gets," said the mother.

Eagerly they watched for the father. At length a cry from one of the children told of his coming. Heavy was his tread. Heavy grew the heart that knew him best.

"Ah, it's nothing. There's no life in his tread. The childers' cries are tearing his heart strings now," the mother wailed.

"An Pat, my man, how is it wid ye?"

"Nothin' at all. Not a red cint. Oh, bad luck to me if iver I do a stroke of work for him agin."

And down on the table beside him went his great shaggy head, with a heavy thump, and a loud cry escaped his lips.

"The childers will be starvin'!"

"Oh, I cannot stand this," Grace cried, starting up. "Here, Mrs. O'Flynn, it's only \$2. I have no more."

She was about to run out, when the door opened and a voice called:

"Pat, where are ye, me man? Cheer up a bit. Don't be cast down. It's Dan O'Kelly that can give ye a lift. Here! It's no childers I have. I'll divide wid ye. It's \$12 that I have,

thanks to the boss. May the Lord bless every hair of his head!"

"Yis, bless him! He's a man that'll not be wearing of diamonds when his hands are starvin', nor drinking of wine when it's not a drop of tae that the woman or childers can have. Yis, good luck and long life to Mister Wentworth! God bless him and his forever!" exclaimed Pat, and his cry was joined by his wife and his friend.

Grace stole away, followed by Katie, whose young heart was light again. Grace left her with Mrs. Harding, who was very thankful for the timely help.

"Harry! dear Harry! there, sit still in your chair. Let me be at your feet. Can you forgive your unworthy little wife?" Grace said.

"Why, Grace, child, what do you mean?" Harry asked, raising her to his lap.

"Harry, I don't want that money. I only want to be worthy of my noble and just husband. I want to help you in all your good acts, not retard them. I know why I could not have the ring. Ah, there is my sweet little bouquet! I will keep it forever to remind me of my naughtiness that day.

"No, no; dear wife; only as a reminder of your husband's love," Harry said, caressing her.

"Oh, Harry, I've heard blessings enough on you today, and almost curses on another. I would not wear that cross of Linnette's for all the world. How much suffering, how many tears, has every one of these pearls cost? Oh, it is a heavy, heavy cross she wears!" Grace said.

"Yes, dear, if I had given you what I wished so much, my men—some of them—would have gone unpaid. I was only just, my wife."

"And I was just a spoiled child, as you said. But now, my husband, I am going to try to be a true woman," Grace answered.

"That's my own darling, my precious wife. I have been rather despondent for a few days, but with your dear help, I think we'll stem the tide—at any rate

we will do the very best we can. And if my little wife has fewer diamonds, she will have more blessings," Harry said, his eyes filled with more than admiration and devotion as they rested on her.

A week after, Grace had a letter from Dr. Mason, giving good hope of Maggie's eyes being again as well and strong as ever.—*Chicago Herald.*

#### A LITTLE MAID.

Away off in the beautiful country of Greece, a long, long time ago, says the *Springfield Republican*, there lived a little maiden, the daughter of a King. Her name was Gorgo—not a very pretty name, perhaps, to us who are used to calling little girls Maud and Ethel and Helen, but a strong name, and therefore quite appropriate to the little maid who bore it, as you shall see. In those old times there used to be many wars, and the country of Sparta, the part of Greece where Gorgo lived, was famous for its brave warriors, who never thought for a moment of their own safety when their country was in danger. Sometimes these were not good wars, but wars for spite and revenge instead of for freedom and loyalty to beautiful Greece.

Some wicked man would wish to avenge an injury he had received, and in order to do this he would go about among the different kingdoms and persuade the rulers to join with him and try to overcome his enemy; and then there would be terrible bloodshed in order to satisfy one wicked man's revenge. Aristagoras was such a man as this. He was dissatisfied with his king, and wished to become the king himself instead. One day he came to Sparta on this evil errand, and tried to persuade King Cleomenes, the father of little Gorgo, to help his base project. He talked with the king a long time. He promised him power and honor and money if he would do as he wished; more and more money; and, as the king refused, still more and more

money he offered, and at last the king almost consented.

But it had happened that when Aristagoras had come into the presence of the king, the king's little daughter was standing by his side with her hand in his. Aristagoras wanted Cleomenes to send her away, for he knew very well that it is much harder to induce a man to do something wrong when there is a dear little child at his side. But the king had said: "No; say what you have to say in her presence, too." And so little Gorgo had sat at her father's feet, looking up into his face with her innocent eyes, and listening intently to all that was said. She felt that something was wrong, and when she saw her father look troubled and hesitate, and cast down his eyes, she knew the strange visitor was trying to make him do something he did not quite want to do. She stole her little hand softly into her father's and said:

"Papa, come away, come, or this strange man will make you do wrong."

This made the king feel strong again, and, clasping the little maid's hand tightly in his own, he rose and left the tempter and went away with the child who had saved him and his country from dishonor. Gorgo was only ten years old then, but she was worthy to be a king's daughter, because, being good and true herself, she helped her father to be good and true also.

When she grew to be a woman she became the wife of a king, and then she showed herself as noble a queen as she had been a princess. Her husband was that King Leonidas who stood in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ with his small army and fought back the great hosts of the Persians until he and all his heroic band were killed. But before this happened there was a time when the Grecians did not know that the great Persian army was coming to try and destroy them; and a friend of theirs, who was a prisoner in the country where the great Xerxes lived, wishing to warn the Spartans of the coming of the the Persians, so they might prepare,

sent a messenger to King Leonidas. But when the messenger arrived, all he had to show for his message was a bare, white waxen tablet. The king and all the lords puzzled over this strange tablet a long time, but could make nothing out of it. At last they began to think it was done for a jest, and did not mean anything.

But just then the young Queen Gorgo said: "Let me take it," and after looking it all over she exclaimed, "There must be some writing underneath the wax!"

They scraped away the wax from the tablet, and there, sure enough, written on the wood beneath, was the message of the Grecian prisoner and his warning to King Leonidas.

Thus Gorgo helped her country a second time, for if the Spartans had not known that the army was coming they could not have warned the other kingdoms, and perhaps the Persians would not have been conquered. But as it was, Leonidas and the other kings called their armies together, and when the Persian host came sweeping over the plains the Greeks were ready to meet them, and to fight and die for their beautiful Greece.

So this one little maid of hundreds of years ago, princess and queen, helped to save her father from disgrace and her country from ruin. And we may feel sure that she was strong and true to the last, even when her brave husband, Leonidas, lay dead in the fearful pass of Thermopylæ, and she was left to mourn in the royal palace at Sparta.

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GUEST—"See here, waiter, why don't you cut the eyes out of these potatoes before you send them on the table?"

Waiter—"Why you see, sir, our kitchen staff is a little disorganized at present on account of the marriage of the chief abluter of the porcelain, an—"

Guest—"And what, sir?"

Waiter—"An' her place is at present filled by the gentleman which ordinarily acts as culinary optician."

## NO ROOM FOR OLD MOTHER.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself."

"You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went west to begin for himself. He said we had

provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me."

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything, so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent, old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof; he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly be-

fore his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn, homeless in the world to go to John.—*Lu B. Cuke, in Current.*

#### HAUNTED TO DEATH.

About three months ago, says the New York *Star*, a woman named Eva Hebron died at Bound Brook, N. J. Just previous to her death she obtained a promise from her husband that he would never marry again. He soon forgot his promise, and his wife had been in her grave scarcely six weeks when he sought to soothe his sorrows by wedding Mary Chandler, a buxom widow of some forty years. She was a Roman Catholic, and Hebron immediately renounced his connection with the Methodist Church and embraced Catholicism. Shortly after his second marriage his acquaintances began to notice that he acted queerly. He seemed ill at ease, and had the appearance of a man haunted with some secret trouble. He said himself that he was troubled with insomnia. One night he arose from a troubled sleep to watch the burning of the Episcopal church in this place, which was on fire. Suddenly, while watching the flames, he started back with an exclamation of horror, and in spite of all his wife could do to arouse him, he appeared as though held by some strange fascin-

ation. Then he shrank back, placed his hands before his eyes as though to shut out some horrible vision, all the while trembling in every limb.

He called upon his wife to see the spirit of his dead wife, which had come to haunt him, and remind him of the broken promise he made her on her death-bed. He also declared that she brought an army of ghastly creatures to end his life—ten thousand devils, who jeered and giped at him. He then fell to the floor in a dead faint. From that time Hebron believed he was a doomed man. His dreams were hideous, and his wakeful moments frightful. One morning he came to some of his friends with a countenance more ghastly than ever, and told them of a dream he had had during the night. He said he thought the skeleton of his first wife lay beside him, and when in terror he sprang from the bed the specter followed him. At length it pinioned him to the wall with one of its long, ghastly fingers, and he felt his life blood ooze from his pierced heart and drip to the floor. Then, he said, the specter licked up his flowing blood, screaming: "So I stop the vitality of my false husband."

This story convinced Hebron's friends that he was insane, and they were taking steps to put him in the asylum when one morning of last week he was found dead in his bed. He had died from fright.

#### HOGANSHELF'S CURSE.

A horrible story comes from Stroudsburg, the county seat of Monroe county. Hillary Hoganshelf and Alvin Kemming were farmers and lived on adjoining farms. They had a quarrel about a new fence, went to law and Mr. Hoganshelf defeated Mr. Kemming. Hoganshelf then commanded Kemming never to speak to him, and even remain from his funeral. He warned his people, and hoped lightning would strike his coffin if his wishes were not respected. Finally Hoganshelf took

sick, and again emphasized his wishes about Kemming. Death soon came, but Kemming was invited to be a pall-bearer, and he accepted. The funeral took place, and nothing happened until the straps were being removed from under the coffin. Suddenly a black cloud sailed over the heavens and rain fell in torrents. A flash of lightning startled everybody, crashed into the grave, and split the coffin. The mourners fled in terror, and the grave was not closed until after the storm.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

#### ROMANCE OF WAR.

My friend Dave, says a writer in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, is one of your quiet vets who has little to say of his army life, though few could give a more thrilling experience. You might know him long without discovering that he had been in the service of Uncle Sam through those eventful years, 1861-5, and that he carries on his body painful reminders of that terrible conflict. In the Ohio community, where he has lived from childhood and still lives, respected and honored by all, the facts here given are well known:

During the summer of 1864, in one of the hot skirmishes near Winchester, our young Ohio soldier received what he, and his comrades considered a fatal wound in one of the lungs. In the hurried retreat of the Union forces he was left upon the field in an apparently dying condition. When last seen by his fellow-soldiers blood was flowing from his mouth, and the news was flashed across the wires: "Left upon the field dying." In the same skirmish a fellow-soldier of the same company, and from the same neighborhood, received what also appeared to be a deadly hurt. The two were carried to a neighboring farm house to die, while other prisoners were hurried on to Richmond. My friend Dave was single. His wounded comrade had left behind him a young wife.

As they lay side by side in the attic of the Virginia farm house each, as best

he could in his weakness, tried to cheer the other. If, perchance, one should survive, he was to bear the mementoes and messages of love to the dear ones at home. But it was evident from the first that Dave's comrade had received a mortal hurt. Toward the closing hours of that first night his mind began to wander; there were visions of the home in Ohio, the fond wife, the boy he had never seen, and with those in his thoughts and upon his lips his life went out. As our young soldier saw the remains of his comrade borne from his side to be laid away to their last rest by strange hands, there came over him a feeling of utter desolation and loneliness. He had no other thought than that he would soon follow, and in his weakness and loneliness little cared he how soon. But friendly fates had ordered otherwise.

Dave soon discovered that he was among friends. The mistress of this Virginia home, who tenderly cared for him as a mother, gave him to know that she was not "Secesh" but Union. The discovery gave him new heart and hope. His wound began to heal, the tide turned, and so rapid were the healing processes of nature that in the course of a week full recovery was assured. In another week the rebel guards concluded that Dave was able for the trip to Richmond. His nurse had other plans in view. On the night previous to that fixed for the "On to Richmond," by the assistance of some Union friends of the colored persuasion, the Ohio boy was conveyed to a safe hiding place in the direction of the Union lines, which he finally reached after many narrow escapes and several days and nights of intense suffering and privation.

In four weeks from the day that the news was carried to his home that he was dying in the hands of the enemy, Dave was in that home, and father and mother were weeping with sacred joy over the boy they had mourned as dead. But what of the young widow whose husband had breathed his life out in

that Virginia home? Thereby hangs a tale. Dave and she had been friends from childhood. On the village green they had played together in the happy days of girlhood and boyhood. When the cruel war was over he did not forget the covenant he made with his dying comrade. In the higher and holier way than either soldier dreamed of then, the survivor fulfilled his vow by making the soldier's widow a soldier's wife again, and for twenty years and more has been to her a loving and faithful husband, and she has been to him a loving and faithful wife. The babe of '64 is now one of the stalwart "Sons of the Veterans" ready, if need be, to give his life as his father did to the Union.

There came before me, as I write, tender memories of a quiet Sabbath eve in the autumn of '64, when the remains of the young soldier, which had been brought from Virginia, were laid to their rest at his own home, among his own kindred. From near and far friends had gathered to pay honor to the dead. Men who seldom wept, cried like children as they stood by the grave on the hillside, and saw the bride of a year before a widow and mother, and thought of the trials and hardships before her, now that she was alone in the world. Around that same grave a few weeks ago friends gathered to scatter flowers. In the company were a middle-aged matron with whom time has gently dealt. By her side stood our friend Dave, and the son of him in whose memory they gathered there. And strong men wept again as they remembered that Sabbath of '64, and how the young Union soldier, when dying in the valley of Virginia, had bidden his comrade care for his wife and boy, and then went to receive his crown.

Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers  
his creatures' dim sight,  
He always vouchsafes some deliverance, throws  
some one a sweet ray of light.

MEN should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.—*Mlle. Scuderi*.

## THE HUMAN FAMILY.

The human family living today on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average 120 to to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile; not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining, 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishings; 260,000,000 having nothing that can be called a home are barbarous and savage. The range is from the top-most round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.—*New York Commercial News*.

## TRUE NOBILITY.

"Many a man has died unhonored and unsung, who left in every footprint, from childhood to the tomb, a rich and brilliant legacy to the world; and no legacy worth commemorating was ever left the world which was not baptized in the sweat of honest toil. From mental and physical exertion the earth has been made to blossom; the seas



have been covered with life, civilization has shot its sunshine into the gloom of rudeness, and science has rained its softness on the world.

On every field that bears a tempting harvest on its breast, on every brick in every building that was ever reared, on every book of value that was ever written, on every thought that burns to light the world, in every workshop and mine and furnace and factory, wherever labor sweats, are written the credentials of true nobility."

### THE GAME WAS FUNNY.

At Mount Clemens, Mich., recently a nine was selected from the theatrical and other people sojourning at that favorite resort of health and hilarity engaged in a game of ball with a team from a neighboring village. The visiting team consisted of the flower of the Butcher and Fenton families, eked out by their relations. There are several familiar names among the missing links. The bill announcing the game is a curiosity in its way. It is reproduced below. The original was printed on green, which fact conveys the impression that Tommy Barrett and Dick McDonald were on the printing committee. The pitcher of the Missing Links is supposed to be an escaped bomb-thrower, his name and his bum pitching warranting the suspicion.

### BASE BAWL.

EXPERTS of Richmond, Mich.	VS. When and WHERE.	MISSING LINKS. of right here.
Next Wednesday afternoon July 21st, 1886.		
IS THE		
day set apart for the affray. Let the		
TOWN		
turn out and witness the best game of the season.		
Game called at three p. m. local time according to your own		
CLOCK.		
CALLED BALLS.		

Parties with false teeth are not allowed to laugh out loud.

The undertaker will represent Romeo on this occasion.

Calling the umpire a liar except in a whisper, is considered unparliamentary and ungladstonish.

Stealing bases on roller skates<sup>®</sup> not permitted.

Players must not go to third base before they get to first.

Soaping the home plate not allowed.

As the umpire is a particular friend of the sheriff, marshall and police, his decisions must not be questioned.

Half-fare on all the cross-roads.

The carrying of chewing gum, pie, cheese and other deadly weapons not allowed.

No one allowed to sit near first base as it interferes with the view from the jail.

Dogs must not monkey with the ball during the game.

Players having more than three fingers broken will be allowed to holler "rats."

Should the umpire be unfavorable the game will be postponed until the next rainy day.

### LIST OF RECORD BREAKERS.

EXPERTS.	MISSING LINKS.
F. Butcher, lf.....	C. O. Seamon, lb.....
C. Fenton, p.....	W. C. Cameron, rf.....
D. Butcher, 2b.....	C. A. Mason, cf.....
Mr. Sullon, rf.....	T. D. Barret, cf.....
C. Butcher, cf.....	T. F. Culloton, 2b.....
F. Fenton, c.....	Dick McDonald, lf.....
Mr. Heath, ss.....	Frank Phillips, c.....
Mr. Smith, 3b.....	O. Lungershausen, p.....
Mr. Fuller, lb.....	

Joe Coleman and H. Tucker, substitutes.  
 Billy Baker—Original Missing Link.  
 Nick Norton—Water boy.  
 Gus Williams—Scorer and peacemaker.  
 Extra Bills may be bought of the town barber.—  
*Critic and Empire.*

### COLONEL STANLEY'S ROMANCE.

On the day at Yellow Tavern, says the *Chevenne Leader*, when the rideis of the South followed Stuart's plume into the hurtling death storm of fifty guns, Colonel Stanley rode boot to boot with the great cavalry leader. As the smoke thickened and the iron storm swept with redoubled fury through the ranks of the charging gray, Stuart raised himself in his stirrups and broke into the words of his favorite song, "The Dew is on the Blossom." The mellow voice of the charging leader was the colonel's last remembrance of the onset. A grapeshot tearing through

his right breast hurled him from the saddle, and he made one of thousands stretched upon that bloody field.

When next his eyes opened they looked upon the surroundings of a Richmond hospital cot. At the side of the cot sat "Mammy," the negress who had nursed him as a baby, amused him as a child, attended him as a youth, and followed him to the battle field. Learning that her young master and foster child had fallen, "Mammy" had followed by the dim light of the lantern, through half the night, the awful track of that terrible charge. Mangled limbs, shattered breasts, contorted features, and blood-bedabbled locks paled the lantern's feeble gleam at every step, and brought to the cheek of the negress the peculiar ashen hue lent by terror to the dusky skin of her race.

At last the right heap of the slain was reached and "Mammy" drew from it the bloody form of her young master. Tenderly she cared for her foster child, and rested not until he was beneath the surgeon's care. For long months the desperately wounded soldier lay in Richmond Hospital, devotedly nursed by the old negress. When at last he left his bed he was in no condition to resume his place in the service. On a furlough he passed a year in Italy, and with the hue of health once more upon his cheek and the strength of manhood in his arm, he hastened back to strike a last blow for the Confederacy. Participating in the closing shocks of the great conflict, he rode in that last effort of desperate courage, by which Gordon's cavalry cut their way through the encompassing Federal ranks.

Here he received the saber cut whose grim and livid trace still marks his features. In the cabin of a Virginia mountaineer the colonel recovered from his second wound, and then made his way out of the country. Locating on the Brazilian diamond fields, still attended by the faithful "Mammy," he was fortunate from the first. He soon had a fortune in his possession, and selecting Southern California as his fu-

ture home, he purchased and stocked a ranch, and has since led the free and independent life of the plains.

"And now," said the colonel, in conclusion, "would you not like to see 'Mammy'?" "Most assuredly," was the reply, and to the colonel's call there came forth an aged and bent negress. "You see," said the colonel, "she will not leave me." "Not," said Mammy, "until the Lord calls."

#### THOUGHT THE FIGHTING HAD BEGUN.

One hundred anarchists were drilling in an up-town hall.

"Attention! Carry arms! Forward, march!"

"Bang! bang! ziss!"

Seventy-five men dashed for the door and tumbled over each other down stairs, ten jumped out of the third-story window, eight fainted, six fell on their knees and commenced praying, and one nearly butted out his brains trying to crawl into a mouse-hole.

Some one had carelessly dropped two parlor matches on the floor, and when they were stepped on and exploded, the communists, who were training for a fight, thought it had begun.—*Alta California*.

THE clock had struck midnight in the residence of a congressman and still the young man in the parlor did not go. The young fellow had been away for two weeks and the girl's father was willing that he should have a fair show, but this was too much, and at last he went to the head of the stairs and listened a minute. "Mollie!" he called, sharply. "Yes, papa," came the silvery voice of his child, with a slightly smothered accent. "It is after 12 o'clock." "Yes, papa, and we're doing all we can to expedite the accumulated business. We will adjourn by-and-by, papa." The helpless father, unable to answer the argument, returned to his bed in tears.—*Washington Critic*.

## HUMOROUS.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the Judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply. "My husband drives a canal-boat."—*Merchant Traveler*.

A Sunday-school teacher in Litchfield told his infants to ask any questions they had in their minds, and a little one asked: "When is the circus coming."—*Galveston News*.

"Is there anything more excruciating than the music of a Japanese tom-tom orchestra?" asks a writer. Did you ever hear the music of an American tom-tom cat?—*Burlington Free Press*.

"Papa," inquires Johnny, "what is a chestnut?" "O, a statement repeated over and over." "The butcher has one on you then, pa." "What's that, my son?" "I'll pay you tomorrow."—*Texas Siftings*.

The reason Eve was not created before Adam was the Lord knew if He made the woman first and then tried to get a man to suit her He might as well quit and go fishing.—*San Angelo (Tex.) Enterprise*.

She—You seem blue; have you lost a friend?

He—No; I have just gained one. I asked Miss Clara if she would be my wife and she said: "No, but I'll be your friend."—*Life*.

He was a Dutch barber on a coroner's jury and after sitting quietly for an hour during the inquest, arose, peered into the face of the corpse, and then, turning to the rest of the jury, said: "Mein Gott, dot man ish dead!"

Wife—Why didn't you come home last night? Husband—Well, the fact is, I lost my latch-key, and I tried the door and couldn't get in, so I went down-town again, because I did not want to wake you up. Wife—You left your key on the mantelpiece, and, seeing it there, I, of course, left the latch up. Husband—By the way, I saw a beautiful little watch down-town

today, which I ordered to be engraved and sent to you.

A little chap told by his mother to say his prayers and to ask for what he wanted, prayed for "one hundred brothers and fifty sisters." The mother was so disgusted with the petition that she hurried the little sinner off to bed before he could say, Amen.—*Brunswick Telegraph*.

Eighteen thousand dollars is an enormous price to pay for a small peach-blow vase, that's a fact; but look at the man who squanders \$30,000 on the flowing bowl, and all he has to show for it is a peach-blow nose, not one-fourth the size of the vase aforesaid!—*Norristown Herald*.

A Boston man saw a good-looking woman drop her glove from a car window just as the train was moving from the station. He rushed forward, grabbed the glove, as he supposed, and racing alongside of the car, handed the fair one a banana-skin, which he had picked up by mistake.—*Exchange*.

A mathematical calculation has shown that if the muscles of a man were relatively as strong as those of a flea, he could throw a book agent two miles.—*Richmond State*. But that wouldn't hurt the book agent to any great extent, as he would very likely fall on his traditional cheek.—*Texas Siftings*.

Stumps, the farmer, has married a city girl who is trying to learn country ways. She has heard her husband say that he must buy a dog, and responds: "Oh, yes! do, Chawles, buy a setter dog. He can be a watchdog at night and set on the eggs all day, for I can't make the hens set, though I've held 'em down an hour at a time."—*Life*.

"Say," observed Tommy to Mr. Gimlet the other evening, "Does it hurt a man to be shot?" "Of course it does, Tommy," replied that gentleman. "Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing," responded the youth, "only

I should think you'd suffer awfully. I heard pa tell Mary last night that you had been half shot for the past six months."—*New York Graphic*.

Traveling clergyman (to hotel porter)—What is in those bottles, porter?

Porter—Dem is han' grenades, sah. Dey is a precaution agin' fire.

Clergyman—And what is that book on the table?

Porter—De bible, sah—another precaution agin' fire.

Clergyman—Call me at 7 o'clock sharp.—*New York Sun*.

#### CHASING THE GREASED PIG.

A constant reader who has been brought up in a large city asks the question: "What is a greased pig, and what is he used for?" Gentle reader, your education has been sadly neglected. A greased pig is generally used on the Fourth of July in country towns to help enliven the people who are celebrating. First they get all the men and boys in line who wish to participate in the sport. Then they catch some grease and rub a pig on it; then they let it escape and the one who succeeds in catching the grease is entitled to the pig. A long, narrow, swift pig is always preferable. One that will have presence of mind enough to crawl through a fence just as the head man succeeds in getting hold of his hind leg. The man may break down the fence with his face, and run a rail through his diaphragm, or be pulled through the fence, stomach first, but everything goes. Especially the pig. When a man enters a race of this kind it isn't necessary to wear his best clothes. Nothing so discourages a nice suit of clothes as to be obliged to associate with a swiftly moving pig which has been treated to a coat of nasty, bad-smelling grease. The writer once attended one of these little Fourth of July festivals. It took place in a small grove that adjoined a man's farm, and all the lum tum of the town and the farms in its immediate vicinity were

there. Large healthy farmer boys, dressed for the occasion, accompanied by their sweethearts, also toggged out in their best bib and tucker, strolled about among the trees or sat upon the ground and gayly chatted, while mingled with their voices came the constant crack-crack of the peanut shell. Some ate ice cream, while anon a sound like the exhaust pipe to a kitchen sink would break upon the air as some broad-shouldered farmer lad after finishing his lemonade would try to suck a piece of lemon skin through a leaky straw.

They did not forget to bring along the old brass canon and its continuous boom had a tendency to make those not used to loud noise, tired. So, when the "old vet" who had handled the swab during the war, and was now engineering the firing, got three fingers and a thumb blown off, a gentle sigh of relief arose from the multitude; but there were more "old vets" on the ground who still had all their fingers and thumbs with them, and the old canon continued to make itself heard. As the day wore on apace, and the games progressed, the long looked for greased pig was brought forth, and the men to enter the race were placed in line. The writer had on his best clothes and did not wish to participate, but the young lady whom he was with insisted upon his entering the race. She had seen him run once when her father's dog had chased him, and she was confident that he could outrun anything except an express train. Well, after a great deal of coaxing on her part, he finally decided to enter, and although he didn't wish to associate with the pig any more than necessary, the eye of the public was upon him, and he decided to catch that pig or die. Finally the animal was liberated, and with a yell the crowd started in pursuit. Away they went, now falling over stumps, now climbing a fence, now wading a creek, but the "city feller" ever in the lead. As the pig began to warm up to his work the

grease got softer and more slippery, but the pig was beginning to lose his grip. By this time the writer and the pig were far in the lead, and at every bound his porkship lost ground. Far in the distance could be heard the yells of the multitude, while the old brass cannon was left to cool off. Consumptives, who hadn't yelled for years, got there now with renewed vinegar. Old men and women who had been afraid for years to move a muscle without taking plenty of time to it, on account of their "rheumatix," now climbed up on the fence and wagons, and waved their hats and shawls like all possessed. On —on they went, fast and furious; but the pig was beginning to feel his fat, and at last the writer, with one grand spurt, grabbed the unclean beast by both hind legs just as he dove under a corn crib. The crib had seen its best days, and the posts upon which it stood had long since become worm-eaten and rotten. The writer had taken the precaution to fill his hands with sand when he started, and when he lit on to the hind legs of that hog he was there to stay. As the hog darted under the crib his pursuer did likewise, and the commotion that followed upset the crib in such a way that man and hog were pinned firmly together. A large beam pressed heavily upon his neck; holding his face against the pig's greasy side, while the pig showed his dislike to such familiarity by kicking and squealing. When the crowd came up they raised the crib and tenderly spread the "city feller" out on the grass. There were large rents in his clothes where the pig had tried to kick himself loose, while grease enough hung to his person to make a kettle full of soft soap.

No bones were broken, but the hog had so completely kicked the wind out of him that it was the best part of an hour before he could get around with any comfort. That, gentle reader, was the writer's first experience in greased pig chasing. Some day you may be stranded in a country town on the glo-

rious Fourth. Best take the advice of one who has been there on all fours, and shun that pig as you would a fertilizer factory. Your lady friends may insist on your entering the race, but for heaven's sake have the presence of mind to order ice cream, and thus divert their thoughts. If this doesn't work, have a fit, or spasm, but don't chase the pig.—*Peck's Sun*.

#### WIFE DOES THE MILKING.

"A little story" brings to mind with renewed force the old proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction." We were talking of what disposition to make of a kicking cow, when our hired man said:

"I guess I can find a customer for her. There's an Irishman up in R— who bought a cow of one of our neighbors. He told the Irishman that he must tell him one thing about the cow before he closed the bargain—that the cow would sometimes kick."

The tender "God-ordained protector" of our sex replied:

"That makes no difference, my wife does the milking."

I have often heard such things told, and have sometimes thought they must have been made up "to point a moral or adorn a tale." But this is a fact, for I questioned the man about it, and he said he knew it was true.—*Woman's Journal*.

#### MASTERLY SELF-PROTECTION.

Captain Jack Adams formerly of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the present sergeant-at-arms of the State Legislature, has a keen sense of humor, and can appreciate anything that has even 40 per cent of a joke about it. One afternoon during those dark days of the late civil war the Captain was walking along a lonely road in Virginia, some distance from his camp, when a noise in an adjacent field attracted his attention. In double-quick time he arrived upon the scene. There lay the carcass of as fine "a mutton" as ever

graced the table of an epicurean brigadier; standing over it with a "sheepish" look was a six-foot-three soldier, with his rifle. Under Captain Jack's penetrating and questioning glance the boy in blue never winced, but with a look of injured innocence volunteered the remark: "I'll be hanged if I'll let any darned sheep bite me!"—*Boston Courier*.

#### WELL SAID.

An old writer says: "What more beautiful embodiment is there on this earth, of true sentiment, than the young wife who has given herself to a man in his weakness, to make him strong, to enter into the hard battle of his life and bear the brunt of it for him; to go down with him in disaster, if he fall, and cling to him for what he is; to rise with him in the competence achieved; remembering, both of them, how it grew little by little, and by what methods of frugal industry it was nourished; having it also, not as his, but theirs, the reward of their common perseverance, and the token of their consolidated love."

#### FORTY YEARS AGO.

There was time to live.  
Men slept yet in their beds.  
The epoch of haste had not come.  
The saddle was the emblem of speed.  
Brawn and brains went hand in hand.  
We were still a nation of handworkers.

A day's journey was a serious matter.  
The highways were dusty and populous.

No house contained a sewing-machine.  
The canvas covered wagon was the ark of trade.

The turnpike was still the great artery of trade.

There was not a mower or harvester in existence.

The land was lighted with candles after nightfall.

Butter was unmarketable 100 miles from the dairy.

The steam saw-mill had just begun to devour the forest.

The lord of a thousand acres sat with his harvesters at dinner.

The day began with the dawn and not with the train's arrival.

The spinning-wheel and shuttle sounded in every farmer's house.

He who counted his possessions by the square mile kept open house for the wayfarer.

The telegraph had begun in Washington and ended in New York twelve months before.

The rich were lavish in an abundance which was not yet coveted by the keen eye of commerce.

From East to West was the pilgrimage of a life; from North to South was a voyage of discovery.—*Port Deposit (Md.) Call*.

A LADY riding upon a street car saw a little boy whom she knew. "So you have a little sister, Willie," she remarked pleasantly. "Is she a pretty baby?" "She looks just like mamma," was the smiling answer. "What do you call her?" asked the lady. "She's named after mamma," answered the little fellow promptly. Everybody was smiling, and the lady inquired the color of the baby's hair. "It's the same color as mamma's," he responded timidly. A gentleman who had been amused by the dialogue asked the wee man if the new little sister was a good baby. "Yes, sir;" was the prompt reply. "She is just like mamma!"

THE governor of Algeria has discovered a use for standing armies in time of peace. The greater part of the grain crop, he reports, has just been saved by turning the military loose on the locusts and crickets. No less than 276 cubic meters of locust's eggs and 9,500 cubic meters of crickets were destroyed. The forced labor employed for this purpose, adds the report, represents a day's work of 1,700,000 natives, a sad commentary on the son of the desert's capacity for work.—*New York World*.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

Correspondents will bear in mind that under no consideration will we give their names to any inquirers. Write on one side of the paper, and give us your name with your *nom de plume*. Address

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERT MCCLOSKEY has been reinstated as a member of Rock Island Lodge, No. 2.

DAVID ALT has been expelled from St. Joseph Lodge, No. 9 for conduct unbecoming a member of the Association.

BROTHER Pat Wolfe, member of Denver Lodge No. 15, was pretty badly shaken up by being dragged under a passenger coach recently.

BROTHER Tom Bennett, of the Illinois Central road, has returned home after a five-weeks' visit at Hot Springs, Ark., very much improved in health.

WE regret to announce that Deputy Grand Master Drury has been confined to his home for several weeks by sickness. However, he will soon be himself again.

FRED LEGACY, general yardmaster of the C., St. L. & W., who met with an accident a short time ago, is about again, and will soon be able to perform his

duties again. Fred is well liked among the switchmen, and all will be pleased to hear of his recovery.

MR. G. C. ROURKE, of Denver Lodge, No. 15, called on us on the 26th. Mr. Rourke reports No. 15 in good condition with bright prospects. He is on his way east to visit his old home.

OWING to our convention being held late in the month and our desire to publish as complete proceedings as possible of the same, the JOURNAL in all probability will be delayed a few days next month.

TOLEDO Lodge, No. 14, contemplate giving an excursion to Detroit soon. That's right boys, mingle together, get better acquainted, take your families and sweethearts for a sail on Lake Erie, and you will be improved by so doing.

REPORT has it that our friend Peter Dumas has been dreaming of brown-stone fronts of late. That is, he would not be satisfied in caging a dove in anything short of a brown-stone front. Go it Peter, we will come—if we get an invitation.

JOHN MULVANEY, yardmaster at the Fourteenth street yard of the C., R. I. & P., has been visiting Buffalo. Report has it that his visit was not as much for temporary pleasure as looking for a "spare-rib." John will have to go again, however.

THE Chicago *Sentinel* says the interest-crop is the only one that is never spoiled by droughts, cyclones and grass-

hoppers. And, we might add, it always ripens just when we are not prepared to gather it. And an attempt to harvest it is like reaping a cyclone of droughts and grasshoppers.

WM. S. WAUDBY, Special Agent Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C., paid us a pleasant visit on the 26th of August. Mr. Waudby was on his way back to Washington, having been on business connected with the bureau in the Territories.

HENRY SIMSROTT, father of the Financial Secretary of Lodge 1, died at his residence, 110 Sangamon st., of Bright's disease. Mr. Simsrott was sixty-nine years of age and has been a resident of Chicago since 1847. He was highly respected by all who knew him.

ON July 30, brother C. H. Arnold got the first finger of the left hand caught while coupling passenger coaches at the passenger yard of the C., B. & Q. road, and badly mashed—necessitating amputation. Since then an abscess has formed in the inside of the hand which threatens another operation. He will be forced to take a vacation for some little time.

C. E. PARKE, a member of Lodge Number 1, has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Pennsylvania. He reports the switchmen in the East as anxious to organize. He says the only thing that marred his pleasure while rustivating in Pennsylvania was the water. It being bad he was forced to send six miles for a—lemonade.

KANSAS CITY Lodge Number 4 have suspended the following members for non-payment of dues: Thomas McLaughlin, Thomas Hawk, Thomas Jordan, Chas. McFee, W. W. Rickert, John E. Wallace, Benjamin Hibbert, Barney McCue, Austin Huntley, Joseph McDonnell, M. A. Forgaty and Thomas Feeney.

MR. MOWRER, yardmaster in the St. L., W. & P. yard, informs us that business was never better on that road. He works nine engines during the day and five at night. From 150 to 200 carloads of grain has been received daily, besides a large amount of miscellaneous freight. Mr. Mowrer, by the way, is quite popular with all who know him, and is very successful as a yardmaster.

JAMES BARRY, a member of Lodge 1, employed on the P., F. W. & C. road at Forty-seventh street, was caught between cars while at work on August 17, and badly squeezed. His left shoulder was severely injured while he also received injuries inwardly. His physician thinks he will come out all right, while his brother switchment hope his lay-up will be of short duration.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen hold a union meeting at Galesburg, Ill., Saturday, October 2. Grand Master F. P. Sargent will be present. He says the brotherhood has now a membership of over 17,000, and is on a sound financial basis. The union meetings that they have been holding have been of great benefit to the brotherhood. The Galesburg meeting promises to be of unusual interest, and of large proportions.



WE are now making arrangements for the offering of premiums for the agents sending in the largest number of subscriptions for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. We were unable, however, to have them completed for this issue. In our October number we propose to offer such inducements for procuring subscriptions that will be an inducement to all. Look out for them, they will be worth competing for.

G. W. CHIPMAN has left the C., M. & St. P. road, where he has been employed for the past two years, to accept the position of night yardmaster of the Wisconsin Central. Mr. Chipman is one of the old-time railroad men in Chicago, and has always been considered a faithful and trustworthy man; and in securing him, we think, the Wisconsin Central has displayed good judgment. He has our best wishes in his new field of labor.

BROTHER William Parks, of Toledo Lodge, No. 14, came near losing his life at the Lake Shore Stockyards August 7th. In making a coupling the draw-bars passed each other, pinioning him between the cars. He was conveyed to his home where he has been confined ever since. Mr. Parks is one of the most energetic members of Lodge 14, and his misfortune is regretted by all who know him. It is to be hoped he will soon be at his post again.

WE were pleased at having a call from brothers S. D. Nelson, Master and W. J. Blizzard, Financial Secretary of Lodge 21, Indianapolis, Ind. They attended the meeting of Lodge 1, Sunday evening, August 22, and expressed

themselves as well pleased with the reception given them by the boys. They report Lodge 21 as alive and promising. Let all your acts be tempered with intelligence and conservatism, boys, and you will soon be recognized as a power. Call again, brothers.

A REPORT comes to us that a sneak has been "doing" Pittsburgh, representing himself as being the Grand Master of the Switchmen's Brotherhood. He has collected no little amount of money, presumably for sick and disabled switchmen. We desire to state that there is no such an organization in existence. The only organization composed wholly of switchmen, that we know of, is the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association; and they never go begging for anything. Look out for him.

MR. W. R. LEFLET, for a long time connected with the Toledo *Railroader*, and in fact, the one who has made it one of the best railroad journals in the country, has sold it to eastern parties. The *Railroader* will hereafter be issued from Washington, D. C. Mr. Leflet is not happy, however, out of the harness, and will begin the publication of a weekly journal at Toledo, September 2, called the *Railway Service Gazette*. Of course his long service in railroad journalism is a sufficient guarantee that his new venture will be up to the standard.

JACK SENNOTT, a member of Lodge 1, met with a painful accident August 6. While attempting to board a C. & N.-W. engine at Elizabeth street he failed to catch the hand-hold, falling

to the ground his right arm was thrown under the wheels of the engine. His arm had to be taken off above the elbow. Mr. Sennott has been in the employ of the North-Western a long time and has always been reliable and faithful. His friends were pained to hear of his misfortune. At last accounts he was improving slowly. It is to be hoped that when he gets around again the company will not forget that he carries an empty sleeve as a result of his long service to the company.

MR. C. E. FARRIS, a brakeman on the C., M. & St. Paul road, had a narrow escape August 17. The conductor of the train on which he was braking had orders to meet No. 18 at Adeline. Mr. Farris, after setting several brakes to slow up the train, was in the act of getting down from the second car to open the switch, when a round of the ladder gave way, and he swung round and dropped between the cars. Retaining his presence of mind he threw himself forward, thus saving his life. Unfortunately, however, his left foot was caught by the wheel of the car and so severely injured that several of the toes had to be taken off. Mr. Farris has been railroading for twenty years and this is his first scratch.

As a long Santa Fe train came to a stand-still at a street crossing near Twenty-fourth and Wyoming streets, Kansas City, on the 14th of August, a man rode up and commenced swearing at Ed. Ricket, a member of Lodge 4, who was on the nearest car, because he could not pass. "If your're not going to pull on, pull up one of the coupling

pins and clear up the way," yelled the impatient man, "I'm a tough and not to be stopped by a — freight train." "Pull the pin yourself," said Ed., and went on about his work, thinking no more about the matter. The man rode around the train and shot at him from an unexpected point, the bullet entering his head just behind the ear and passing out near the nose, without penetrating the skull. The wound fortunately is but a slight one, but it was a close call on Ed.

IN a walk around the different yards the other day, we were told by quite a number of the boys, that the prospects for a large crop of "quiet-affairs" in the near future was good. It is a notorious fact that, while the switchman's calling is a hazardous one,—and one would naturally suppose that they had the courage to withstand almost anything—a bright and happy smile from an intelligent and lady-like woman will unnerve the best of them. Come to think about it, we have no censures to offer; in fact will encourage these "quiet-affairs" at all times. To those seriously inclined, we will commend the following description of the presents received at a "social event" in a rural Illinois town, taken from the *Omaha World*: "From father and mother of the bride, one Jersey calf; from bride to groom, hair wreath made from hair of her entire family, also six fine shirts; from brother Elias, one book of poems, one dream-book, one 'Polite Letter-Writer' and a dog; from aunt Harriet, six hens and a rooster, also one jar tomato catsup; from cousin Sarah, one poem made up by herself on bride and groom, fifteen verses in all."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE S. M. A. A.  
OF THE U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure I issue this call for our first annual convention which convenes at Kansas City, Mo., September 20, 1886. This being our first annual convention I wish to impress upon the minds of our members the fact that the delegates should come to the convention instructed and prepared to legislate in such a way that will be beneficial to the advancement of our worthy order. Our association is now quite large and is rapidly increasing, and at the present time we have a great responsibility resting upon us—that of establishing laws and regulations for the future government of our worthy order. It will be the duty of this convention, in my judgment, to enact such laws and regulations as will have a tendency to better promote and protect the interests of all concerned. We must legislate with a view of entirely prohibiting the involving of the order in any unnecessary difficulties. Believing as I do that at all times every honorable and possible means should first be exhausted before resorting to any extreme measure. What is desired (and I might add demanded) by all upright, honest, and conservative members of our association is harmonious relations with their employers. And gentlemen, and brothers, I will say, and without fear of contradiction, that there is no way to attain that much desired position unless the golden rule is rigidly observed.

Hoping to see all lodges well and ably represented, I am,

Fraternally, yours,

JAMES L. MONAGHAN,  
*Grand Master.*

THE situation on the Lake Shore road has not materially changed since our last issue. The switchmen are still firm and determined. They have plenty of money and all the backing they could wish, although they have declined all financial assistance up to date, and from all appearances will continue to do so. They stubbornly and persistently insist that the agreement of last April was flagrantly and outrageously violated, and that no sophistry or cowardly dodging can, before an intelligent public, cover up the action of the managers of that company. The company is still deceiving the public with the claim that they are doing the service to them that they are expected to. The facts of the matter are they are not doing more than one-third the work they should. No night work is done at all, whereas previous to the strike they have always worked a full night force. And during the day where three men to a crew has always been the quota, from six to fifteen men are now required. This is not taking into consideration the large army of Pinkerton men they are forced to continue to protect these crews from the fury of over zealous friends of the switchmen. Of course this is "nuts" for Pinkerton, while it is "wormwood" for the "Winchester Rifle Route." If the stockholders can stand it, the few switchmen now out of employment certainly can.

It will be seen by the list of delegates published elsewhere that the personnel of our First Annual Convention to be held at Kansas City, September 20, will be all that could be

desired. And great hopes are entertained that the result of this meeting will be for the best interests of all. We have been informed that No. 4 contemplate entertaining the delegates royally. A two-dollar a day rate has been secured at the St. James Hotel, which will be the headquarters. The St. James Hotel is located on Walnut street, between Missouri avenue and Sixth street, and has but recently been refitted in first-class order. The Convention will be held in Music Hall, on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

MR. PERCIVAL, one of the oldest yard engineers on the Nickel Plate road, was recently promoted to a road engine. He has always been a great favorite among the switchmen on the road. For his many manly traits he has the esteem of all who know him. It seems he has had more than his share of the trials of this life, having in the last two years buried his beloved wife and four children—the oldest child being sixteen years old, whose death occurred eighteen months ago, caused by severe burns from the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The last of the four children, a beautiful and cherished daughter, thirteen years old, almost the last tie that binds a loving father to earth, passed away August 21. She died of brain fever. Mr. Percival is a man of good moral principles, and has worked hard and earnestly to keep together his little children since the death of their dear mother and his devoted wife. The switchmen who worked with him when he was running a yard engine on the Nickel Plate road, have sent us for publication the follow-

ing sentiments of their sympathy in his last great bereavement:

*To Our Friend Percival :*

If God has plucked another blossom from your home it is for a purpose none of us dare divine. He alone can pour the balm upon your crushed heart. The holy joy is yours of knowing that angels' eyes are now watching you, and await your coming—that your beautiful daughter will receive you when life's dark days are ended.

If the tendering of much sympathy could soothe you, learn that you have it from your friends among the switchmen. Yours respectfully,  
NICKEL PLATE SWITCHMEN.

#### LIST OF PATENTS

The following list of patents relating to railroads, and of interest to switchmen, is reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, by Whittlesey & Wright, patent Attorneys, No. 624 F street, Washington, D. C.:

Automatic block signal apparatus—Townsend W. Burt, Minola, N. Y.

Automatic car brake—Chas. V. Rote, Lancaster, Pa.

Automatic mechanical railway stop and signal—C. A. Dahl, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Automatic car brake—Henry C. Hopkins, Lancaster, Pa.

Attachment for tordepo railway signals—Jacob Deull, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Car coupler—James T. Wroe and Tyre R. Hall, Ellewood, Kan.

Combined switchstand and semaphore signals—F. S. Clarber, Allentown, Pa.

Car brake—Richard R. Rice, Beaver, Pa.

Gate for railway cars—Thomas W. Peoples, New York, N. Y.

Railway signal—H. H. Licake, St. Louis, Mo.

Railway switch—J. W. Vandegrift and F. L. Campbell, Pulaski City, Va.

Railway gate—Mortimer B. Mills, Chicago, Ill.

Railway gate—Nathan Harris, Wabash, Ind.

Railway signal—Cornelius M. Harey, Robert Black and Timothy G. Palmer, Schuttsville, N. Y.

Signal—Jacob F. Riethmayer, Lansdale, Pa.

Safety automatic brake—Frank E. Kinsman, New York.

## LIST OF DELEGATES.

The following is a list of delegates, as far as we could obtain before going to press, to the First Annual Convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America, to be held in Kansas City, Mo., Monday, September 20, 1886.

## LODGE 1—CHICAGO, ILL.

*Delegates*—James L. Monaghan, John W. Drury, John Downey, James A. Kelly, Wm. A. Simmons, John T. Kinney, Sr., James A. Healey, Thomas F. White, M. McGrew and H. S. Johnson.

*Alternates*—Wm. Melburn, M. J. Kegan, Thomas Collins, Mike Callahan, P. Jackson, D. O. Gara, John Holland, Dennis Hayes, William Downey and M. McMahon.

## LODGE 2—ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

*Delegates*—J. L. Heyer and Joseph McQuaid.  
*Alternates*—G. W. Duffin and Robert Evans.

## LODGE 3—JOLIET, ILL.

*Delegates*—Byron R. Pierce and L. A. Kennedy.  
*Alternates*—W. R. Davidson and P. Delaney.

## LODGE 4—KANSAS CITY, MO.

*Delegates*—W. S. Condon, Frank Zimmerman, J. W. Reed and J. D. Hill.  
*Alternates*—John Corbett, Dick Powers, Edward Hunt and William Cotter.

## LODGE 6—BURLINGTON, IOWA.

*Delegates*—Joseph Gantz and Edward Collier.  
*Alternates*—Robert Devoe and William Owens.

## LODGE 7—OTTUMWA, IOWA.

*Delegates*—Robert E. Workman and W. A. Brown.  
*Alternates*—Tim Crowley and J. D. Kites.

## LODGE 8—TOPEKA, KAN.

*Delegates*—C. G. Hammond and J. C. Eversole.  
*Alternates*—J. J. Reece and William McAllister.

## LODGE 9—ST. JOSEPH, MO.

*Delegates*—J. C. Lyons and Joseph Smith.  
*Alternates*—John Dickey and Charles Thomas.

## LODGE 10—LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

*Delegates*—J. H. Rogers and James Melvin.  
*Alternates*—John Mahoney and Charles R. Parish.

## LODGE 11—OMAHA, NEB.

*Delegates*—John T. Hurley and P. H. Meehan.  
*Alternates*—John Kane and John P. Mulvehill.

## LODGE 12—CLINTON, IOWA.

*Delegate*—William Greene.  
*Alternate*—Thomas H. Kilduff.

## LODGE 13—DETROIT, MICH.

*Delegate*—M. D. Collins.

## LODGE 14—TOLEDO, OHIO.

*Delegates*—J. D. O'Shea and John J. Hackett.  
*Alternates*—M. Maunis and R. F. Dawzey.

## LODGE 15—DENVER, COL.

*Delegates*—S. W. Strain and J. J. Fishbaugh.  
*Alternates*—G. C. Rourke and T. O. Seabee.

## LODGE 16—ATCHINSON, KAN.

*Delegates*—H. P. Ming and D. H. Padgett.  
*Alternates*—James E. Enright and Chas. E. Palmer.

## LODGE 17—CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

*Delegates*—W. F. Wilson and J. J. Fisher.  
*Alternates*—Wm. McMahon and J. S. Seymour.

## LODGE 18—QUINCY, ILL.

*Delegates*—A. C. Joseph and W. G. Beck.

## LODGE 20—SAVANNA, ILL.

*Delegate*—William A. Stetson.  
*Alternate*—Thomas Hogan.

## LODGE 21—INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

*Delegates*—F. J. Stricker and Wm. Gambold.

## LODGE 22—COLUMBUS, O.

*Delegates*—Lawrence Weise and H. S. Isaacs.  
*Alternates*—T. H. Hampson and A. B. Clarke.

## LODGE 25—PEORIA, ILL.

*Delegates*—P. C. Ryan and Frank Brown.  
*Alternates*—Michael McNamara and C. H. Ray.

ON another page will be found the advertisement of the United States Clothing Manufacturing Company. It is located on the southeast corner of Halsted and Madison streets. The SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL does not propose at any time to publish many advertisements, and only those that we can recommend to our readers. The United States Company is not only a

large and long established house, but one that deals fairly with its patrons. The genial and affable Sam Gordon, its manager, believes that the success of a business enterprise lies in dealing squarely with everybody. Hence in catering to the people he keeps a full line of clothing, gents' furnishing goods, etc., which he sells at bottom figures. He makes his bow to the switchmen and their friends through the columns of the JOURNAL, and we hope our readers will not forget this fact when in need of anything in this line.

#### A WILD ENGINE.

On the evening of the 6th of August, engine No. 644, one of the largest freight engines on the C., M. & St. P. road, came into the Western Avenue yard from the Pacific Division, and after placing her train where it belonged, the engineer ran his engine on to the lead in order to prepare her for the round-house. The lead on which she was standing runs east and west through the passenger yard, and is about three-fourths of a mile in length.

About nine o'clock there seemed to be such a lull in the yard that Joseph Smith, a lad of some fifteen summers who frequents the yard, thought he would go forth and find something that would drive away the oppressiveness of the quietude. Happening to pass by where engine 644 was standing, and seeing that she was alone, he thought to himself that this was an opportunity for the consummation of his life dream. He could at least be an engineer for a short time. No sooner thought than active operations began. Climbing up

into the cab he filled up the furnace with coal, tried the water, put on the engineer's cap and filled the fireman's pipe with tobacco, and after taking several puffs he picked up the time-card in one hand and pulled the throttle open with the other—just as he had seen engineers do many times. Slowly at first the great iron wheels began revolving, but with each revolution they became more rapid. It seems, however, that the would-be engineer had not had experience sufficient to enable him to reverse the engine or stop her. Faster and faster the wheels turned, while volumes of smoke rolled out of the smoke-stack. Realizing his predicament now for the first time, our young engineer leaped from his charge, leaving her to go on alone. On went No. 644 just as if she was responding to the commands of her experienced commander.

A few superstitious people have long declared, for some reason or other, that this particular section of the track has been haunted. Ghosts have been seen by them a number of times in this locality. And, of course, as No. 644 went flying down the track, they declared that they had seen a ghost at the engineer's post, trying its hand at running an engine.

A speed of thirty-five miles an hour had been reached, when suddenly the engine left the track, owing to a misplaced switch, and went bumping along on the ties some twenty car lengths, tearing things up generally. After finally coming to a stand-still, it was found she was damaged to the tune of about \$2,000. Young Smith now declares he has no further desire to be an engineer.

### "A GENERAL BROTHERHOOD."

In our July number we published a communication under the above heading that has attracted no little amount of attention. It has been copied and commented upon by several railroad publications, and seems to have struck a chord that received responses from all departments of the railroad service. While the time may not yet have arrived to bring about such a result, yet we believe the thinkers in all existing organizations will cast about for a way to bring together on one common ground all the employés in the railway service of the country. If such a "General Brotherhood" could be established it would have a two-fold effect. First, the material benefit of all railroad employés. It would unite the various branches of railroad men, cause a more harmonious feeling to exist, thereby promoting such results as would make their various vocations less irksome. Second, it would be of great good to railroad companies. Removing local troubles between them and their employés, thereby making strikes a rarity if not totally eliminating them.

We have only words of commendation for the various organizations now existing among railroad employés. We believe all of them have been of great good to the class composing the same, and could we in any way assist them in building up their organization we would be only too glad to do so. Yet there is a great vacancy not yet filled. To lift from the state some of its many burdens, by taking care of brothers in misfortune, looking after those near and dear to them when death comes, is something that appeals to the humanity in man. But the public at large have

so many appeals that they have not the time or disposition to give more than a casual glance to each. Hence all appeals to rectify abuses or lighten the burdens of any class of railroad employés, let it come from how good a source only receives slight attention. Men are so interested in the struggle for "the almighty dollar," that they have no disposition to inquire into the cause of difficulties that have a tendency to embarrass them, but are more apt to indorse the quickest way of removing the embarrassment rather than the just one.

The larger railroad corporations having swallowed up the smaller ones, it is now, from a business point of view, impossible for the smaller ones to long exist. As a matter of fact, now, there are but few railroad companies in existence, comparatively speaking. They have centralized their forces to such an extent that they now only look with disdain upon anything that is not within itself powerful. The power to enforce a hearing is the only way one can be obtained. This will be readily seen by the treatment the different organizations of railroad employés receive. The more powerful the organization, the more respect and esteem they are shown by the companies. In other words, power only recognizes power. Then as railroad employés can we not "read lessons of wisdom" from the course pursued by railroad companies? Is it not wisdom for us to centralize our forces rather than use all our energy in building up isolated organizations?

To accomplish such a purpose it would not be necessary to tear down anything that now exists. Each organ-

ization could retain its identity, do its own legislating, look after its own members, and yet relegate certain powers to a supreme body. A strike by any of the present organizations materially effects all other branches of the service. And in cases of emergency there can always be found in one division of the service men who can, at least temporarily, fill the places of men in other divisions. Not as well we grant you, but what matter if they only pretend to fill them, so long as the public can be led to believe they are filled. It has the desired effect, that of demoralizing the contending force, which, as a rule, is the secret of their success and our failure.

A unification of all the forces of the railroad service into one grand brotherhood would do more for the peace and quietude of the railway employes than all the State or National legislation that can be imagined. Hot-heads and unscrupulous men could then be easily weeded out. They are tolerated now merely for self protection. Bad railroad officials would be only too glad to use them as can be shown in a thousand and one instances, should it seem necessary to score a point. Then, we say, let the conservative elements in all the organizations of railroad men consult together and find a common ground on which we all can stand on.

WHILE Mr. James Dougherty was on his way home at about 11 o'clock, on the night of August 11, he stopped at the corner of Fifty-third and Clark streets to look at a wrecked car that was standing there. One of Pinkerton's men, whose services seem invaluable to the success of the "Winchester

Rifle Route," came up to him and asked him what he was doing there. He replied that he was looking at the wrecked car. The Pinkerton man ordered him to move on, and he did so without any hesitancy. He was ordered to move faster, and replied that he was going as fast as he could unless he ran, and he saw no necessity for running. Without any further ado the scoundrel struck him a terrible blow with the butt-end of his Winchester rifle—knocking him to the ground, where he laid insensible until picked up by the passers-by. He remained in an insensible condition for twelve hours thereafter. His head was cut frightfully and he has been unable to leave the hospital ever since. While Mr. Dougherty at one time was a switchman he has not been working at the business since last February. He never worked for the "Rifle Route" company, and has taken no part in the controversy between the company and their late switchmen. The brute was arrested and bound over under \$500 bonds (John Newell going on his bond), but this is poor protection to law-abiding citizens against fiendish outrages by these brutes.

#### LETTERS OF THANKS TO LODGE NO. 1.

At a regular meeting of Lodge No. 1, held Sunday, August 8th, the following letter was read, and on motion was ordered published in the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL:

BLOOMINGTON, July 25th.

*Gentlemen of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association:*

To you we return our heartfelt thanks for your aid and comfort to our son and



brother in his fatal illness, and the tender, thoughtful care given his remains was all that we could wish.

May heaven's blessing rest upon you every one, and when the final signal comes may you all be ready to go as quietly as he did.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. N. DUNLAP,  
and brothers and sisters.

On Sunday evening, August 22d, the following letter was read and ordered published in the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL :

CHICAGO, Aug. 5th.

*Jas. L. Monaghan, Master Lodge 1, S. M. A. A.:*

DEAR SIR,—I wish to tender my sincere thanks to Lodge No. 1 for their kindness during Mr. Smith's illness, and say that I think he will soon be able to thank you in person, also. But I desire to also thank them and tell them I fully appreciate their generous donation to me; and further say that at one time I disliked the lodge very much, but now I understand it better and wish it great success in all its endeavors against wrong and oppression. I realize now the great work the lodge is trying to accomplish—the elevation of railway switchmen. I will not make my letter too long, but I want the boys here and elsewhere to know that they have the sympathy of one woman at least, and I am glad they are thinking of something else besides a new suit of clothes, etc., every pay-day. Hoping you will not be offended I am

Yours truly,

MRS. C. N. SMITH.

"Now is the accepted time," remarked the poor young man solemnly, when his girl told him she would have him.

## A PRESSMAN'S REPORT OF A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

BY STEVE M'NAMARA.

A few years previous to the war the writer held the position of pressman on a morning paper in one of the middle states; and among the hands employed was one who operated the folding machine, a tall, wiry and strong youth, who was infatuated with a desire to become a railroad engineer. He soon managed to secure a position as fireman, and I lost sight of him for a few years.

Accepting an offer to assume charge of the presses on a paper in another part of the State, I was not a little surprised to meet my old feed-boy, now a stout man, at the same hotel at which I was stopping. A stranger in the city, it was natural our former acquaintance should ripen into warm friendship and much of my spare time was spent in his company. As I anticipated when he left me, he had rapidly mastered his new business, and was "set up," or promoted to be an engineer, and was at this time running a passenger engine. Often we enjoyed a merry laugh as he came into the office in the early morning to take with him a few copies of our paper to throw to his many country girls along the road—nor was it any great wonder they eagerly watched for him, for he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, and to me he was as good as he looked.

In company with him I often visited the shops of the road, and had been introduced to many of the men as his old foreman. As our tastes for mechanics were identical, I was soon quite familiar with the different engines and their peculiarities. The one my friend Billy

was then running, the "Atlas," interested me very much owing to his enthusiastic descriptions—it was an eastern built engine, inside connected, and a climber, as Billy fondly termed it. Owing to a defect in one of the cylinders a new one was being fitted in the shops to attach to the engine when opportunity offered, and in the mean time the engine was as tenderly watched as a sick infant.

My labors having increased, owing to the demand for "news from the Potomac," I asked for a few days' vacation to spend at home, and was furnished a pass and requested to note any items of interest occurring, and wire news editor. Off I skipped, forgetting all about business and enjoying myself to the fullest, during my few days rest.

When about to return I was delighted to observe my friend and his pet engine at the head of the train. As my baggage consisted of a small grip I went ahead and asked Billy to permit me to ride with him. He answered that nothing would please him better, but he feared the crack in the cylinder, and advised me to rest myself on the soft-seats in the day coach instead. Away we sped with nothing of note occurring until we reached C—, which was a wood and water station. After the signal "all aboard" was given I noticed our train moved but a few feet and looking out the window I saw Billy, my friend, in trouble. It took me about ten seconds to reach him, and then I saw why he desired me not to ride with him; and as the conductor directed his brakemen to go back and ahead to signal other trains, I took a hand to help disconnect the lame side of the engine, and Billy was then *my*

foreman. Having detached certain parts we managed to "pinch" the engine over the center and away we started to run with one side, some thirty or forty miles to where another engine could be substituted.

Arriving at the junction, a little old-fashioned "scrap-heap" stood awaiting us; and almost as soon as we stopped I was beside her taking down her name—the "Swallow"—as well as the engineer's—Bud Evans—and was informed she had four-foot wheels, safety-valve weighted, a clear track ahead, and orders to make connection with the New York express at all hazards.

Waving adieu to my friend Billy with my now dirty hat, as we pulled out, we had seventy odd miles to go to reach our destination, and at every curve I looked out to see our little donkey, feeling by this time as much interested as though I was in the dilemma like my friend Billy.

When necessary for passengers to alight from the train we came to a stop, so called, for again we were in motion, and it was plainly evident two good men were ahead, and if no accident happened they would obey instructions if iron and steam could do it. We entered the depot some thirty minutes late, coming through the city at full speed, and found the New York train awaiting us. Hardly had we stopped when I was again taking notes at the side of the engine, and a number of engineers were heartily congratulating Bud on his wonderful run. Some of them knew me through my friend, and seeing me with a handkerchief round my neck to conceal my soiled collar, eagerly sought the particulars of the accident to the "Atlas," Bud as well

as the rest. Hastily giving them the details, I sought the news editor of our paper, and after reading to him my notes, he suggested I write out the account, adding, with a knowing wink, "reliable men, give them proper credit."

For once "reliable men" did get "proper credit," for in reporting the incidents I laid it on thick for Bud Evans and Billy Crawford; and complimented the management on their judicious assignment of such trustworthy men to responsible positions, and closed with the assurance that patrons of the road need have no fear of "getting left" while Bud was stationed at the Junction. The puff made Bud Evans the lion of the road, the master mechanic complimented him, and he sent me often by Billy his thanks for my kindness.

Shortly after this I moved west and forgot the occurrence, and probably never would have thought of it again except for a curious coincidence. Having occasion to again visit my former home, several years later, I found myself in the hotel office at the Junction at 4 o'clock one winter morning, waiting for the down train, due at 7:30. Sauntering out to inhale a little fresh air, I noticed a locomotive standing on a side-track, and after a while it occurred to me I had seen the same one before. Mounting the cab I found the engineer sitting alone smoking a pipe, and wearing a soldier's overcoat, buttoned to the chin. Apologizing for my intrusion, we were soon talking engines like jockeys talk horse. Putting away his pipe he lit the cigar I offered him, and asked me on what road I run. Answering him I was a newspaper instead of a

railroad man, I thought I noticed a change in his manner from the civility with which I had just been receiving. However, I went on to say I knew this old engine when she was called the "Atlas," and now I perceived 122 where her name formerly stood; that my friend Billy Crawford run her, and I helped disconnect one side when she blew out a cracked cylinder.

Judge of my surprise, not to say horror, as he threw off his coat, pushed his cap on the back of his head, glaring at me like a tiger, and with a terrible oath hissed through his teeth:

"So you're the man has kept me so many years tied up in this infernal mud-hole, are you? You're the man advised the company to keep poor Bud Evans at the Junction, ready day and night for accidents?"

With no chance to escape his fury, I saw at once my only hope was to reason with him, and during a pause in his frenzy I asked him to tell me what injury I had ever done him; and if the kindness I extended him years ago caused him distress I was sorry to hear it, etc. As he cooled down I gradually learned his trouble.

"Look at this place," said he, "one street, two railroads, one hotel, and a few barns, to live in; that's the Junction, where I must stay. What pleasure is there in this world? Do I ever see any? What's a horse race? What's a prize fight? I read of such fun. Why can't I enjoy it? You, who live in cities, have no conception of my miserable life. With no opportunity to visit a theater except a company "stranded" on the road. No library in which to while away a pleasant hour. No society to commune with except the few

humble neighbors here—ignorant of current events like myself. With no privilege to listen to the world's greatest orators and preachers whose eloquence move men to higher aims. No chance to see a convention of representative men; enjoy an excursion on the water, or witness a military parade, which would please the children beyond measure, while the thought that such pleasures must be denied them, almost drives me mad."

Every word of his wounded me deeply, and as he went on with his complaint I felt myself the guilty cause of all his trouble, so I asked if there was no chance for him to secure a better position.

"No," he answered, "every time I speak of it I am told I can't be spared from this point; free rent, big pay, kind words, but no change for me. And all on account of your putting me in the paper."

At this point the fireman mounted the engine, and hearing the last remark, grasped my arm affectionately, observing he had often heard of me from his sister, who would be so glad to see the man who called her husband a hero. You must come and take breakfast with us, and in a twinkling he opened the throttle, ran a few hundred yards down the road and stopped opposite a cozy house beside the track. Pulling me with him we entered a large room where breakfast was awaiting the men, and to the woman he announced that I was the newspaper man she often wished to see. Our entrance was so sudden, and my presence so unexpected, she stood bewildered, while three little children, wakened by our entrance, clung about her skirts.

Bowing to the lady, I turned to the engineer who sullenly followed us in, and, burning with indignation, said: "Mr. Evans, we may never meet again. You seem possessed of an insane desire to leave the quiet comforts you now enjoy for the turmoil and excitement of city life; to see a horse race where the pool-box and gamblers decide which horse shall win; to witness two brutes in human form batter each other's faces to jelly for money; to see twenty men knock a ball about a field, while some may not be able to read or write, their salaries would make you rich; to see red-handed murderers thrown into jail awaiting the time when able lawyers should secure their acquittal; to see women once pure and innocent picked up from the gutters and thrown into a dungeon; to attend conventions where orators are loudly applauded while the wire-pullers capture the offices. Kindly as I spoke of you years ago, let me now say I envy you the quiet happiness you enjoy—and quickly as I had entered so I hastily withdrew.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAND CROSSING, ILL., Aug. 8, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Items of general interest are pretty scarce here, yet occasionally I may find something that will interest your readers, and if so, I will send them in.

The respective wives of brothers Conley and Schaefer of the Nickel Plate road have each presented their husbands with bright little misses. Conley's however, is ten days the older. Ever since she made her appearance in this wicked world Schaefer has given Conley no rest, but has continually twitted

him, and insinuated that he was no good. He kept continually saying, "Wait until you see my *boy*." Jack has nothing to say now—but no kegs this eve.

Schaefer and Conley you have done mighty well, And I pray to my soul Mr. Dias you'll tell The way that these fortunate burdens are found, For I think that he needs information all round.

SHOTGUN.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 11, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

At your request I will endeavor to give you an account of our picnic on Sunday, August 1.

Our procession formed at two o'clock P. M., at our hall at the corner of Reed and Lake streets. The order of the line was as follows: 1. A detail of police as an escort; 2. Prof. Joseph Clander's full military band; 3. Color-bearers bearing aloft the stars and stripes; 4. Grand Lodge officers and guests; 5. The banner of Lodge No. 5 and its officers; 6. Members of the lodge to the number of about 200. The procession reached the park at three o'clock. The park is called National Park, and is located on National avenue.

The ceremonies at the park were varied. Speech-making, dancing, games, foot-racing, boat-racing, catching a greased pig, etc. Speeches were made by Grand Master Monaghan, Vice-Grand Master Drury and others. Three prizes were contested for in a half mile foot race. The first prize, \$5, was won by the Treasurer of Lodge No. 5, M. L. Johann; the second, \$3, by Tom O'Keefe; the third, \$2, by Mr. McPherson. "Putting the weights" was not decided. The "tug-of-war" between the brakemen and switchmen, ten on a side, for a purse of \$10, was

won by the switchmen. "Catching the greased pig" proved a difficult task, and occasioned a great deal of fun, yet after a long struggle he was finally captured by the boys.

The ball opened at seven o'clock P. M., in the summer pavilion, which was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. The hall was constantly filled by those enjoying a good dance to the sound of good music.

There were about 3,000 people in attendance, and all expressed their satisfaction at their day's enjoyment. And above all I wish to state that there was no broils or disturbances even of the slightest character to mar the pleasure of the day.

Respectfully,

GEORGE SMITH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 10, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

At last we are writing to inform our co-laborers that Lodge No. 21, of Indianapolis, Ind., is a reality. We have a charter membership of twenty-seven, and are preparing to face that haven of recent discovery vouchsafed to that much-abused class of laborers—switchmen.

How much such an organization may do it is only necessary to see the fruits of its labors in your beautiful city of Chicago. We hope the fruits will be none the less bountiful here. But for the unfortunate experience in past efforts for the betterment of switchmen's interests we might be more sanguine. Past efforts have always been co-operative or too broad to individualize in favor of switchmen, who seemed to have lacked confidence in their ability to "paddle their own canoe," and invariably sought the assistance of

other classes. Now that the momentum is purely individual, for and in the interest of switchmen only, and backed by the Grand Lodge, we feel certain of prolific life.

May the order live to extend to every one entitled to its benefits that majestic sovereignty which a true conception and obedience to its laws inculcates.

And to you, Mr. Editor, is intrusted a work of much importance and magnitude. That of molding the mind to seek amusements and recreation of a higher kind than has been the ambition of railroad men in the past.

The JOURNAL should be in the hands of every member of the order and its potency exhibited in giving proper mental food. We hope to see a united effort among the members to assist you in this laudable enterprise.

The following are the officers of our lodge: Master, Samuel D. Nelson; Vice Master, Louis L. Darnall; Financial Secretary, W. J. Blizzard; Recording Secretary, J. F. David; Treasurer, John Cravens; Conductor, U. J. Stofer; Guard, James Finley; Board of Directors, F. J. Stricker, William Gambold and W. C. Gehring.

I will write more anon.

RHOM RHODY.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Aug. 10, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

In compliance with your expressed wish I send you a few items for publication.

Robert Melvin is visiting Jeffersonville, Ind., for his health.

Richard Wilson has gone to Chicago and the East on business.

The lodge is doing very well, considering our small numbers. We all re-

joice to hear that our order is growing so fast, and hope that we will have a grand showing by our coming convention. Then it is to be hoped we will become better acquainted, and our grand order will still make greater strides toward organizing all the switchmen in the country.

If business continues to pick up as it has of late we will soon have to have more help in our yards here.

We were all sorry to hear that brother J. D. Hill had severed his connection with No. 4, but hope that he will succeed elsewhere.

Will write more next time.

\*  
\* \*

EL PASO, TEXAS, Aug. 13, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I am pleased to see so much interest taken throughout the country in trying to make the S. M. A. A. a grand success, and I sincerely hope that the numerous railroad centers will look upon our association as what is needed among switchmen, and come to the front, as early as convenient, with the required number of names to organize. There is no reason why the S. M. A. A. should not number 150 or 200 lodges within the next year.

The different roads running in here are the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Texas & Pacific, Southern Pacific, Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio and Mexican Central.

There are not many men employed here, considering the number of roads running into this point. The G., H. & S. A. road works but one crew each, for day and night shifts—doing the work for the S. P. and T. & P. also. The A. T. & S. F. works the same. The

Mexican Central has no yard on this side of the Rio Grande.

Business on the S. P. system, which includes the G., H. & S. A. road, is rushing. Nearly all the business handled by the S. P. system at this point is time freight. The schedule time made by these trains averages nearly twenty miles per hour over the entire system, from Algiers to San Francisco. Everything is equipped with air-brakes, and scarcely any local work is done. Hence it makes a position in the train department a desirable one. The A., T. & S. F. are apparently doing a good business as well as the T. & P.

Brakemen receive \$72.50 for 3,000 miles or less. Overtime is allowed for all over 3,000 miles at the rate of 2½ cents per mile. Switchmen receive \$75 per month.

I don't know much about the Mexican Central, nor would I care to be employed on it in case the pending trouble between the United States and Mexico leads to war. The present outlook here looks as though there may be serious trouble if the Mexican Government again refuses to release Cutting. War-like preparations are being made by both governments at the different military posts along the border. In case there should be war I am thinking of emigrating to Winnipeg. No stopping bullets in mine. I would rather take my chances coupling cars. Excitement here and along the border has been running high, but at the present writing things are more quiet. It is hard to tell, however, what end the pending trouble will be. It is to be hoped it will be a peaceful settlement.

In the next issue of the JOURNAL I hope to find correspondence from all

the lodges. Our members should take a little more interest in it than they have in the past. A short letter from each lodge of a nature to interest all would be a great help to it.

With my best respects to my friends and brothers of Lodge Number 4, I will close for this time.

SLIM.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

As the time of our first annual convention (which occurs at Kansas City, Monday, September 20) is rapidly approaching, I deem it not out of place at this time to impress upon the minds of the delegates selected to represent the various subordinate lodges the necessity of examining into the wants and requirements of our association.

You are called together at stated intervals to enact laws and rules for the government of our association; and it should be your highest aim and study to create such laws as will be at once harmonious and beneficial to all. In order to accomplish this work with satisfaction to the association and creditable to yourselves, it is necessary that you study carefully its wants, and be prepared at the proper time to offer your suggestions. Our organization is still in its infancy. Our laws are crude and imperfect, and our discipline is lax, but with all our shortcomings we have laid the corner-stone of an organization whose great influence will reach throughout this broad land. The object and aim of our association is mutual aid and assistance to each other in time of need.

Our vocation is a very hazardous one. We are exposed at all times to danger,

and we don't know when we may meet with an accident that may totally disable us, or cause our death, when it comes, it comes swift and sure, and no one can tell who will be the next victim. And our sudden demise, or meeting with a painful accident might work a hardship on those depending on us for support. In order to make provision against such cases, we provide a fund to meet such an emergency. Our motto is, "Benevolence, Hope and Protection," and under its protecting folds we teach each other to make provisions for those we most dearly love. We care for the widows and orphans of deceased brothers, and also extend a helping hand to each other in case of accident or injury, thereby insuring ourselves against want and privation in time of need.

The material of which our association is composed is, as yet, crude—not being accustomed to restraint or discipline—but brave manly and generous to a fault. They will, with proper teaching and instruction, discard many of their follies, and show to the public at large that they are men honorable in their dealings, and worthy of respect. It is the purpose of our association to elevate the moral and social standing of our members, and teach them to become useful members of society. We denounce intemperance and immorality in all its phases, and do not encourage strife and ill-will between employer and employé. Believing that at all times when differences arise between employer and employé they should be submitted to arbitration for settlement. And that such a course properly pursued will result satisfactorily to all concerned. With these objects before

us we invite the hearty co-operation of all switchmen throughout the country in accomplishing this great work.

Faternally yours,

FIAT.

KENNEYVILLE, Texas, Aug. 15, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal :*

I purpose writing a series of sketches embracing incidents which I think will prove interesting to railway employes generally, occurring at various times and upon different lines during my experience as a telegraph operator, train dispatcher and trackman, beginning with the close of the civil war between the States. I having served during that eventful period as military telegrapher, as well as signal officer upon the staff of Confederate General John C. Breckenridge, and had charge of the famous field telegraph battery inaugurated by Colonel A. Keene Richards, and which I first operated and placed in position at Corinth, and afterwards at Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chicamauga and Missionary Ridge, where the main portion of it was captured by the Federals, and I sold the balance to the Southern Telegraph Company at Columbus, Georgia. I will pass over, for the present, my experience as chief operator in the United States Telegraph Company's office at St. Louis—S. B. Fairchild being manager—where I went in 1866, directly after the close of the war, to take the position of division operator on the Atlantic & Great Western, at Kent, Ohio. Afterward I was on the Louisville & Nashville, at Louisville, under Superintendent Albert Fink, the great civil engineer.

When night operator at Seymour, Ind., on the Ohio & Mississippi,



where I relieved J. J. Frey, now superintendant of the Missouri Pacific, at Sedalia, Mo., I was transferred to the Kansas Pacific, western division, at Greenville Station on the border of Kansas and Colorado. Here, in 1868, during the Indian war, we had some rich and racy occurrences. I had my office in a box-car seventy-five miles west of Fort Hays—Sheridan's headquarters—and thirty-five miles east of Sheridan, Col., the then terminus of that road. I had as a guard twenty negro soldiers, under a negro sergeant, for protection against the wandering tribes of Sioux, Arrapahoes and Cheyennes, then on the war path.

We diverted ourselves during the day in hunting the antelope and shooting buffalo, of which there was countless numbers roaming at will over the desert plains. I had a contract with a Leavenworth firm—Lobenstein & Co—to furnish them in Buffalo robes, Coyote and wolf pelts—by which, during the eight months I was on the plains, I cleared over two thousand dollars in coolcash. My plan was this: During the night my colored guard would, after cutting off the hind quarters and securing the robe from the buffalo, poison the entails with strychnine, leave it on the prairie, and in the morning we could find from ten to twenty large grey wolves and coyotes dead around it. The fur from these carcasses was worth from two to four dollars a piece, according to length of wool. Four or five of these sewed together made up a most beautiful robe, far prettier and more salable than one from the hide of a buffalo. I paid these "troopers" in whisky and tobacco, at an average rate of seventy-five cents per pelt—

thus giving me in addition to my salary as operator (\$80 per month) enough for a pretty fair start in life.

I left the plains for civilization again, but like other "gay and festive cusses," (especially operators and railroad "boys" generally) after taking a leave of absence of about two months, and "doing" St. Louis, Kansas City, Lawrence and Leavenworth, I reported for duty to Colonel R. B. Gemmell, superintendent of telegraph, at Lawrence, with about twenty-five cents out of the \$2,500 I drew from the company and Lobenstein & Co., when I took my two month's vacation. The balance went in the way that the money of railroad men usually went in those days.

I was at once assigned to duty at Fort Harker, and shall have something to say regarding its officers, soldiers and the Indians on the reservation in my next. From the time of reaching Fort Harker down to the close of the Indian war, we were in the midst of exciting times and many incidents occurred which, I think, will prove interesting matter to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Wishing you continuous success in your journalistic enterprise, as well as your splendid organization, I am

Very truly

ROBERT L. RUSSELL.

CHICAGO, August 23, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

After many years of anxiety and labor, I look with pride and satisfaction at the work accomplished by a few ardent and enthusiastic workers for the success of our organization. Springing into existence in 1877, with a handful of men, as a local organization, and

not meeting with that support it justly deserved, it eked out a bare existence for several years. In October, 1884, however, a small band of patriots under the leadership of Mr. John W. Drury, resolved to reorganize its fast depleting ranks. There were several meetings of the switchmen of Chicago called which were largely attended. The objects and aims of the association were explained, and all were invited to join hands in the good work. The association was finally reorganized with a membership of about fifty. It was agreed upon, that in cases of accident or injury to any of its members the association would pay \$10 per week; and in cases of death, each member should be assessed the sum of \$1, the amount to go to the legal heirs of the deceased member.

Many of the switchmen at that time thought that after a short time the association would fail for want of proper support; and therefore did not wish to identify themselves with the expected failure. So they kept at a safe distance until its success and ability to discharge all its obligations was assured. At this period of our existence the "Doubtful Thomases" began to make inquiries as to the stability of our order, and receiving nothing but the most flattering accounts of its success, concluded that it was pretty nearly time for them to be initiated into its workings. Applications for membership began to pour in at the rate of fifteen to fifty each meeting night. Our membership increased so extensively that we had to move our quarters from one hall to another, until we were compelled to secure the largest lodge rooms in the city. Our financial exhibit astonished

the most sanguine advocates of our order. Hence the question then presented itself, why not extend the good work after the manner of other railroad employés? Acting on the suggestion some of our members began to correspond with friends in other cities in reference to the matter. We did not have long to wait until we received a proposition from the switchmen in Rock Island, Ill., requesting to become amalgamated with us in the cause. After some little hesitancy on our part we finally concluded to accept the proposition, and on July 4, 1885, Messrs. John W. Drury and J. A. Healy were instructed to institute Rock Island Lodge, Number 2, which they did in a very impressive manner—thereby forging the second link in the chain of our association.

The second request soon came from Joliet, Ill., and was answered promptly. In September of last year some of our members while visiting Kansas City spoke of the matter to some of the men there, and the subject met with such favor that action was taken at once by the men of Kansas City, and again we were invited to extend our hands to the switchmen of that great western railway center. Messrs. W. A. Simsrott and W. J. Keegan were commissioned to institute Kansas City Lodge No. 4.

Thus the good work progressed under the new regime. Then the question arose, Why not form a national organization; create a Grand Lodge, and establish ourselves all over the country? After some correspondence between the various Lodges, it was finally decided to hold a convention in Chicago, February 22, 1886. There were present at this convention representatives

from all Lodges organized, and after a lengthy session they adopted a constitution for the government of the Association. Also created a Grand Lodge, and named the organization the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America.

Thus the good work, starting under many disadvantages, has finally been crowned with success. And now we have Lodges established in nearly every leading railroad center throughout the United States.

HOMO.

#### A SWITCHMAN'S ROMANCE.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I am not very well versed in storytelling yet I will give you simply the facts, as I learned them, of a little romance and vouch for the truthfulness of the same.

The heroine was a little woman with bright-blue eyes, and long, wavy, brown hair. Her beauty was not such as would make poets rave, yet her expression was one of those bright, cheery ones that signifies a nice little housewife—one, too, that is calculated to make some man very happy. She had been a widow five years when my story begins. And the first time she met honest Tom Barton she was coming home from work with her week's pay in her hand and rather a sad countenance. For the six dollars she held in her hand was all there was between her and starvation, there being no more work for her until after the holidays. As she passed a corner a couple of drunken men stood under the lamplight. One of them said: "Here is a girl, let's see what she is like." And as he spoke he seized her by the arm and pulled her under the lamp. "Rather a beauty to

be out so late," said he, "I guess I will just take a kiss for toll."

She screamed for help, and in her fright, dropped the little roll of bills she held in her hand.

Tom Barton was late that night coming from work, and hearing her cry for help, hurried to her rescue, and before anyone knew he was near, he had knocked the one that held her into the middle of the street, and the other had ran away and was lost in the darkness.

"Now, lady," said Tom, "by your permission, I will see you safely home."

Acting under her first impulse, she thanked him and took his arm for the remainder of the distance home. Arriving at her door, she did not mourn the loss of her last dollar, but as Tom was about to bid her good night she said:

"Oh, sir! how can I ever thank you for saving me tonight? And won't you please tell me the name of my noble protector!"

"My name," said he, "is Tom Barton, but you need not thank me, it is no more than any honest man would do. May I presume so much as to ask your name?"

"Oh, yes!" said she, "my name is Bessie Lillis. I am a widow."

After a few minutes chat, Tom left her with a promise to call, also that he would endeavor to find her money for her. He did not find the money, however, but as the next day was payday, he took six dollars out of his own salary and gave it to her, telling her he found it on going back to the spot where she had dropped it. She thanked him very kindly for the trouble he had taken in looking for it, as well as for

its return. After that Tom was a frequent caller at the house she made her home.

One evening he called and found Bessie in tears. "What is wrong now," he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Barton!" she said, "I am out of work again, and the lady I usually work for has left the city, and I do not know what to do. Oh, dear! it is so hard to be poor and alone in this world."

"Well," said Tom, "that is bad. But Bessie, I—I—have a situation for you, if you will accept it. There is not very much money in it, but I think you could manage to live anyway. What do you say?"

"Oh! Mr. Barton, what and where is it," she said, brightening up.

"I want you for my wife, Bessie darling," said he, "I know I am poor, with only a switchman's salary to live on, but it is better than nothing. Will you take the situation, and me too, dear?"

"Why, yes, Tom," she said.

And so the matter was all settled and they were married within a week after.

Six years have passed by since this occurrence, and while talking with Bessie the other day she declared that, "although we were married in haste, I have never had reason to regret it, for Tom is just the dearest and best husband in the world"—and she gently caressed the one pledge of their mutual love, a fair-haired, blue-eyed child.

They are like a pair of lovers yet, and Tom is a good and steady workman, and belongs to the S. M. A. A., Lodge No. 1. I hope all will wish him and his loved ones a long and happy life.

L. E. S.

## LINKS.

—Poverty comes not from God's law—it is blasphemy of the worst kind to say that; it comes from man's injustice to his fellows.—*Henry George*.

—The Union Switch & Signal Company, of Pittsburgh, has taken contracts for furnishing the yards at Holmesburg, N. J., on the United railroads of New Jersey, with its interlocking system.—*Railway Age*.

—The switching engines on the several divisions of the Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh, and Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis roads are to be equipped with the Dowling automatic car coupler.—*Railway Age*.

—A good deal is being said these days about the "red flag." There are two red flags in this country that need suppressing—the one is the imported "cheap labor" banner, and the other is the sheriff's little red flag.—*Chicago Sentinel*.

—The firemen on the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville and Evansville & Terre Haute have had their wages increased 25 percent, and on the Evansville & Indianapolis the firemen have received an advance of 33½ per cent. These roads comprise the Mackey system.—*Railway Age*.

—Reporter (looking for items)—"Anything new or fresh this morning in the railroad line?"

Railroad official (thoughtfully)—"H'm—let me see—yes, that paint you are leaning against is new and fresh. It was only put on this morning."—*New York Sun*.

—Remember one thing: All the "anarchist" speeches that were ever uttered would have no more effect upon the minds of well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed workingmen than the buzz of a mosquito in awaking to life a three-thousand-year-old Egyptian mummy. It is only the destitute and despairing who are influenced by "incendiary" teachings.—*Chicago Sentinel*.

—The United States Car Coupler Company has put over 7,000 of its couplers into service during the past twelve months. This coupler has now been adopted by nearly all the roads in New England, and it is the expectation of the company that 20,000 or more will be put into use during the coming year.—*Boston Traveler*.

—The mother led the bad boy into the woodshed by the ear, and having selected a pliant shingle was about to apply it where it would do the most good, when he said: "Hold on, ma." "No, sir; that's the second time you've been in the water today." "Are you going to strike, ma?" "I am." "Don't strike. Let us arbitrate." But ma wasn't a Knight of Labor, and she struck.—*Knight of Labor*.

—Mr. Charles Cole, of Chicago, has invented a novel locomotive engine. The boiler, instead of being single, as at present in railroad locomotives, is made double, with double fire-boxes and trap-hoppers, which, it is claimed, largely reduce the cost of running by saving coal. The invention looks very simple, and, it is said, has already been tried on a stationary engine and a side-wheel steamer with success. Besides railroad and stationary engines, the invention is specially designed for use on dummy engines and street cars.—*Railway World*.

—One night three years ago Samuel Smith, of Fruitport, Mich., dreamed that he saw a train of cars pass his house. The dream was so vivid that Mr. Smith arose and called his wife and children, all of whom saw the phantom train. The dream, or vision was forgotten until last week, when railroad men began staking exactly on the line where Mr. Smith and his family saw the ghostly train three years ago.

—On the arrival of an express train from the north at Derby station the other night, a porter, examining the wheels, found a cat comfortably es-

consed between a bogie and the bottom of the carriage. The cat had evidently traveled in this fashion all the way from Leeds, and it was with difficulty that she was coaxed from her position. The railway company will not, in the circumstances, institute a prosecution against the passenger for traveling without a ticket.—*London Railway News*.

—The "Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants" in Great Britain has become a powerful as well as useful institution. The 14th annual report shows that the income during the last year amounted to nearly \$72,000, of which over \$32,000 were expended, including \$6,300 for superannuation grants for old age and accidents. This is in addition to the payments for deaths and for the support of orphan children. The latter especially is a most beneficent feature. During the year 51 children were added to the list, making 265 orphans of deceased railway men now receiving its benefits. At the end of 1885 the membership of the society was 9,052, showing an increase during the year of 592.—*Railway Age*.

—Charles Francis Adams, in a lecture before the students of Harvard University spoke of railway management as a profession, in the course of which he said: "In the beginning of the building of railways, \$1,000,000 was deemed a large capital for a railroad. The capital of the Union Pacific is represented by \$270,000,000 of securities of the forty or fifty roads which are combined in this general system. Its income is \$25,000,000 a year and in profitable times reaches \$100,000 a day. It employs 12,000 men with a monthly pay roll of \$800,000; 12,000 cars are run by 550 locomotives; 25,000 tons of steel rails are used in replacing worn out rails and 2,000,000 ties have to be used to keep the road-bed in condition."

—The form of the bills of lading as used a century ago reads rather quaintly now, as will be seen by the following:

"Shipped, *by the grace of God*, in good order and well conditioned, by Messrs. H. Vanderburgh & Co., in & upon the good Brigg called *Betsy and Suky* whereof Giles Hollister is master, *under God* for the present voyage, and now riding at anchor in the port of Newbern and *by God's grace* bound for New York, 417 bbls. of Tar; 47 bbls. Turpentine; 44 bbls. Pitch; 6 Venison Hams; 4 Deer Skins, & one bbl. of fat, to be delivered in good order unto Mr. Hamtramock, or to his assigns, he or they paying freight, with primage & average accustomed—In witness whereof &c—and so *God send* the good ship to her destined Port in safety. AMEN. Dated at Newbern, 16th Feb. 1785. Giles Hollister."—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star*.

—General Manager Finney, of the Wisconsin Central, has issued the following circular to employes: "Through fidelity to duty, politeness to all doing business with us, and by personally interesting ourselves in behalf of our patrons, the Wisconsin Central line has gained an enviable reputation. In opening the line to Chicago we shall have many new relations, many who will come to see if all they have heard is true, and so I address you, asking that the same care and diligence that has heretofore characterized your actions shall be enlarged and increased, and that every pains shall be taken to still further add to our popularity, remembering always that eternal vigilance is the price of safety as well as liberty, and furthermore that we are all dependent upon the public, who look for prompt service, safe transportation, and obliging representatives. Let us see if we can't make the Wisconsin Central the popular line in the Northwest."

—An exchange says that the Pennsylvania road has just sent into its shops at Altoona, Pa., an order for sixty locomotives of "Class R," the largest engines that are made. Last summer it gave an order for six of these mammoth locomotives, but only two were com-

pleted. The company has been experimenting with these two engines for several months, mostly in the Altoona yards, and finding them entirely satisfactory, has ordered the remaining four completed, besides the large order of sixty. Their weight will average 120,000 pounds each, whereas the moguls or "Class I," the largest engines heretofore constructed, weighed only from 95,000 to 105,000 pounds. It is expected that the new engines can draw from 15 to 20 per cent more than the moguls, and it is the purpose of the Pennsylvania to introduce them generally on the heavy mountain grades. On account of the great weight of the locomotives the company is engaged in strengthening its bridges all along the line. The shops at Altoona will be run to their full capacity in order to get out these giant engines as early as possible.

#### FAST TIME.

Thinking that not a few of your readers are interested in fast running I inclose you a transcript from train record sheet of Thursday, July 22 showing a remarkable performance on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, Bound Brook division, between Philadelphia and Bound Brook. Schedule 505, engine 134, John Hogan, engineer, with one combination, one parlor and two passenger cars, left Philadelphia on time, 7.30 A. M. Detained 7 minutes at Wayne Junction by connection, leaving Jenkintown 6 minutes late, consuming 25 minutes for 10 miles.

Jenkintown to Trenton Junction, 22 miles in 20 minutes.

Trenton Junction to Weston, 23.2 miles in 21 minutes.

Wayne Junction to Weston, 51 miles in 50 minutes, including two stops for passengers at Jenkintown and Trenton Junction.

Jenkintown to Weston, 45.5 miles in 42 minutes, with one stop.

The train having gotten under full speed after stopping we find that the run from Bethares to Yardley, 15.7

miles, was made in 12 minutes, or at the rate of  $78\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour.

Pennington to Weston, 18.4 miles in 15 minutes, at the rate of  $73\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. Owing to the engine being entirely new and working tight, it unfortunately broke a link block pin within half a mile of destination, thus spoiling the finish of this remarkable run.

## SCHEDULE.

Train No. 505. Number of cars, 4. Number of engine, 134. Engineer, John Hogan. Conductor, Alonzo Bedell.

STATIONS.	Distances bet. sta's.	Arrived.	Departed.
Philadelphia .....			7.30
Wayne Junction...	5.3	7.41	7.47
Tabor Junction...	3.3	7.50	
Jenkintown.....	3.8	7.54	7.55
Bethayres.....	4.3	8.00	
Somerton.....	3.2	8.02½	
Neshaming Falls...	2.8	8.04½	
Langhorne.....	2.8	8.06½	
Woodbourne.....	2.6	8.08½	
Yardley.....	4.3	8.12	
Trenton Junction	2.0	8.15	8.16
Pennington.....	4.8	8.22	
Hopewell.....	5.1	8.26	
Skillman.....	3.1	8.29	
Belle Mead.....	4.0	8.32	
Weston.....	6.2	8.37	
Bound Brook.....	3.9	*9.17	

\* Broke link pin  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Bound Brook.

This engine was built at the company's shops at Reading, Pa., and had been in service but one week, this being the second day on this train. Her general dimensions are 68-inch wheel,  $18\frac{1}{2} \times 22$  cylinder and she has the J. E. Wootten patent fire box. When the fact of this being a regular schedule train is taken into consideration, I feel safe in asserting that this time has never yet been equaled.—*Railway Age*.

## TRAINS ARRIVING AND LEAVING CHICAGO.

The question is frequently asked: How many trains arrive in and depart from Chicago daily? Some three years ago the *Railway Age* took pains to obtain from the different companies the figures covering all classes of trains and published them in tabular form. The totals were as follows: Passenger trains; suburban, 218; other, 178—total 396. Freight trains; regular, 292; other, 162—total 454. Total of all trains, 850. Since that table was published several

roads have been added to the number centering in Chicago and the train service has been largely increased. The number of passenger trains now arriving and departing daily is shown in a table which has been compiled by Mr. C. B. Foster of the Central Traffic Association, passenger department, which we have slightly changed, also adding four to the number of suburban trains on the Illinois Central. This table therefore shows the number of passenger trains in and out of Chicago during each 24 hours of the week, excepting Sundays, the maximum distance of suburban trains being 60 miles:

NAME OF LINE.	THROUGH TRAINS.		SUB. TRAINS.	
	Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
Baltimore & Ohio .....	3	3		
Chicago & N.-W. (3 lines).....	24	24	41	40
Chicago, Mil. & St. P. (3 lines).....	10	11	19	19
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.....	5	6	21	11
Chicago, R. I. & Pacific.....	6	6	14	14
Chicago & Alton.....	5	5		
Chicago & Atlantic.....	3	3	2	2
Chicago & Grand Trunk.....	3	3	4	4
Chicago & Eastern Illinois.....	3	3	11	11
Chicago, St. L. and Pittsb'gh.....	3	3	2	3
Chicago & St. Louis.....	2	2		
Chicago, D. & N. F. S. Line.....	2	2		
Chicago & Iowa.....	2	2		
Cin. Ind'pls. St. L. & Chi.....	2	3		
Illinois Central.....	3	3	45	45
Lake Shore & Mich. Southern.....	6	6	16	17
Louis, N. Albany & Chi.....	3	3		
Michigan Central.....	6	6		
N. Y., Chicago & St. Louis.....	1	1		
Pittsb'gh, Fort Wayne & Chi.....	4	4	15	15
Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific.....	3	3	1	1
Wisconsin Central.....	4	4		
Total (26 lines).....	103	106	181	181
Total number leave.....				284
Total number arrive.....				387
Grand total.....				571

This shows 26 different lines, an increase of four, and 571 passenger trains against 396 in 1883, an increase of 175 trains. If the figures of freight and other trains were given they would make the showing still more impressive. The table suggests the immense flow of humanity into and out of Chicago every day. Many of the trains carry from 200 to 300 or more passengers each. Assuming the average to be even 150 per train, it appears that over 85,000 people are carried to and from this city by steam trains every day. This, although merely an estimate, is at least suggestive.—*Railway Age*.

## HE SAT ON THE CONDUCTOR.

I was on a train running toward Atlanta, when we stopped at a little station where a great big Southerner got on. He was apparently as strong as an ox. He had been drinking, and had two demijohns with him—in fact, that's about all he had with him. As soon as he got fairly seated, he announced that he was going to Atlanta to have a time and wanted to get a good ready. With this he pulled up one of his demijohns and took a large and evidently enjoyable swallow. He invited everybody in the car, the passengers happening to be all men, and insisted that each one should take "a swallow or two," as he expressed it, with him. I saw everybody else take it, so I followed suit.

Pretty soon the conductor came in. He asked for a ticket, which the big passenger claimed he did not have, whereupon the conductor announced his intention of stopping the train and putting the non-paying passenger off. The big man told him to take a drink at his expense and sit down and talk it over. The conductor, of course, refused, whereupon the big man said that if the conductor didn't quit bothering him he would ride on the conductor to Atlanta. More words followed, and the first thing we knew the conductor was flat on the floor of the car and the big man was sitting on him. The big fellow managed to get one of the axes from the wrecking outfit at the end of the car, and with this he kept the brakeman at bay as well as the other passengers, and actually rode on the poor conductor to Atlanta, some eighteen or twenty miles.—*St. Paul Globe*.

## A GREAT TELEGRAPHING FEAT.

An Englishman when shown the operations of the pneumatic tube for carrying parcels in New York, said: "I have seen just one thing more wonderful than that," said the visitor. "I have talked by cable from London to Calcutta, India, over 7,000 miles of wire. Two years ago I called upon

managing director W. Andrews of the Indo-European Telegraph company, at No. 18 Old Broad street, London. It was Sunday evening, and the wires were not busy. Mr. Andrews called up Emden, a German town. 'Give me Odessa,' he wired; in a few seconds we got the signal from the Russian seaport city, and asked for Teheran, the capital of Persia. 'Call Kurrachee,' said Andrews. In less than half a minute we were signalling that India town. The signals came at the rate of fifteen words a minute. After learning that the London office was testing the long wires, Kurrachee gave us Agra, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with the operator on duty there. In a short time the operator switched us on the cable to the Indian capital, Calcutta. At first the operator there could not believe he was talking to London, and he asked in the Morse language: 'Is this really London, England?' It was a wonderful achievement. Metallic communication between the capital of the English nation and the seat of her government in India, 7,000 miles away as the bird flies."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

## DIDN'T WANT TO WALK ALL THE WAY.

As Lake Shore passenger train No. 8 was pulling out of the Union depot the other morning, an old farmer rushed out of the restaurant and flew like a streak until he caught the hand rail of the rear platform. He climbed on and entered the sleeper, but he was told to go forward. Without a question he obeyed and was looking for a seat in the next sleeper when the porter said: "Go farther forrard, sah, to the nex' cah."

He went one car further to another sleeper and settled himself in a seat from which he was again routed. He protested, but he went. He stopped in the fourth sleeper and was determined to find a seat. The sleeping car conductor came in and said:



"You'll have to go into a forward car."

The granger rose on his dignity and said:

"Now, you look here. I bought a ticket to carry me clean through to Buffalo and I'm durned if I'm goin' to let you make half the way. By shucks, I've been walkin' all the way from Toledo and dern me if you don't want me to walk clean to Cleveland."

After some coaxing the farmer was induced to go into the day coach next in front.—*Toledo Blade*.

#### THE GENERAL MANAGER AND THE WHEEL-TAPPER.

"I can tell you a little story about the late S. S. Merrill," said a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul official to the Train Talker; "Merrill, you know, was our general manager, and as good a railway man as ever lived. It was his habit to watch everything and everybody. If a section man did not tamp a tie into place in just the right way Merrill corrected him. If he saw a coupling pin lying by the side of the track he made a row about it for somebody. One day he stood on the station platform at Milwaukee watching the wheel-tapper trying the wheels under the coaches. The tapper was an old Irishman, and Merrill said to him:

"'Why don't you hit the wheel harder? You can't tell with such a tap as that whether the wheel is cracked or not.'"

"The old man looked up and replied:

"'What the hot place is it your business, I'd like to know?'"

"Merrill smiled and walked away. He was too generous a man to take offence at a little thing like that. But another employé who had overheard the conversation asked Pat if he knew who the man was he'd been talking to. Of course Pat didn't know, 'an' he didn't want to know, either 'be jabbers.'"

"'That's S. S. Merrill, the general manager,' said the employé.

"'Merrill? The general manager?' exclaimed Pat, now thoroughly frightened; 'great heavens, an' what have I done? I must polygize.'"

"And away he went after Merrill, hat in hand, and bowing and scraping before the general manager.

"I begs your pardon, Mr. Merrill," says Pat, 'I didn't know yez. There's so many dommed fools axes me questions that I thought ye must be wan of them.'"—*American Railroader*.

#### HAD HIM IN A TIGHT PLACE.

There is a general interchange of passes among railroad men, and the president and vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad have passes all over the country? President Roberts is a very strict man. One very stormy day in winter he got on the New York division and took a seat in the middle car. The conductor knew him, as we all do, and when he passed him the president simply nodded. It was a catch, and Roberts was only trying to see if his man would break the rules and not make him show his pass. The conductor fell into the trap. When he passed through the train again Roberts arose from his seat, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"See here, you have not seen my pass."

"No, sir," faltered the conductor, "but—but I know who you are."

"That makes no difference," retorted Roberts with a frown, "the rules are made to be obeyed, and not to be broken. The rules laid down for your guidance say that any passenger who has neither a ticket nor a pass must pay his fare or else you must eject him from the train."

"I know it," replied the conductor, "but—"

"No 'buts.' Now you may go."

"I haven't seen your pass yet, though," demurely remarked the ticket puncher, wishing to demonstrate the thoroughness of the lesson.

"That's right," replied Roberts, approvingly, "make no difference be-

tween the president of the road and the poorest passenger."

He reached in his inside coat-pocket and then into his vest pockets. His face grew red and he fumbled around his hip pockets. The conductor grinned. Roberts' sallow complexion grew paler and then redder. He went through his pockets again, but no passes. The conductor's smile grew more expansive.

"Humph!" exclaimed the president. "Singular! Just stop as you pass this way again."

The conductor stopped, and the president dryly handed him a \$5 bill and told him to take out the fare. He had left his book of passes at his office.—*Newark Call.*

#### BY BROTHER GARDNER.

Dar' am sartin fings which you kin chalk down on de cellah doah wid a feelin' dat you am gwine to hit nine times whar' you miss once.

De wuss a man's brea'f smells de cluser he am gwine to get to you in an argyment.

It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money.

No man can remember whar' he frowed his empty cans and bottles until he diskivers dat somebody has dumped ashes ober his fence.

Broadcloth an' silks look well on de street, but dey doan' hitch werry well with cold 'taters at home.

De value of de dog you kick am no gauge fur de feelins of de owner if he happens to be around.

Nine men outer ten borrow wid de expectashun of bein' just so much ahead. De odd one will want to borrow agin as a reward fur his honesty.

It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man and a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposishun.

While you should luv your naybur as yourself, doan' gin him to understan' dat you kin be depended on to lie

awake o'nights to purtect his grape-arbor.

De man who figgers dat he can so live as to dodge slander an' escape malice has got a heap o' thistles waitin' fur his bar' feet.

The aiverage man's buziness word kin be depended on up to a sartin pint—as fur as he will profit by keepin' it.

The problem of livin' doan' depend so much on hangin' to an old welvet cap'et in de parlor as it does in savin' de crusts and crumbs in de kitchen.

When a man's whisky costs mo' dan his flour he should stand ready to wote fur de buildin' of two wings on de County House.

While it am true dat all men war' created equal, a heap of us have got spoiled in de bringing up. About de only time social barriers am abolished am doorin' a steamboat exploshun.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### TEACHING A GOAT TO BUTT.

Down in Cherry street yesterday afternoon a youngster was trying to teach a billy-goat the art of butting, says the *New York Sun*. The goat was full grown and able-bodied, but the talent which is characteristic of his kind had been dormant in him for so long a period that the task of awakening and developing it seemed hopeless.

The boy began by making faces at the goat, which was quietly browsing on a coil of hawser. The goat took no notice of him. Then the boy tickled the goats chin-whiskers with a piece of barrel hoop, and followed this up by grabbing him by the horn sand forcing him backward. The goat twisted his head away, but betrayed not the faintest inclination to retaliate by butting. This didn't discourage the persevering youngster. He stood off a few feet and jabbed the goat between the eyes with a piece of barrel hoop, then ran half a dozen steps, and halted in a most provoking attitude. The goat eyed him regretfully but showed no

more disposition to butt than before. After continuing these and similar tactics for half or three-quarters of an hour the youngster seemed to weary of his task, turned languidly on his heel and stood in undecided contemplation of a tabby cat that was sunning herself on top of an old boiler. The goat was behind the boy. He turned his head to one side and regarded the youngster obliquely. Then he stirred up the dust with his off front foot. The boy continued his study of the cat. He did not see the goat lower his head, curb his chin, draw all his feet together, hump his back, and quiver with the tension that was on him. The cat rolled over on her back, put one paw across her nose, and fell asleep. The boy grinned. There was a flash of grayish material, and, like a thunder-bolt from a cloudless sky, the goat smote the boy. Sailing airily over the pole of a truck, the youngster caromed on a front wheel, lighted on a barrel, rolled into the gutter, and came to a stop on the shady side of the boiler that had been given over to desuetude.

By the time the boy had recovered his self-possession and rearranged the points of the compass in his mind the goat was ozonizing his system over a sewer-well to get up an appetite for an oilskin coat that hung within reach.

THE following "ad." appears in a German newspaper of the year A. D. 1640: "Isaac Markel, barber, wig-maker, school-teacher, midwife, shaves and cuts hair for two kreutzers; for which he also smears pomade on the hair. He makes and patches boots, bleeds and applies leeches cheap. He teaches dancing at private houses, and sells perfumery of every kind, including axle grease, salt herrings, honey cakes, brushes, mouse-traps, and other confectionery, including bitters for liver complaint, seed potatoes, sausages and other vegetables."

A MAN who is absolutely harmless is also generally absolutely useless.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"I'LL put a stop to this," said the brakeman, as he twisted the wheel.

IF we can not always avoid hearing a scandal, we can surely avoid repeating it.

"WHY does marriage make men thoughtful?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Well, I suppose they are continually wondering what's going to happen next."

WHEN a woman gives you her love don't lay it away on ice for safe-keeping. Better keep it in the warmest corner of your heart, so if she calls for it any time you can return it in the condition she gave it to you.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

EACH man has his own fortune in his hands, as the artist has a piece of rude matter, which he is to fashion to a certain shape. But the art of living rightly is like all arts; the capacity alone is born with us; it must be learned and practiced with incessant care.—*Gæthe*.

"HAVE you had much of a drought up your way?" asked a Milwaukee store keeper of a lumberman from the Chippewa region. "Wall," said the lumberman, "it did look rayther drouthy when the water in the Chippewa got so low that the catfish had to hire mud-turtles to tow them over the bar."

IT is suggested by a well-known sculptor, who has the absent-mindedness to be always losing his umbrella, that this useful article should be provided by the city, just as pavements and sewers are; in which case, he observes to his friends, the pedestrian on a rainy day would be able to seize an umbrella from a public rack in whatever street it might be, and get rid of it by returning it to another rack as soon as the clouds rolled by.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THIS country is rightly claimed to be the open asylum of the oppressed; but

it is time it were understood that it shall not be made the camp ground of all the tramps and outlaws of the Old World. It is the sacred home of free speech; but it must be made plain that freedom of speech does not mean license to preach sedition or to practice massacre.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A WESTERN newspaper contains the following: "Everybody in this camp knows Towser, the Mono mine Towser. The dog Towser rides up and down on the cages, through drifts and cross-cuts, and goes all over and through the mine perhaps oftener than any miner of them all. Yesterday a brilliant idea struck John O'Neill and some others, and they spirited Towser into a back yard. They washed his hair as clean to the skin as it possibly could be washed, and then panned the muddy water to the very highest percentage, and the entire dog assayed in fine gold, \$23.17, as weighed on Soderling's scales. When Mono assays \$23.17 to the dog, she is certainly starting out on a boom, and we defy any mining camp on the Pacific coast to beat it."

"THE last new thing in hats," says the *St. James Gazette*, "beats all that has gone before it, and is scarcely likely to be equaled by anything that can follow after it. Herr Luders, of Gorlits, has patented a 'photographic hat.' The novel head-dress contains in its upper part a small photographic apparatus and a number of prepared plates. In the front of the hat there is a small circular opening, behind which the lenses are fixed. By means of a string on the outside of the hat its wearer, whenever he finds himself enjoying a pleasant view or attended by an agreeable person, can instantaneously photograph the landscape, the lady or the gentleman unconsciously within range of his instrument. The hat will probably be in demand by two sorts of persons—by lovers and detectives. The former, by merely pulling a string, can set the image of his beloved not only in his heart, but in his hat."

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James A. Healey	Recording Secretary
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William A. Simmons	Financial Secretary
John Downey	Treasurer

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John Pender	Vice Master
Thomas Christopher	Recording Secretary
P. O. box 723, Rock Island, Ill.	
Thomas Pender	Financial Secretary
Frank Weigand	Treasurer

### 3. JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at 122 Jefferson st., third floor, over Joliet City Bank.	
Byron R. Pierce	Master
L. A. Kennedy	Vice Master
John Kirk	Recording Secretary
755 South Owata st.	
George Durston	Financial Secretary
John H. Clark	Treasurer

### 4. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings, at Forest- ers' Hall, West Ninth st.	
J. W. Larkin	Master
Charles Greeg	Vice Master
W. S. Condon	Recording Secretary
1840 Madison ave.	
John Corbett	Financial Secretary
John B. Snyder	Treasurer

### 5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at cor. Reed and Lake sts.	
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Alexander Emvart	Vice Master
Heartwell McKinstry	Recording Secretary
398 Tenth av.	
Emiel Barthel	Financial Secretary
Mat. L. Johann	Treasurer

### 6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U. W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.	
William Nevius	Master
E. Straine	Vice Master
William Owens	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
Robert Devoe	Financial Secretary
Edward Collier	Treasurer

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets at Hibernian Hall, on Market st., between Semantha and Main sts.  
 Robert E. Workman ..... Master  
 Tim. Crowley ..... Vice Master  
 W. A. Brown ..... Recording Secretary  
 494 Ransom st., South Ottumwa.  
 S. G. Cogswell ..... Financial Secretary  
 F. G. Baxton ..... Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W. hall, 186 Kansas av.  
 J. I. Reece ..... Master  
 William McAllister ..... Vice Master  
 H. C. Rogers ..... Recording Secretary  
 139 Jefferson st.  
 L. G. Hammond ..... Financial Secretary  
 John Nelson ..... Treasurer

**9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and Angeliue sts.  
 Charles Chowning ..... Master  
 James T. Main ..... Vice Master  
 William McNichols ..... Recording Secretary  
 513 Mitchell av.  
 Joseph Smith ..... Financial Secretary  
 Michael Fitzgerald ..... Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sunday evenings in the month.  
 John Mahoney ..... Master  
 James Coleman ..... Vice Master  
 James H. Rogers ..... Recording Secretary  
 806 Ottawa st.  
 Charles R. Parish ..... Financial Secretary  
 James Melvin ..... Treasurer

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 Ben F. Miller ..... Vice Master  
 William M. Buchanan ..... Recording Secretary  
 623 Pierce st.  
 Patrick H. Mechan ..... Financial Secretary  
 William Hall ..... Treasurer

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Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. of L. E. hall, Fourth st.  
 William Green ..... Master  
 Edward Kilduff ..... Vice Master  
 John F. Quinn ..... Recording Secretary  
 532 Ninth av.  
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 Stephen Quinn ..... Treasurer

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 Thomas McDermott ..... Vice Master  
 William W. Warring ..... Recording Secretary  
 Detroit Junction.  
 George J. Best ..... Financial Secretary  
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 Matthias Mannes ..... Vice Master  
 Chas. H. McDowell ..... Recording Secretary  
 734 Ontario st.  
 E. R. Freeman ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. Winslow ..... Treasurer

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Meets first and third Sundays.  
 Edwin Smith ..... Master  
 T. O. Sebrree ..... Vice Master  
 J. R. Williams ..... Recording Secretary  
 Lindie Hotel.  
 E. O. Downing ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. J. Fishbaugh ..... Treasurer

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. L. F. hall, corner Third and Commercial sts.  
 Joseph J. McGee ..... Master  
 D. H. Padgett ..... Vice Master  
 Henry P. Ming ..... Recording Secretary  
 1431 Commercial st.  
 John W. Lee ..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Danforth ..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

J. F. Seymour ..... Master  
 W. H. McDonald ..... Vice Master  
 W. F. Wilson ..... Recording Secretary  
 17 South Fourth Street.  
 W. J. Henry ..... Financial Secretary  
 G. H. Rohrbach ..... Treasurer

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 A. C. Joseph ..... Vice Master  
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 N. L. Stewart ..... Financial Secretary  
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 T. O. Black ..... Vice Master  
 J. C. Louegan ..... Recording Secretary  
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 Henry Spiers ..... Vice Master  
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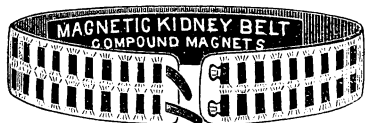
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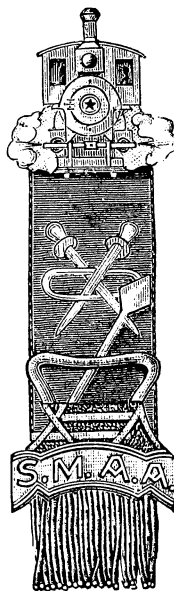
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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No. 6.

## GRAND LODGE S. M. A. A.

FIRST ANNUAL SESSION AT KANSAS CITY, MO.,  
SEPT. 20, 1886—INTERESTING OPENING EXERCISES—CHANGES IN CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS—OFFICERS ELECTED—POSITION ON STRIKES—INDIANAPOLIS SELECTED AS THE NEXT PLACE OF MEETING—BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SESSION, ETC., ETC.

The opening exercises of the First Annual Convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America was a decided success both in point of attendance and interest in the ceremonies. The visiting delegates numbered at least sixty. At precisely ten o'clock a. m., a procession was formed in front of the St. James Hotel, the headquarters of the visiting delegates, about three hundred members of the Association being in line. The order of the procession was as follows:

Grand Lodge officers, consisting of James L. Monaghan, Grand Master; John W. Drury, Vice-Grand Master and Instructor; Joseph D. Hill, Grand Secretary and Treasurer; M. J. Keegan, Chairman of Board of Directors, and the following members of the Board of Directors: John Downey, James A. Healey, James A. Kelly, William A. Simmons and J. L. Hyer.

Next came Prof. Lee's famous cornet band, numbering twenty pieces, at the head of the delegates to the convention, numbering about sixty. Then came the visiting members of the Asso-

ciation and members of Lodge No. 4, numbering about two hundred.

The line of march was from the St. James Hotel north to Fifth street, thence east to Main street, thence south to Pythian Hall, corner of Eleventh and Main streets. The procession marched into the hall in the same order that had been maintained from the time it left the hotel. Preparations had been made for the seating of the delegates and citizens. After all had become seated, the band rendered a beautiful piece of music, which was highly appreciated and applauded by all present. There were present at this time about six hundred visitors, many of whom were ladies.

Mr. Walter S. Condon, chairman of the committee of arrangements, rapped the meeting to order, and in a neat speech in behalf of Lodge No. 4 welcomed the delegates and visitors to Kansas City. He then introduced to the audience Grand Master James L. Monaghan.

Mr. Monaghan, on taking the chair, announced that the hour having arrived for the opening exercises of the Grand Lodge of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America, he had the pleasure of introducing Rev. John Mathews, who would offer up a prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Mathews prayed fervently and eloquently for God's blessing upon those assembled in the interest of

the switchmen of the United States, and appealing for His direction in all their deliberations, that the interests of those in whose behalf they had assembled would be well studied, and that all legislation be for their interests and for the glory of God.

The Grand Master then introduced Judge Philips, who spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I must confess to some surprise that I should be presented here as the first of the talkers this morning. I received a general card of invitation to be present at this meeting, a day or two since, and I only came to express, by my presence, my appreciation of the order. I did not know until this morning that I would be expected to say anything. I expected that the mayor of the city would be here to express, both by his presence and his speech, the hearty welcome which the city of Kansas City extends to you. My friend, Major Warner, a member of congress from this district—the eloquent orator of the West—is present to extend his cordial welcome. As I represent the judiciary of this city, being a member of its courts, I can only say that I represent its justice, and I expect that about all I ought to say is, that if any switch should be left open, and if any of you get into court on account of it, I will try and see that justice is done you, unless you are like Pat, that “justice was a thing you do not want.” I can and will, gentlemen, only say in a general way that as I understand the purposes of your organization, it is one deserving of all consideration and admiration. If, as I understand it, your organization is for benevolence and charity, and its aim is to take care of the families of men who are killed or injured and those engaged in this commendable cause—it is a union for mutual protection and promotion, in the highest sense of the word, and in that sense it certainly deserves the respect and best wishes of every man. When we look at it in a certain aspect, a switchman connected with a railroad enterprise, then we see what an important factor he is to our commerce. When we look again, there is not a passenger who intrusts his life and limb upon a railroad car, which is not under the protection of the switchmen, and in the darkness of the night as well as the day, he is at his post, “Where one misstep or slip of hand, sends the poor, unlucky switchmen to that dreaded, unknown land.” There is not a car of stock or merchandise that traverses these vast railway systems, but is entrusted to you for security. There is not a switchman on this continent, or elsewhere, who is not literally a soldier in the highest and best sense of the term; though he is not recognized

as one who gives his life and hazards his limbs to see that the commerce of the country is protected. Yet while the government very properly cares for those who lose their lives and limbs in its services, there is not governmental protection for those engaged in your present hazardous occupation, and one so beneficial to the government. I have often thought that in view of this fact, that it would be no more than just, no more than your due, that you and your families be provided for in case of injury or death. It must be a consolation for you to know that if misfortune befalls you, so that you are unable to furnish a livelihood for loved ones at home, that there is an organization that looks after and protects your wife and children that you have left at home—something after all for you to lean upon. It is in this sense, and for this purpose that your organization is deserving of the kindest sympathy of all good men. As men engaged in a common and good cause you are entitled to your rights; you are entitled to be dealt with fairly by the government; and in your organization you are promoting an object worthy of your best efforts.

If I were called upon, my friends, to make any suggestions at all to this association, I would simply say stick to and adhere to the purposes of your organization. I was much pleased and edified, a month or so ago, in reading the admirable address of Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers. And I was very much surprised at the wonderful progress of the Association. Since its organization it has distributed \$2,000,000 among the widows and orphans of its members, and \$30,000 for the care and protection of those who were injured. It is esteemed by all men, as one of the strongest and most powerful organizations in the land; and the great secret of its wonderful success is that it sticks to its principles. Like a church, when it sticks to its Bible and its religion, it is a success. Stick to your principles, stick to your organization. I can simply say to you, gentlemen, in behalf of Kansas City, that we welcome you—we welcome you heartily. You know that we people that live here think that Kansas City is the center of the universe, and I trust that the influence will radiate and will be a blessing to you and the country.

At the conclusion of Judge Philips' address, the band played a selection of music entitled “Songs of Ireland,” which was loudly applauded. After which the Grand Master introduced Congressman William M. Warner, of Kansas City, who spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is hardly a proper thing for a man to say that he is not.



feeling well, and therefore I will not say anything about it. But I am really in an embarrassing position. I am very much like a homely girl in the presence of the belle of the city. The belle is always sure to call attention to how handsome the homely girl is, in order to attract attention to herself. The distinguished gentleman who has just addressed you has been pleased to style me "the eloquent orator of the West." If there is any kind of oratory about me it is purely western. The gentleman also says he was totally unprepared to make a speech. Now, I came fully prepared, and when the gentleman said he had made no preparations, it reminded me of an anecdote told of Fred Douglass, when he visited the "Emerald Isle." After one of his speeches, and when he had talked as only Fred Douglass can talk, two Irishmen, in speaking of it, one of them said: "Say, Pat, and did ye know that he was half 'nigger?'" "Well, sure," said Pat, "what would he be if he were whole 'nigger?'" well, I am something like "Pat." If the distinguished gentleman who has preceded me had come prepared, what a treat his speech would have been! But enough of this.

As a citizen of Kansas City, and at present a representative of this district in the congress of the United States, I say to you, in all candor, that no man extends to you a more cordial greeting to the city of Kansas City than I extend to you. Others may clothe it in finer language, but it is not more sincere. As representatives of thirty-five thousand switchmen in the United States, coming as you have to this city of railroads, many of them extending, Mr. Chairman, to your own city by the lakes—the gem of the West—Kansas City as a commercial center stands second only to your own city—the pride and wonder of the West—such a city, Mr. Chairman, extends to you her most hearty welcome. Representing this number of men; representing men that earn their living as God Almighty ordained that man should earn his living—by the sweat of his brow. As representatives of labor—labor that is the source of all wealth, and the foundation of all knowledge. Representing this, I say, it is but natural that I should talk from this point, as a representative of this district in the congress of the United States.

I have read your constitution, and I understand somewhat the purposes of your organization.

First, it is to protect you in your rights, and next, it is to aid and assist those of your members who may by misfortune be kept from labor. No man that has the good of the people at heart; no man that has the perpetuity of his country at heart, can say other than God speed you in your noble work. May you gather within your organization men that will be an honor and aid to your cause.

And may I, in conclusion, express the hope

that in the near future you, representatives of the laboring men, coming from the commercial centers of the United States, will see fit to again visit our city. I beg to assure you that, should our city, by the hand of labor double her size, aye, were she ten times her present size, her heart will be no less good, and no city will open her arms to receive you more gladly than will this then great metropolis of the west.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I will not longer trespass upon your patience. May your meeting together here be of great profit to you all.

When Congressman Warner had concluded, the band played another selection entitled "Cricket on the Hearth."

The Grand Master then introduced Hon. Alfred Taylor, of Lawrence, Kas., who delivered the following address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I regret that I feel my inability to say anything to you worthy of the occasion. But my sympathies are with you, and with any other class of men who are engaged in a dangerous occupation, and I am glad business called me to this city this morning. I want to congratulate you because of your duty and your faithfulness to this great and intelligent country. When sleep covers our lawns, then it is that the faithful switchmen is at his post, to do and dare all danger. Now, my friends, not many of us are capable of comprehending the onward progress of the age in which we live;

We are living, we are striving,  
In a grand and glorious time,  
When the ages on ages tell us  
To be living is sublime.

I can recollect almost distinctly when Ohio was a wilderness. I can recollect when Illinois was admitted into the Union. I can almost recollect when the first railroad was built, which was in 1828. The time is fast approaching when all classes of men who fail to organize themselves and work systematically will be left. The tendency of the age is to organize. By organization armies were attacked; by organization armies conquered, and by organization your rights will be soon recognized. Now, my friends, I am a farmer. I know society is in a state of sufficient oppression that were it not for organization the weak would be trampled on by the strong. We have one of the best governments the sun ever shone upon. It is handed down to us to perpetuate the existence of this government. Shall we do it? Let me impress upon you high aspirations for purity. Weigh all things

well. Get into your order such men as will be an honor to it. For years I worked in the industrial ranks. I am proud of being called a farmer. I thank you for your attention, for I consider it a compliment to be called upon to speak to you.

Forward! Forward! While a wrong remains to be conquered by the right;  
While oppression lifts her finger to affront us by her might—  
While a slave awaits his freedom, while a sorrow grieves the heart,  
Forward, people! Forward nation! Action is the part.

After the band had played another beautiful selection, the Grand Master introduced Hon. H. C. Kumpf, mayor of Kansas City, who delivered the following brief address of welcome:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I did not come here to make a speech. I am glad to see these able orators before me. I want first to excuse myself for being late this morning. But as the saying is, "business before pleasure." Now, I have been attending to the city's business until a few moments ago. I take pleasure, however, in extending to you a most hearty welcome to the city of Kansas City.

The band then rendered in excellent style a selection entitled "Will-o'-the-Wisp," after which Grand Master James L. Monaghan responded to the speeches on behalf of the Grand Lodge in the following manner:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It cannot be expected that one who has spent the major portion of his life in switch-yards can fittingly respond to the kindly, eloquent, and earnest words of welcome, and properly acknowledge the interest you have exhibited in this, the first national assemblage of switchmen. To you, Mr. Mayor, and through you to the people of your great and progressive city, I tender the hearty and grateful thanks of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States. And to the other gentlemen who have shown their interest in our Association by coming here and giving us words of cheer and welcome, I desire also to extend to you, in behalf of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, our warmest thanks.

The switchmen's calling is a hazardous and trying one; and though hazardousness begets recklessness, yet down deep in our natures are the love of wife, of children, of home, and that is why we have organized this mutual aid association. Though it is young, there has been many a switchmen's home made brighter by his helping hand, and many a trial made lighter. The objects of this Association are

numerous. To wage war against discrimination, made by arbitrary employers; to organize for benevolent purposes; to amicably adjust labor disputes by arbitration, and for mutual aid in its membership. Where grievances exist we shall use all honorable and legitimate means to adjust them, and where the employer refuses to recognize these grievances, we will use extreme measures without secrecy. In case of strikes we shall use all means in our power, in the bounds of the law, to compel the employer to arbitrate and adjust difficulties.

To you, brother switchmen, I feel you all are conscious of the sacred trust imposed in you, and I hope you will not forget that you are here representing a large body of honest and industrious men, who expect of you a duty well performed. To the officers and members of Lodge No. 4, of Kansas City, we extend the hand of brothers. We rejoice in your success, and are interested in your future prosperity. We are glad to meet with you, and feel under many obligations for your brotherly attention.

Vice-Grand Master John W. Drury, being called for, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—When the first lodge of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association was organized in Chicago, in 1877, we were at first believed to be anarchists, socialists, communists, or almost anything except what we were, but this has been shown not to be the case. We are law-abiding citizens and propose to remain so. If the laws are wrong we must change them at the ballot box, but we must obey them so long as they remain laws. When we go to breaking laws, I for one, will withdraw from among you. I question the right of any manager to indiscriminately remove men under his control; for while I have all the respect possible for the general officers, I do deny their right to despotic government. Let us not ask for anything that does not belong to us; but when we do ask for things that do belong to us, we must show all people that we are not puppets to be tossed in the hand. This can only be done by unity. "United we stand, divided we fall." This must be our motto if we ever win.

Grand Secretary and Treasurer Joseph D. Hill read the following communication:

Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, Train Master's office, Kansas City Division.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 20, 1886.

To the officers and members of Lodge No. 4 of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association:

GENTS,—Your kind invitation to be present at your meeting this morning is received. I

regret very much being unable to attend, having been up a good part of the night with the Knight Templars, and very important duties demand my attention.

That your association may grow in favor, and its worthy object be appreciated, is the wish of

Yours very truly,

E. J. SANFORD.

The communication was received with loud applause.

There were a large representation of the most prominent citizens in Kansas City present during the opening exercises. And all exhibited an interest in the ceremony, and applauded the sentiments expressed by the speakers very liberally. Giving evidence that the people of Kansas City are ever ready and willing to give encouragement and words of cheer to all organized workmen having a noble object in view.

The opening exercises having been gone through with, without a jar, and to the great credit of the committee of arrangements of Lodge No. 4, of Kansas City, the meeting adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock p. m.

The Grand Lodge was called to order at 2:15 p. m., by the Grand Master, on Monday, September 20.

The chair appointed P. H. Meehan, of Omaha Lodge No. 11, Conductor, and Byron R. Pierce, of Joliet Lodge No. 3, Guard.

The Conductor was then instructed to take up the pass-word, and he reported all present to be members of the Association.

The following Committee on Credentials was then appointed: William Green, of Clinton, Iowa; John T. Hurley, of Omaha, Neb., and W. F. Wilson, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The good and welfare of the order was the subject of discussion, pending

the report of the Committee on Credentials.

The Committee on Credentials submitted their report, which was adopted, reporting the following delegates entitled to seats:

Lodge No. 1.—James L. Monaghan, John W. Drury, John Downey, James A. Kelly, William A. Simmons, John Kinney, James A. Healey, Thos. F. White, M. McGrew, and H. S. Johnson.

No. 2.—J. L. Hyer and Joseph McQuaid.

No. 3.—Byron R. Pierce and L. A. Kennedy.

No. 4.—W. S. Condon, Frank Zimmerman, J. W. Read, and Joseph D. Hill.

No. 5.—Alexander Ewart and Thomas Dooley.

No. 6.—Joseph Gantz and William Owens.

No. 7.—W. A. Brown and Timothy Crowley.

No. 8.—C. G. Hammond and J. C. Eversole.

No. 9.—T. C. Lyons and Joseph Smith.

No. 10.—J. H. Rogers and James Melvin.

No. 11.—P. H. Meehan and T. J. Hurley.

No. 12.—William Green.

No. 13.—D. M. Collins.

No. 14.—M. Manus and R. F. Danzey.

No. 15.—S. W. Strain and J. J. Fishbaugh.

No. 16.—H. P. Minz and James Enright.

No. 17.—W. F. Wilson and J. S. Seymour.

No. 18.—A. C. Joseph.

No. 20.—William Stetson.

No. 21.—F. J. Stricker and William Gambold.

No. 22.—Lawrence Weise and H. S. Isaacs.

No. 24.—J. A. Anderson.

No. 25.—P. C. Ryan and Frank Brown.

The grand officers submitted their annual reports, which were accepted. These reports were satisfactory to the Grand Lodge, and showed a very healthy condition of the Association, both financially and otherwise. Twenty-one lodges have been organized during the year, and about 1,000 additional members admitted.

No strikes had been ordered during the year, and a large number had been averted by the Grand Lodge officers' interposition. Many troubles had been amicably and satisfactorily adjusted, and the Grand Lodge officers

had persistently insisted on arbitrating all differences occurring between the railroad officials and their employes.

Uniform courtesies have been extended to the Grand Lodge officers by the different railroad officials, which shows a disposition on their part to be friendly toward the Association, and which the Grand Lodge's officers have at all times shown their appreciation.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned for the day.

Immediately upon re-assembling Tuesday morning the Grand Lodge went into Committee of the Whole upon the Constitution and By-Laws, with John W. Drury in the chair.

Consideration of amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws took up the time of the session until Saturday, when all amendments had been disposed of they were reported and ratified by the Grand Lodge.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

Grand Master—James L. Monaghan, of Chicago, Ill.

Vice Grand Master — Alexander Ewart, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Grand Organizer and Instructor—John W. Drury, of Chicago, Ill.

Grand Secretary and Treasurer—Walter S. Condon, of Kansas City, Mo.

Board of Directors—James A. Kelly, William A. Simmons and Thomas F. White, of Chicago ; John T. Hurley, of Omaha, and D. N. Collins, of Detroit.

An invitation was received from Division No. 14, Yardmaster's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada, located at Kansas City, inviting the Grand Lodge to a carriage

drive and banquet. The invitation was accepted, and a special committee was appointed to draft resolutions of thanks.

The following was received from Omaha Lodge, No. 11 :

OMAHA, NEB., Sept. 18.

*To the Grand Lodge and all delegates to the Kansas City Convention :*

GENTLEMEN,—You are respectfully invited to attend the First Annual Ball of Lodge No. 11, S. M. A. A., to be held in Omaha, on Monday evening, September 27, 1886. Hoping you will all attend, I am, very respectfully,

J. C. ORMSBY,

*Chairman Committee on Ball.*

The invitation was accepted with thanks, and all desiring to attend were requested to hand their names to the Secretary.

The following communication was received and the secretary was instructed to acknowledge the receipt of the same, with proper expressions of appreciation of the noble sentiments tendered to our association :

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Hall of Kansas City Lodge No. 74.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1886.

*James L. Monaghan, Esq., Grand Master of the S. M. A. A. and delegates assembled.*

GENTLEMEN,—Kansas City Lodge No. 74, B. of L. F. of N. A., extends to you our sincere sympathy and congratulations on this your first annual convention, and wish your organization success and prosperity.

Yours truly,

K. C. L. No. 74 of B. of L. F.  
WM. PIERCY, Secretary.

The following were appointed a Committee on Thanks: Joseph D. Hill, Wm. E. Green, James A. Kelly, P. C. Ryan and F. J. Hurley.

The officers of the Grand Lodge were changed so that they now read: Grand Master, Vice-Grand Master, Grand Organizer and Instructor, and Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

The name of the Association was changed from the Switchmen's Mutual

Aid Association of the United States of America, to the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America. This change was made so that the jurisdiction could extend over Canada, etc.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge as well as the Constitution and By-Laws of local lodges was completely reconstructed. The provisions adopted of interest to the public may be summed up as follows:

The endowment benefit of the Association was changed from \$500 to \$600.

A section was adopted reading as follows: "Any member engaging in the sale of intoxicating liquors, or in any illegal or unlawful business, unless he withdraws, shall be expelled from this association."

An other section reads: "Any member found guilty of drunkenness shall be suspended for the first offense, and a repetition shall be punishable by expulsion."

Article XII. Section 1, reads: "Any member of this Association who shall engage in a strike, or encourage any other member to engage in one, without the consent of the Grand Master, shall be expelled from, and cannot become a member of, this Association again."

Section 11, same article reads: "All grievances shall be adjusted by a grievance committee of the subordinate lodge if possible, and only by a two-thirds vote of the lodge can the grievances be sent to the Grand Master. And then it must be sent in writing, and only upon his approval shall a strike take place."

Article XI. Section 1, reads: "A candidate for admission into a lodge

shall have served at least one year as a switchman. He shall be of good moral character, sober and industrious, and free from all hereditary or contracted diseases. He shall be not less than twenty-one years, nor more than fifty years of age, and shall be able to read and write the English language. He shall join the lodge nearest his residence, and shall have been a resident at least four months. No person engaging in the liquor traffic shall be eligible to membership. Pilots and assistant yardmasters who have served as switchmen the required time, shall be eligible, provided they meet all the other requirements and shall be actively employed at the time they seek admission."

The Committee on Thanks reported the following:

*Resolved.* That the delegates of the Switchman's Aid Association of North America, now assembled in convention at Kansas City, Mo., extend to the Hon. Henry C. Kumpf, Mayor of Kansas City, our kind appreciation for the courteous treatment we have received from him on behalf of the citizens of Kansas City.

*Resolved.* That we acknowledge the compliments paid by the Hon. William Warner, Hon. Judge Philips, Hon. Alfred Taylor, of Lawrence, and Rev. John Mathews of Kansas City, and do fully appreciate the addresses of welcome they extended to us in our opening exercises.

*Resolved.* That we extend our heartfelt thanks to the press of Kansas City for the kind and courteous treatment we have received from them; and that we extend our sincere appreciation of the favors received from all the railroads.

*Resolved.* That we fully acknowledge the kind communication of friendship extended to us from lodge 74 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman of North America.

*Resolved.* That we fully appreciate the elaborate manner in which the Yardmasters' Mutual Benefit Association extended to us a welcome in Kansas City, and we extend our heartfelt thanks to the following committee: Judd Hohl, Charles McDonald, William Wright, R. M. Dillon, James Tobin and W. H. Bailey, and trust that the fraternal feeling established

by Division No. 14 between the Yardmasters' Association and our own may exist forever.

*Resolved*, Moreover, that we, the delegates in convention, extend our sincere thanks to Lodge No. 4 of Kansas City for their kind treatment and the splendid manner in which they have acted toward the visiting delegates.

Mr. Walter S. Condon, in a few appropriate remarks, and on behalf of Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, presented to Mr. John W. Drury, who presided during the session in Committee of the Whole, the gavel he had used during the week.

Mr. Drury returned feelingly, and with no little amount of emotion, his earnest thanks for the, to him, valuable present.

Indianapolis was selected as the next place of meeting, and the third Monday in September the time.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned.

#### CONVENTION PINS.

The venerable, much respected and honored Dr. Gammon, of Kansas City, was a visitor at the opening exercises of the Grand Lodge.

Brother J. M. Rogers, of Lodge No. 10, made quite an impression among the delegates by his genial and pleasant manner. He was a credit to the Leavenworth boys.

Brother S. W. Strain, of Denver Lodge, No. 15, accompanied the Grand Lodge officers to Omaha. He is now visiting his relatives in his old home in Burlington, Iowa.

Brother H. S. Johnson, of Lodge No. 1, was the "masher" of the convention. While attending the ball at Omaha he was careful to sustain his reputation—making quite a number of hits among the ladies. And on the way home he was so pre-occupied with the

"fair ones" on the train that he had not time to go to the dining-car for his meals. Some of the party requested the porter to announce the meals four or five times, but it was no use, brother Johnson did not eat—"Chestnuts"!

Brother Wm. A. Simmons made quite a hit with the ladies. When "the kid" gets his "silk tile" on and gracefully supports his half-ounce cane, there is no use talking, he is simply exquisite, and irresistible with the ladies. However, report has it that "Billy" got left on trying his charms upon the pleasant and attractive Miss M——K——, one of Chicago's fair daughters.

Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, did things up in good style. Every effort was put forth for the comfort and enjoyment of visiting delegates. In this they were highly successful, all visitors being loud in their praise of the members of Lodge No. 4. However, the boys seem only to possess the characteristics of the average Kansas City citizen. They all seem to have a warm spot in their hearts for visitors.

Brother John T. Kinney, of Lodge No. 1, enjoyed himself hugely while at Kansas City. He was the center of attraction. Everybody had a desire to see the oldest switchman in the United States. He received calls from some of Kansas City's most distinguished citizens, who expressed great pleasure at meeting the old veteran. John, realizing his importance, always engaged private boxes when he visited the theaters. It is told on him that one night as he was enjoying an entertainment in a private box, one of Kansas City residents, desiring to make his

acquaintance, called upon him between scenes. John did not like the appearance of said citizen, besides he questioned the propriety of the familiarity they displayed, and soon said in his blunt way: "Git out of here, or o'il throw ye out of the box."

#### PERSONAL.

We improvised a register in our office in order to get the names of all delegates calling on us on their way to Kansas City.

Mr. William A. Stetson next registered from Savanna, Ill. We exacted a promise from him, and propose to hold him to it.

Mr. William E. Green was the next to register, from Clinton, Iowa. He being in ill-health, we won't say anything about him.

Then Messrs. Thomas Dooley and Alex Ewart, Milwaukee, Wis., walked in, smilingly, just as if they had not yet got over their picnic.

Mr. John A. Anderson, came in without making any noise, and registered from East Saginaw, Mich. He denies being a son of "John Anderson, my Joe, John."

Mr. D. N. Collins, Detroit, Mich., was the last but not least. We are afraid to say anything about him for fear he will think we are jealous of their base-ball nine.

The first to put in an appearance was F. J. Stricker, delegate from Indianapolis, Ind., having in tow William Gambold, also a delegate from the same city. Or Gambold with Stricker in tow, we don't know which.

Next came Mr. W. F. Wilson, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who had lost his

colleague, J. S. Seymour, some place in the wilds of Iowa. However, Mr. Seymour "blew in" shortly afterwards and registered, taking great care to say Cedar Rapids, Iowa — emphasizing Iowa.

Mr. Mathias Mannis, of Toledo, Ohio, came next, and after registering, inquired if his colleague, Mr. R. F. Danzey, had arrived. We answered him "nay." He then explained they had come different routes, and said he would go out and hire a brass band to escort him from the depot. Mr. Danzey, however, came in while Mr. Mannis was trying to get the leader of the band to do the job for \$90, he wanting \$100.

BROTHER W. F. Wilson, a delegate to the convention at Kansas City, was considerably "rattled" when he arrived in Chicago on his way to the convention. He and his colleague, Mr. J. S. Seymour, had made all preparations for their journey, and expected to come to Chicago on the same train. They had determined to only carry with them one "collar-box," hence packed it carefully together. Brother Wilson is a careful man in his personal appearance, and took special pains to see that all his toilet articles were safely packed in the "grip." It seems, however, that ever since the prohibition law went into effect in Iowa he has been a sound and peaceful sleeper, superinduced evidently by a clear conscience. The evening before he left Cedar Rapids, he left word with his landlord to call him early in the morning as he desired to take the morning train. The landlord claims he pounded the "gong" to pieces at his door,

knocked the door off its hinges, and shot an anvil off under his window, but all to no effect. Brother Wilson still continued to peacefully and enthusiastically commune with "Morpheus." When he finally awoke the train had been gone to Chicago about four hours. He boarded the next train, however, and "got there" all the same. Coming into our office he showed by his countenance his chagrin at not having access to his cosmetics (brother Seymour having lugged them here some hours before his arrival) one side of his mustache pointing towards Kalamazoo while the other side pointed directly at the clock in the tower of Seipp's brewery. We offered him a cigar out of the box we expect to get some day, etc., and finally got him in a good humor and he left for Kansas City all "O. K."

BROTHER Frank Zimmerman, one of the delegates representing Kansas City Lodge No. 4, did not answer to roll-call on the third day of the session of the Grand Lodge. Coming in later on in the session, he arose in his seat with much dignity and delivered the following excuse for his absence: "Worthy Master and Brother Delegates—I am happy to say that I have been attending a convention at home. Mrs. Zimmerman submitted a proposition to enlarge the delegation of representatives at my dinner-table one more. The proposition meeting with no opposition on my part, the motion was declared carried unanimously, and the new delegate was escorted to her seat. (It was a girl, boys). She then said 'go to the convention, Frank, and transact your business in the good cause of the

S. M. A. A. of N. A.'" Brother Zimmerman's excuse was accepted by the Grand Lodge with tremendous applause.

IN justice to brother James A. Kelly, chairman of the board of directors of the Grand Lodge, we desire to as modestly as possible explain his nervousness during the session of the Grand Lodge. He was expecting a consignment at home and was desirous of being there to receive it. But to his chagrin it beat him home just five hours—it is a girl and weighs nine and one-half pounds. Mother and daughter doing well, father six inches taller.

MISS MARY KOUGH, sister of a worthy member of Lodge No. 1, accompanied the Chicago delegation to Kansas City, on her way to visit friends at Paola, Kan. She stopped over at Kansas City to attend the opening exercises of the Grand Lodge. Miss Kough won the hearts of the boys by volunteering to take the speeches—she being an expert short-hand reporter—and by her earnest encouragement of the objects of the Association.

MR. D. M. COLLINS was accompanied to the convention by his estimable wife. Mr. Collins was a hard worker, and Mrs. Collins was deeply interested in the proceedings. We have thought for some time that Brother Collins must receive inspiration from some source for his earnestness in the cause of the S. M. A. A., but never could tell from whence it came until we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Collins.

NICK NEWCOMB has been reinstated by Rock Island Lodge No. 2.



THOMAS McLAUGHLIN has been reinstated by Kansas City Lodge No. 4.

THE sleeping-car porters, of the Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central and Pullman Palace Car companies, organized for mutual aid and protection, at St. Louis, on the 22d of September.

SHE—"Why, where have you been so long, Charley?"

He—"Looking at the police arrest a Chinaman."

She—"Why, what for?"

He—"Doing up two collars."

BROTHER Peter Jackson, of the B. & O. road, who was run down by a Fort Wayne car, at the Stock Yards, June 13, is improving. His leg was badly injured, but the possibilities are that it will not be a permanent injury.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. ISAACS, and little daughter, Miss Flora Isaacs, called upon us on their way home from the Grand Lodge. Mr. Isaacs represented Lodge No. 22, Columbus, Ohio. They were well pleased with their trip to Kansas City.

CLEVELAND Lodge, No. 23, have expelled Henry S. Merrill for non-payment of charter fee, dues and non-attendance since the lodge was organized. Matthew Loughlin and James Heffron have been suspended for non-payment of charter fee and dues.

ON its trial-trip, recently, a fast passenger engine, built by the Philadelphia and Reading road, made sixty miles in forty-eight minutes, including two stops—one mile being covered in forty-five seconds. The boiler of the engine is

five-eighths inch steel, and carries pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch.

AN Iowa minister after long years of service in attempting to save sinners—while many are yet unsaved—has become insane; the cause is said to be owing to "great activity and mental strain in attempting to save his hogs from cholera."

THE water tank on the Illinois Central, at Mendota, Ill., burst a few days ago, making a loud report. A lad standing near by was struck on the head by a flying timber and seriously hurt. Another unanswerable argument against prohibition.

AN exchange says that the longest train ever known to have been drawn by one engine was on the Northern Central in Pennsylvania. There were 183 empty freight cars, one loaded, two cabooses and a dead engine. The train was a mile and a quarter long.

THERE are 201,522 miles of railroads in the world; 123,110 miles in the United States. The total construction of main tracks of new railroads in the United States for the year 1885 was 3,100 miles, and it is estimated that the construction for 1886 will reach 6,000 miles, a few miles more than were in operation in the United States in 1848.

As an evidence that railroad companies are unable to pay what is just to their employes for their hazardous and arduous work, it is only necessary to state that the disbursements of railroad dividends and interest for the first half of the current year, in Boston alone, amounted to \$10,192,000—an increase

over the first half of 1885 of \$180,000. It is astonishing how patriotic and public-spirited the railroad magnates of the country are, to thus accept such small remuneration for their watered stock. Look out for a general reduction of the small-salaried employés.

WHILE in Omaha, Neb., we had the pleasure of meeting the genial and versatile Dan. B. Honnin, manager of the *Railway News*, of Omaha. Dan was once a resident of Chicago, and we were highly entertained by him, talking over old times. We hope the *News* will be as much of a success as Dan is a gentleman. The sun always shines upon "Blondie's" efforts—Strawberry.

BROTHER John Tully, who had his foot badly mashed by an empty car running over it, on the 24th of last July, on the B. & O. road, at South Chicago, is improving slowly. He is now able to move around pretty well. If the doctors had had their way, John would now be minus a foot, but he has reason to be thankful that he did not allow them to amputate the foot, as they insisted on doing.

MR. WALTER S. CONDON, of Kansas City Lodge, No. 4, having been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the S. M. A. A., in his official capacity also becomes business manager of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. He will assume the duties of his office on or about November 1, 1886. Hence, all business communications intended for the JOURNAL, as well as all matters pertaining to Grand Lodge affairs must be addressed to Mr. Condon, after the above date. Mr. Condon will assume his new duties with the con-

gratulations of a large circle of friends, and brings to his new duties long experience, intelligence and energy.

WE regret to learn that brother Frank Weigand, treasurer of Rock Island Lodge, has been very sick. Some time ago he had his thumb injured while pulling a pin, blood-poisoning set in, his hand, arm and neck swelling to an enormous size. When we last heard from him, however, he was recovering slowly, but would not be able for duty for some time. He has the sympathy and well wishes of a large circle of friends and brothers.

L. C. FOSTER, JR., Grand Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, Ithaca, N. Y., called on us September 16th. Mr. Foster is an intelligent and courteous gentleman and a hard worker in the order of the B. of R. R. B. His work has been very satisfactory to his organization yet quite trying on him physically. He has traveled over thirty-eight thousand miles in the last ten months. Call again brother Foster, we are always glad to meet railroad boys.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Council Bluffs *Railroad Reporter*, from Missouri Valley, Iowa, says that all the frogs and switches in the yards at that place are being blocked to prevent a repetition of the accident that occurred there recently, in which the night yardmaster, Mr. Fred Mosier, lost his life. Mr. Mosier was an old time "Knight of the Key," but was compelled, by poor health, to seek outdoor employment, and met his death under the cruel wheels by catching his foot in an unblocked frog. "Ten cents

worth of lumber would have saved the life of a worthy young man," says the correspondent. Alas! how cheap in the eyes of railroad magnates are human lives.

THE switchmen in the different yards at Cincinnati went out on a strike September 28. The trouble was caused by a request for an advance of wages, and to do away with the then existing system of Sunday work. The trouble ended October 1. From newspaper sources we are told it was settled by the switchmen accepting "what the officials promised them before they went out," or an advance of 15 per cent. While from private sources we are told that the trouble was settled by the companies raising the wages 25 cents per day.

THE many friends of brother John Kay will be pained to learn of his sad misfortune. On Monday, September 27, near Fiftieth street, in the discharge of his duty he stepped between two cars and pulled a pin, and stepping out to give the signal to give the cars a "kick," he was knocked down by a Western Indiana train on another track, cutting off his right arm between the elbow and shoulder, and slightly injuring his face and leg. Mr. Kay has a wife and two children. The boys have had details every night to sit up with brother Kay.

WE regret to say that we have been so busy with other matters this month that we have been unable to complete our arrangements for premiums. We can say this much, however, that in our November issue we will offer liberal inducements to single subscribers, as well as several valuable premiums for agents sending us subscribers. These premi-

ums will be of such character that it will well pay all switchmen to contest for them. We will keep a list of our agents, and will give them credit for all subscriptions on and after November 1. So that they can send in the names as fast as they secure them.

ED. F. O'SHEA, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, and one of the editors of the *Railroad Brakemen's Journal*, called upon us September 15. Ed. was in the city on business, and being one of those kind of railroad men that think, of course he could not pass our door without coming in to see how we were getting along, and offer words of encouragement. He informed us that the *Brakemen's Journal* has changed hands and will come out in October under the direct management of the Grand Lodge. We wish the new management success. Call again, Ed., our latch-string will always be out for you, and we enjoy a visit with you.

THE General Assembly of the Knights of Labor met at Richmond, Va., Monday, October 4. About one thousand delegates were in attendance, representing all portions of the United States and Canada. It is thought they will be in session for at least two weeks. This is an important meeting in the history of that organization. It is expected that this session will clearly define its policy concerning strikes, etc. There are two factions in the order, and both are largely represented at Richmond. One the conservative, or Powderly faction, the other the radical, or Home Club faction. The indications are that the radical faction will

be entirely squelched. It is to be hoped that the General Assembly will so instruct its subordinate assemblies that they will grant to other organizations privileges they ask for themselves.

THE third annual session of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen of the Western Hemisphere meets at San Antonio, Texas, Monday, October 18. It must be a source of great gratification to the members of that order at the wonderful growth that has marked its existence. At its first session there were thirty-seven local lodges represented. At the second 161 and now 250 lodges are in existence. The brakemen have had their ups and downs as well as other organizations; but thanks to a worthy cause and a corps of earnest, energetic and honest officers are due for the success achieved in the past, and hopeful outlook for the future. Long live the order of Railroad Brakemen, say we.

WE desire to acknowledge the receipt of a tasty and neatly gotten up invitation to attend the opening ceremonies of the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Minneapolis, Minn., September 15, accompanied with the compliments of its Grand officers—Grand Master F. P. Sargent and Grand Secretary and Treasurer Eugene V. Debs. We would have been only too glad to have attended, and shown by our presence, at least, that the switchmen have the kindest feeling toward the Brotherhood, and will never allow an opportunity to pass by when they can “throw a stone over in their

yard,” but our convention meeting on the 20th we found it impossible to attend. Accept our regrets, brothers, with well wishes.

THE Grand Lodge officers desire to publicly acknowledge their obligations, and return their sincere thanks to the following gentlemen for valuable assistance and advice in formulating the necessary blanks for expediting the business of the Grand Lodge: Mr. Eugene V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; Mr. Ed. F. O'Shea, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, and Mr. T. S. Ingraham, General Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The gentlemen herein named having kindly furnished the officers of the Grand Lodge complete sets of their blanks, thereby materially helping them in formulating their blanks, they desire to extend to these gentlemen their sincere thanks, and acknowledge their appreciation of the interest exhibited by them in the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

MR. WILLIAM S. MELLEN, for a long time connected with the C. & N.-W. as Assistant General Superintendent, has been appointed General Manager of the Wisconsin Central. In the selection of Mr. Mellen for the important position of general manager of one of the great railroad corporations of the Northwest, we are proud to congratulate the Wisconsin Central upon their selection of a gentleman of such sterling qualities as their general manager. Although the C. & N.-W. will miss one of their best officers, the Wisconsin

Central will reap the benefit of his vast knowledge and practical experience in railroading. Mr. Mellen has the advantage of all the name manager implies, both in knowledge of railroad business and as a careful financier. Another important qualification Mr. Mellen possesses, is the close relationship that he always endeavors to have between himself and his employés. We know that Mr. Mellen will be of great value to the Wisconsin Central, and we wish him long life and prosperity in his new position.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following list of patents relating to railways, issued by the Patent Office at Washington, since our last report, is furnished us by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, 624 F street, Washington, D. C.:

Automatic railway switch—Wm. S. Boyd, Chicago, Ill.

Car coupling link—Francis W. Parsons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Car coupling—Joseph T. Himmick, Rheinbeck, N. Y.

Cut-out switch—Asa G. Daily, Detroit, Mich.

Railway switch and switch-stand—Edward Gordon, Hyde Park, Mass.

Railway switch—Geo. Bennett, Geo. Dike and Wm. W. Rich, Lincoln, Neb.

Railway switch—Morris Wuerpel and Herbert P. Tassig, St. Louis, Mo.

Switch and signal-lock—Isaac May, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Safety switch for railways—John N. Hubbell, Bedford, O.

#### IT'S ALL EXPLAINED.

The many friends and acquaintances of C. R. Wooldridge have for several months noticed something peculiar about him. He seemed to be in that pensive mood that indicated a serious change of some kind. Just what the matter was no one could tell. Often times, way into the night, he could be seen meandering along Artesian ave-

nue, still in the deep study that has characterised him of late. While occasionally his face was lit up with a smile that can only be compared with a Georgia darkey's face after having paid a prolonged call on a watermelon patch while its owner was attending camp-meeting. While he was editing the JOURNAL there was not so much thought about this, as editors have license to go about at all hours, looking dreaming or smiling just as the subscriptions may have come in, and the world, as a rule, pays little attention to them. But when a man engages in a more lucrative business, and receives solid gold for his services instead of cord-wood and Yankee pumpkins, society at once is all agog if there is anything strange in his appearance. It was all made clear, however, the other day, when Mr. Wooldridge extended the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL an invitation to attend an affair in which he was one of the principal participants, and Miss Core E. Spencer was another, and Rev. J. P. Brushingham was the one selected to see that it was well done. In other words, on the evening of August 29, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. W. M. DeLaney, 14 Artesian avenue, Mr. Clifton R. Wooldridge was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Core E. Spencer, Rev. J. P. Brushingham performing the ceremony. The affair was of a private character, and the presents were numerous and handsome. While we are exceedingly sorry that we could not possibly attend, we desire the happy couple to understand that they have the kindest wishes of the JOURNAL for their future happiness and prosperity.

TO SWITCHMEN AND FRIENDS OF  
THE JOURNAL.

We beg leave to say to you that we look for all the support you can give or get for the JOURNAL. And we know that if you labor as earnestly in the future as you have in the past, your efforts will place it upon a footing that will make it a source of revenue as well as the pride of our organization. Hoping you will "put your shoulder to the wheel," we are,

Fraternally yours,

JAS. L. MONAGHAN,

JOHN W. DRURY.

ALL HONOR TO DIVISION NO. 14,  
Y. M. B. A.

The delegates to the Grand Lodge of the S. M. A. A., as well as all visiting members of the association are very loud in their praises of Division No. 14, Yardmasters' Mutual Benefit Association, of Kansas City, for the interest in the success of our association manifested by Division No. 14 at our late convention. All delegates and their friends received at the hands of this division careful attention and such courtesies during their stay in Kansas City that it has made a lasting impression among the switchmen throughout the country. Nothing was left undone that would add to the pleasure of the representative switchmen.

A banquet and carriage ride was tendered to the delegates and their friends, which was accepted, and proved one of the events of the session long to be remembered, and which was appropriately recognized by the thanks of the Grand Lodge, the resolution appearing in another column. Eighteen carriages

called at the convention hall on Friday at about 3 o'clock p. m., accompanied by a committee of Division No. 14, and after all were seated in the carriages the company was shown the principal places of interest in the city. Many ladies were in the party. Stops were made at Fairmount Park and Anheuser Busch Brewing Company, long enough for inspection and to get a —cigar. The party then repaired to Eislinger's Garden, where an elegant and inviting banquet was spread for them. Here toasts and the peculiar sound that accompanies the extraction of corks from wine bottles was the order. All speeches were liberally interspersed with loud praises of Division No. 14, and earnest expressions that the good feelings engendered by the noble action of the yardmasters of Kansas City would not only always exist there, but would bear such fruit that would extend all over the country, to the end that a closer and more harmonious relation may exist between these two as well as other divisions of railroad employes.

The committee of yardmasters having the matter in charge were Messrs. Charles R. McDonald, James W. Tobin, W. R. Wright, Judd Hohl and R. M. Dillon. Mr. H. R. Bailey, President of Division No. 14, contributed materially to the enjoyment of the occasion. Mrs. Charles R. McDonald, Mrs. W. R. Wright and Miss Tobin also graced the occasion with their company.

THE storm which passed over Chicago recently, was just twenty-one minutes coming from Milwaukee. It acted as though it wanted to catch a train or was trying to escape from a Detroit base ball mob.

## TO SUBORDINATE LODGES.

I desire to call the attention of the officials of subordinate Lodges to the fact that the Financial Secretary of all Lodges will be supplied with a blank report, on or about October 17, 1886, and such report *must* be filled out in accordance with the printed instructions thereon, and forwarded to the office of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer on or before October 29, 1886, in order to complete the list of membership on our rolls.

This instruction is *imperative* and must be complied with, as no excuse will be accepted for non-compliance with the same.

I am fraternally yours,

JOSEPH D. HILL,

Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

## THE LABOR PARADE.

The great labor parade in Chicago, on Monday, September 6, the day selected by the labor organizations of the United States as "Labor's Holiday," was the largest demonstration, of any character, ever seen on the streets of our city. The day was also generally observed throughout the United States, every city of note having their parades, picnics and speech making. While these celebrations have their significances, the one in Chicago, the only one we had the opportunity of seeing, was of special note for various reasons.

Never has there paraded our streets a finer looking body of men, nor ever in our history did the participants conduct themselves more orderly and dignified. At least twenty thousand honest, industrious working-men—each individual's vocation in life could be easily determined by a look at the inside of the

hand—laying aside all petty jealousies, opinions, etc., and marching as one grand army of honest, patriotic toilers—each individual organization carrying in front of them the stars and stripes alongside their local banners—was not only a grand sight to see, but one that gives food for serious reflection.

A few short months ago, self-named working-men, many of whom have not done an honest day's work for years, paraded our streets, led by another flag—the red. A flag that has no place in this country, and never will have. And, as we have before stated, those intrusted with the welfare of our city were derelict in their duty or we would have been saved the insult at the time, and the sad consequences of its results.

But when the *bona fide* working-men parade, as they did September 6, never in the history of our city were there, in one day, so many flags of our country floating in our streets, and never were they carried more proudly. This seems sufficient evidence that the heart of the American workman is in the right place. That the principles proclaimed and upheld under the banners carried alongside the flags were in perfect harmony with those the stars and stripes represent. The skilled and the unskilled; the trades unions and the assemblies of the Knights of Labor, in fact all divisions of honest toil were represented in line, and all kept step to the music of organized labor. It was a grand sight, and one that honest labor may well be proud of.

To the reflective mind, to the public-spirited citizen, to the patriots all over the country these parades, these evidences of the wonderful progress made

in organizing the workmen into trades unions and assemblies of the Knights of Labor, calls for more than a passing glance at their magnitude. Why all this? What occasion is there for organizing labor? What do they propose to do? And how do they propose to do it?

The laborer answers briefly: Do you see this button in the lapel of my coat? That signifies that I tendered my life, and it was accepted, that this nation might be preserved intact as a nation of freedom; as a nation wherein the voices of the people should be the law of the land, and where all laws should bear equally on all. For long years the law-making power of the government, as well as the executive and judicial branches, have been drifting away from the principles and declarations on which the government was founded, and for which I tendered my life to perpetuate. The ship of state has been piloted into the narrow channel of class, and now she is slowly but surely floating down the channel toward the rock of destruction—monarchy. All legislation of late years has been at the dictation of the men of millions. They have not only dictated the laws, and who shall make the laws, but for whom the laborer shall vote. Thereby destroying the very principles of our government.

As to what we propose to do, he answers, tow the ship of state back out of its narrow channel, by repealing all class legislation, and place it upon the broad sea where our fathers launched it—the unrestricted will of the people. Place an honest, fearless patriot in command, and law makers to guide its course that will listen to the voice of

the people rather than the jingle of the golden coin.

“How do you propose to do it?” Do you say. *By the ballot.*

It is not strange, therefore, that the thinkers of the country are giving a great deal of thought to the existing relations between capital and labor. It is said, “Where there is a will there is a way.” If there is a will to sink all selfishness, and study for a time the existing relations between capital and labor, to the end that the peace, happiness and prosperity of the nation may be preserved, a solution can be reached. But if the thinkers sit idly by and permit the inhuman extortionists, not only to tighten their hold upon the throats of the people, but to attempt to settle the differences existing between capital and labor by coercion, the Lord have mercy on the United States of America.

#### B. OF L. F.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held their thirteenth annual convention in Minneapolis, Minn., September 15. Colonel John T. West presided. Addresses were made by Colonel West; Mayor Ames, J. E. Phelan, traveling engineer of the Northern Pacific; Grand Master F. B. Sargeant and others. The following is an abstract of the address of Grand Master Sargeant. It is well worth careful reading:

“The watchword of the present day is “forward,” and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to keep up with the times, must join in the progressive movement. From the little body of eleven men which organized at Port Jervis, N. Y., in 1873, the brotherhood has grown rapidly, now numbering 330 lodges, containing 17,000 men. The



first principle of the order is sobriety, which is imperative for a fireman. Industry is another of the teachings of the brotherhood. It is desired to make such good firemen that when an engineer is wanted he will be surely selected from the firemen, and a card of this brotherhood will be a sufficient recommendation. Benevolence is another of the great principles upon which the brotherhood is founded, and in the few years of existence it has paid out three-quarters of a million dollars for the benefit of members and their families. Railroad building is going on at such a rate that the opportunities are constantly increasing, and members of the order cannot but feel that the class of firemen the brotherhood would supply would be preferred by the public. This is a labor organization, it is true, but it is only formed for the purpose of obtaining justice at the hands of the employers. Some railroad managers and presidents have been so selfish and narrow-minded that they begrudged the engine-men their pittance. But the old fossils have nearly all gone to the rear, and liberal, broad-gauge men have taken their places. The locomotive firemen only want what is just, and recognize the fact that their employers have rights that they as employes are bound to respect. They should never antagonize. When labor societies are officered by men who can look on both sides of a question, and when the employer is willing to treat his employé with fairness that is due to faithful, intelligent workmen, there will be fewer strikes. Our system of adjusting grievances is by arbitration. When all else fails the Grand Master has the power to order a strike. But during its existence the brotherhood has never been involved in a single strike. And during the past year many presidents and general managers have been waited on; in every instance the committees have been courteously treated, and the grievance fairly considered. During the past few months many troubles have arisen between employer

and employé. But labor has not been fighting capital, but the monopolist. Some mistakes have been made, it is true; but let us be charitable. We all make mistakes. As officers have it in their power to involve the order in difficulty by making unjust demands, the order should be very careful both in admitting members and electing officers. The labor troubles of the past few months have been, on the whole, beneficial, although many wrongs have been committed, many lives lost, and much property destroyed."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BALL AT OMAHA.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The following is an account of the first annual ball of Omaha Lodge No. 11, which took place at the exposition annex September 29, 1886. The pleasure commenced with the grand march, about 300 couples participating. There were thirty dances on the programme. The floor committee acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner, making the evening's entertainment not only interesting but pleasant. Brother B. F. Miller, chief floor manager, while discharging his duties satisfactorily to all, made quite a "hit" among the ladies, having three of Omaha's fair daughters in charge. Brother John T. Hurley, with his estimable wife, graced the occasion with their presence, and added materially to the enjoyment of the occasion. I am sorry to say that brother P. Meehan labored under the disadvantage of coming to the ball alone. I am exceedingly sorry if all the girls in Omaha have given brother Meehan the "shake," but "the course of true love never did run smooth," Pat. Our Worthy Master

J. J. Kennedy and wife, accompanied by two lady friends, attended, all acquitting themselves admirably. Brother Kennedy is quite bashful and reserved when in company with ladies—especially when Mrs. J. J. K. is present. Brothers William Buchanan and William Hay discharged their duties as door keepers satisfactorily to all. Quite a number of couple were in attendance from Council Bluffs, a special train conveying them to and from the ball. Twenty-five couples from South Omaha were also present. Representatives were also present from the B. of L. E., B. of L. F., Y. M. B. A. and B. of R. B.

I am proud to say the ball was a grand success both financially and socially. The Grand Lodge officers were present and made quite a favorable impression upon all present. They all seemed to enjoy the evening's entertainment. Lodge No. 11 received encomiums from all present, and I think we will have to engage the exposition building for our next ball. Hoping this communication is not too long, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

PAUL PRY.

PEORIA RESERVATION, INDIAN TERR.,  
Sept. 5, 1885.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

There is not much to report from these parts interesting to switchmen, but I desire your readers to understand that there are at least a few men here interested in the success of our grand organization.

Paschal Fish, a Peoria Indian, has recently married his fourteenth wife. Mr. Fish, although a full-blooded Indian, is not an untutored one, but

quite the contrary. He has had the advantages of education and is an eloquent speaker and thorough gentleman.

An old friend sends his hearty congratulations to the newly-married pair through the columns of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. QUAPAW.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

In the winter of 1871 the Michigan Air Line road, running from Ridgeway, Mich., to Romeo, Mich. (twenty-two miles), had a peculiar experience. At the time I speak of they had only two locomotives; one was in the shop on blocks getting repaired, while the other did the business of the road. The shop and round-house were one and the same building, with only one straight track. There was just room enough for the two engines in the shop; the one being repaired was at the far end of the track. It was the duty of the night watchman to wipe the engine and keep up steam. Not being a practical man his instructions were, not to handle the engine. One night, however, she did not sit to suit him, so he thought he would move her into another position. She was an old-style Manchester engine and had a very quick valve. The throttle having been recently packed made it hard to open. He gave it a slight pull with no response. Trying it again with a jerk, she answered with a jump through the doors. Getting excited, he reversed the lever without shutting her off; she bounded back and knocked the other engine off of the blocks into the pit. He again reversed her and she went through the doors again like a shot, out some distance into the yard. Getting more ex-

cited, he reversed her the third time, leaving her still wide open, and jumped off. She plunged back into the shop, running into the other engine that had been knocked into the pit, totally demolishing both engines.

So you see the poor Michigan Air Line was left without an engine, and was compelled to run their mails on a hand-car for several weeks until their engines could be repaired at the Grand Trunk shops at Fort Gratiot. I have not heard what has become of the watchman, but when last seen he was making good time toward Texas, and if I hear from him will let you know in my next. YRURD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 8, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Lodge No. 21 S. M. A. A. of the U. S. A. is developing a vitality that augurs surely of future useful animation. The seed planted by Brother Drury last July has germinated and taken root, and bids fair to bear fruitage in an abundance beyond the most sanguine expectation. Surely no other city of equal facilities and population could more keenly feel the necessities of mutual organization and encouragement, and feel it so long with as little united effort as Indianapolis. But with the fragrance of its bloom, just now disseminating and premonitating the utility of its fruits, encouragement is given to cultivate and develop the fullest harvest we can reach—that the wisdom and knowledge of Chicago switchmen may be exemplified. To speak plainly, no field of labor has need of attention to a greater degree than among the switchmen. Other laboring classes have by coöperation and assimilation secured that sympathy and assist-

ance from the public that has been denied the switchmen, because of their position relative to capital as well as the perfect carelessness and disinterestedness manifested in their own welfare.

To have some place to go, something to engage in that calls forth the mental forces and develops the social and filial qualities of human nature, is certainly moving in the direction of elevating those so engaged. And who that has been observing the actions and effects of local organizations, as witnessed in lodge-rooms, could help but acknowledge the good resulting therefrom? To isolate individuals by letting each one seek recreation where disinterested and deceptive people offer amusement for selfish financial reimbursement, is a sure and rapid means of depraving those individuals. But by organization and commingling together in lodge rooms, and discussing those questions of common interests, and acting in mutual sympathy, we are safe in foretelling a positive elevation and advancement.

Let the good work go on. Give us our JOURNAL. Let no one fear to give expression to his thoughts in the JOURNAL. We cannot become too familiar. We cannot take too much interest in advancement. Lay all strifes and animosities aside. Be true, be honest and just. And lastly, let me admonish you to stand true to your obligation, obedient to your officials, and patriotic and reliant to the Grand Lodge.

RHOM RHODY.

KENNEYVILLE, Texas, Sept. 20, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I was greatly impressed with, and highly commend an editorial in the September number of the SWITCHMEN'S

JOURNAL, headed "A General Brotherhood." It has been clearly demonstrated, especially in obtaining justice from all corporative power, whether railway or other, that nothing can be attained, or accomplished, without a unity of action upon the part of the aggrieved parties—as seen in the two abortive strikes of the telegraph operators in 1870 and 1883, as well as the more recent strike upon the Gould system, by other railway employés. As you truly say in the editorial alluded to, "In union there is strength," and while each branch of the multitudinous number pertaining to the railway service should have its own separate organization, yet all having common objects should likewise have a common head, or center, which to revolve around, and *all* act at once, and together. So that one branch of the service, when ordered out, could not be replaced, even temporarily, by levies upon another one, as is now too frequently the case. Does any one for a moment doubt that with a united brotherhood of all railway employes—from the orders of conductors, engineers, switchmen, firemen, brakemen, down to those who daily labor (and who by the way are the hardest worked and least paid of any of them) the section hands and trackmen, without whose services, hot or cold alike, the trains couldn't move a mile—a just demand upon any corporation, either in the matter of wages, hours, or any other cause of complaint which might arise,—but that this concerted action would by its power receive that respectful attention which might and right combined always have, and always will command?

As you truthfully say, in these days of progression and monopoly, the smaller railways are fast becoming absorbed by the larger corporations, and, from thence easily form themselves into "Syndicates" and "Systems," with power sufficient to not only control labor, either skilled or unskilled, but can by their united action (aided greatly, I grant you, by the rum-seller, who does his full share toward keeping wages down) discharge men without just cause, or reduce wages at their own sweet will. All this could, to a certain extent, be put a stop to, if not wholly done away with, by a general union of all railway employés, and I sincerely hope and believe the day is not far distant when the various worthy organizations of toilers, whether they be known as Knights of Labor or Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, by mutual action can present such a compact front to organized capital—for it is becoming more thoroughly organized every day—as will at least cause them to respect and give proper attention, as well as pay, to the parties who toil day in and day out at scant wages in order to put thousands and millions into the pockets of these railway potentates. At the same time let us not by avoiding Scylla, on the one side, run against Charybdis, upon the other, but by a mutual concession, and friendly "talk" as it were, in case of trouble, try and settle each of our differences in an amicable way, entirely doing away with strikes, boycotts, etc., which are not legitimate fruits and entirely indigenous to the free soil of America. Let the workingman, the mechanic and the skilled laborer remember that capital also has rights and

privileges that are entitled to respect, the same as their own grievances, and we should all likewise not fail to recollect that we could do nothing without capital as an adjunct. In fact the one is as necessary to the other as meat is to drink; and every time we as dependent laborers stop or interfere with the movement of capital, whether it be invested in railroads or other commercial enterprises, we are just that much the worse off. This moneyed power furnishes the sinews of war, which gives employment to thousands, and should accordingly be respected and obeyed, so long as it refrains from abusing that power, and oppressing those made by necessity dependent upon it.

In concluding this hastily-written and crudely-constructed article, I can with deep sincerity echo the closing words of General Master Monaghan in his address to the switchmen, to remember, and so far as in our power, carry out the Golden Rule, to "do unto others as we would have them do unto us," and all will be well.

Respectfully,

R. L. R.

#### LINKS.

—The old axiom that "two parallel lines can never come together," has been knocked to flinders by the railroad companies.

—The largest locomotive in the world is the "Decapo," weighing 114,000 pounds, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia last year.

—When organized capital has a dollar for sale it sets its price upon it. The skilled laborer who has brains and muscle to sell has the same right, and should organize in order to be recognized.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—It is estimated that on October 1 sleeping cars will commence running through from Atlanta, Ga., to San Francisco by way of New Orleans and the Southern Pacific, making a continuous run of some 3,000 miles.

—The various associations and organizations among railroad men have done more to elevate the service to its present high social standing than all the prohibition rules ever enjoined by railway companies.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—Fireman P. J. Jacobson, who has been ill with consumption for some time, departed last Saturday for Sweden. He was accompanied as far as Chicago by Fireman J. C. Murphy. Advance Lodge 101 B. of L. F. gave him a complete outfit and paid his fare to his old home in Sweden, besides presenting him with \$100 in cash.—*Creston (Iowa) cor. Railroad Reporter*.

—It is well understood that this magazine does not favor the "boycott," but it must be remembered that it is quite as decided in its opposition to the infamy of "blacklisting;" indeed, blacklisting is boycotting, and certain railroad officials are responsible for the devilish outrage. They are twin infamies, and ought never to be heard of again in the United States.—*Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*.

—In one respect Russia appears to be ahead of the United States. Her engineers have applied liquid fuel in various ways to 200 steamers, more than 700 locomotives, and about 1,000 stationary engines. England is following slowly in the same direction, two pioneer steamers being now in course of construction at West Hartlepool, one of which will be employed to carry petroleum from this country.

—There are those who unhesitatingly condemn all the members of an association for the wrongs of the few. This is usually the course pursued by those who are opposed to labor organizations. If such a policy could be accepted as correct and just, what would be the

condition of the church? In fact, what would have become of the College of Apostles after the treason of Judas?—*Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.*

—Contented labor can be secured by paying it decent wages and yielding up to it some of its inherent, undeniable rights. Contented labor makes a strong government. The more contented and prosperous the laboring men, the stronger and more stable becomes the government. How easy to have a strong government. Wise and just legislation and a due regard for the interests of the toilers will accomplish more than subsidies or a large standing army. Our statesmen should ponder these truths, and act upon them.

—As the seven o'clock evening train was pulling into Sawyer City on the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad, a young man and his best girl happened to be the only occupants of the rear coach. The young man was improving the opportunity to do a little hugging and kissing just at the moment the brakeman stuck his head into the door and yelled, "Saw-yer! Saw-yer!" As soon as the young man recovered, he retorted: "I don't care if you did; we've been engaged more than two weeks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The *Lincoln Journal* tells a good story of the Omaha Belt Line Railroad. It seems that the company bought a piece of land on which an Irishman had his cabin and a three years' lease. The company offered him \$300 for his lease and to move his cabin to any place he might designate. Pat accepted the offer, and the cash was paid over. Then the company sent up the house-mover to wait on the Emerald Islander and find where he wanted his cabin located. "Oire-land," was the answer. At first they thought it was a joke, but the Irishman sticks to the answer, and still holds the fort and the \$300.

—On last Tuesday morning at 8:30 J. M. Johnston, an old employé of the Northwestern Railroad in this city, and

for several years yardmaster, was run over and crushed to jelly by switch engine 373. He was riding on the foot board, and attempted to pass Frank Chase, another switchman, when he fell beneath the backing engine. In falling he caught Chase and both fell. Johnston was horribly mangled, and Chase severely, though not fatally, injured about the head and shoulders. Johnston leaves a wife and several children. He was among the best known switchmen of Western Iowa.—*Railroad Reporter.*

—In the matter of hours for work required of locomotive engineers and firemen, it might be well for the railroad managements of the United States to take lessons of Germany, where locomotive engineers and firemen are required to work only four to five hours a day on fast passenger trains, to ten hours on freight trains, and in addition to this engineers and firemen are permitted to rest every fourth, fifth or seventh day. In regard to switchmen, they have a holiday every two weeks. We should like very much to compare avoidable accidents between Germany and the United States, based upon miles of travel.—*Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.*

—The new brakeman on the way freight was ordered to appear before the oculist to be examined for color-blindness. He mistook his directions, and went before the civil service commission. They asked him a few questions about the collection of revenues that made his hair stand on end; then they wanted to know about the value of the American dollar, both silver and real, in all countries of the world; then they questioned him about the commercial relations of the United States and Buenos Ayres, Terra del Fuego, Patagonia, Van Dieman's land and Behring's Straits; and, at last, when they submitted a hypothetical case, asking him what he would do in case a consignment of bonded imports, libeled at half ad valorem, with non-dutiable drawbacks,

returnable in proviso, should be held for seizure under the act of 1879, he grabbed his hat and slid for the door, shouting that he would side-track the consignment at the gravel pit, kill the engine on the main line, throw the exhaust into the ash-pan, and go to the lunatic asylum where he could find somebody who could talk sense. He says it's more than a man's life is worth to run on a road with such a mob of old cranks for directors.—*Burdette in Pathfinder*.

—An Augusta, Ga., dispatch, relating the fatalities attending upon the recent earthquakes, says: At Langley, on the South Carolina road, fifteen miles from here, an earthquake destroyed a mill-dam and the water washed away the road-bed. A train dashed into the flood and the engineer and fireman were drowned. The engine is forty feet under water. Another South Carolina railroad train is in the ditch at Horse Creek, four miles from the city, and the fireman was killed. The latter is a stock train, and is completely under water. The stock escaped with the exception of four horses. The shock broke the dams at Langley and Bath, S. C., and the railroad tracks are washed away.

#### SAFETY RAILWAY COUPLINGS.

The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has invited all owners and inventors of improved safety railway carriage or wagon couplings to communicate with its secretary at the rooms of the society, 306 City Road, London, E. C., with a view of giving their inventions a practical trial in actual service. The sum of £500 has been set aside by the society for this purpose. The desirability of such an action is shown by the statistics of the past few years. During the year 1884, 130 persons in Great Britain were killed while shunting cars, and 1,305 were injured. During the seven years preceding 1885, the yearly average of accidents gave 154 killed and 1,322

injured from this cause. In the United States, 459 men were killed in the same manner during 1884.

It is estimated that one man is killed here for each 765,000 freight-train miles, while in England the record is somewhat better, being one man to each 1,010,000 miles. Our readers are familiar with the effort of the Master Car Builders' Association in attempting to decide upon the best coupler among the many good ones of American invention, and their desire to have it uniformly adopted on all American roads. The problem is somewhat less complicated in England on account of the uniformity of the central draw-bar and chain, but it is stated that no satisfactory substitute for the simple hand-coupler now in use has yet been invented.—*Scientific American*.

THE Philadelphia Record says: At the Baldwin Locomotive Works there are in course of construction four locomotives, which are designed to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler. Soda has much the same power as coal, without any of the offensive gases which that fuel emits. The engines are now nearly finished, and are to be shipped within two weeks to Minneapolis, Minn., and are to be run on the streets of that city, where steam engines are forbidden. The engine has much the same appearance as a passenger car. It is about 16 feet long, entirely boxed in, with no visible smokestacks or pipes, as there is no exhaust or refuse. The boiler is of copper, 84½ inches in diameter, and 15 feet long, having tubes running through it, as in steam boilers. Inside the boiler will be placed five tons of soda, which, upon being dampened by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. When the soda is thoroughly saturated, which will occur in about six hours, the action ceases, and then it is necessary to restore it to its original state by forcing through the boiler a stream of superheated steam from a stationary boiler, which drives the moisture entirely from the soda,

when it is again ready for use. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all refuse is used. The engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country, and are being constructed under the supervision of George Kuchler, a German engineer. The engines will have about the same power as those on the New York elevated roads, and will readily draw four light cars. Soda engines are now used in Berlin and other European cities very successfully.

#### HE HAD HUNTED WOODCHUCKS.

When the Lake Shore switchmen first went out the company brought into Chicago all the grangers they could pick up along the line and set them to work. Among them was an old fellow who didn't look or act as if he had ever seen a railroad before, and appeared more like a backwoodsman from way up the woods than anything else. The engineers and firemen did not like the idea of making up trains with green men, and "scabs" at that, and so one afternoon an engineer says to his fireman:

"When we make up No. 17 I will pull back and get a good run on him and we'll mash that old cuss just to make an example of him."

The fireman nodded assent, and they both laughed at the thought of what a good joke they were going to have on the old man. They got several cars started back, and then, as the old codger went in to make the coupling, the engineer put on steam and came up with a rush and a bang that was heard all over the yards. Then the engineer told the fireman to jump down and run back and see how badly the old man was mashed. Just as the fireman got back the granger came out from between the cars looking as cool as a watermelon on ice.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the fireman; "did you make that coupling?"

"You bet your boots I did," replied the old man; "I've hunted woodchucks too long to be fooled on finding a hole like that."—*Chicago Herald.*

#### WAGE SCALE OF CIVILIZATION.

	— When the daily wage thermometer gets up here it must either overflow into private business or co-operation.
\$4.00—	— Feels pleasant. Owns his place in the suburbs free and clear. Takes several papers and monthly magazines. Has shorter hours, and talks of going into business for himself.
\$3.50—	— Owns his little place, but trying to lift the mortgage, with good prospects. Is happy, and sometimes contented. Has his little office and library, and tries to have his boys go to college. Is generally liked. Comfort.
\$3.00—	— Is independent, and imbued with American ideas. Has a small library, and wants his children to have a good education. Takes his newspaper regularly, and believes in getting a home of his own.
\$2.50—	— Not afraid to get married. Sends children to school. Buys a newspaper pretty often. Fairly well posted and has one or two books.
\$2.00—	— Poor, but honest and hard-working, and makes a gallant fight for his family.
\$1.50—	— A bite and a sup and a place to lay the head. Generally lots of children.
\$1.00—	— Contractors' wages. Living in gangs. No homes.
50c—	— Misery and vice. Pauper labor.
32c—	— Freezing point. Chinese labor.
0	

—*Philadelphia Press.*

A MOUSE which sings like a canary bird has its home in the office of Dr. Caldwell of Santa Rosa, Cal. Five months ago the doctor caught the mouse in a trap. After keeping it a prisoner for over a month he turned it loose. The mouse, however, returns to the trap every night and is set free every morning. When it sings it stands on its hind legs and shakes its head in a peculiar, bird-like manner.



## HUMOROUS.

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded, and then he makes no report.

It is better to pull a tiger by the tail than to call a woman's attention to her first gray hair.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mr. Piesnap—Waiter, here is a button in the soup. Waiter—Ah, yes—the cook's. Well you can have it. He'll never miss it.—*Rambler*.

Some one asks: "Is there a field for a man who can live on 50 cents a week?" There is. It is called Potter's field.—*Norristown Herald*.

A girl whose young man took her to the play, and left her four times to go out and get a clove, called him her four-leave clover.—*Texas Siftings*.

An absent husband telegraphed to his wife: "I send you a kiss." He received the reply: "Spruce young man called and delivered the kiss in good order."

"How Can I Leave Thee?" serenaded the young man under the window. The family stood it as long as possible, and then the old man let the dog out to figure on his problem.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"Aurella, darling?" "Yes, Arthur." "You know we are soon to be married?" "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Hadn't you better turn down the gas?"—*Philadelphia Call*.

The hired girl being absent, the lady answered the back door bell. She was accosted by an embarrassed looking man, thus: "Excuse me, madame, but I've come for your remains." It was the swill merchant. This happened in Boston.

When John Lord, the historian, was examined for ordination he was asked by a disciple of Dr. Emmons: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" His answer came with the force of an unexpected cannon shot:

"No; but I am willing you should."—*Boston Globe*.

Visitor—"You look very much like your pa."

Johnny—"Do you think so?"

"You take after him very much. You have got his hair."

"Tain't me what takes after pa and gets his hair. It's ma who does that when he comes home tight."—*Texas Siftings*.

Sam Bennet, one of the merchant princes of the Alamo City, hired a new clerk one day last week. Like the coffee he sold, the clerk was rather green, but he was very anxious to sell goods. A customer came in and said—

"I want a box of matches."

"We are just out of matches," replied the new clerk, "but won't some nice dairy cheese answer the purpose just as well?"—*Texas Siftings*.

"Well, Bascomb, how is your married life? You used to call your wife a daisy. Do you still keep up the endearing title?"

"No, George. I've found another sweet flower name for her. She's very wakeful at night, and gives me the awfulest curtain lectures."

"Ah, indeed! And what do you call her now?"

"The night-blooming serious."—*Philadelphia Call*.

A rural teacher was examining a new pupil in order to tell where to place him in her classes. The first question she asked was:

"Have you ever parsed any?"

The boy looked up with considerable surprise in his face, and after some hesitation he replied:

"Yes'm, but I don't think it's er good plan to parse if ye've got anything bigger'n a jack in yer hand ter dror to."—*Merchant Traveler*.

A great summer hotel near New York is tenanted by a solitary watchman. Once in awhile the watchman goes up to the desk, asks if there are any letters, snubs himself, follows an

imaginary bell-boy up eight flights of stairs, brings himself a very small pitcher of ice water and gives himself a dollar bill, sits down to a large plate with an oyster cracker on it and feels that he is really away for the summer.  
—*Boston Transcript*.

A deacon of a Greenville, Pa., church has a string of buttons half a yard long, taken out of the contribution box within a few years. What business has the deacon with the buttons? They were contributed for the heathen, and several scores of heathens have been obliged to hitch their suspenders with a single nail because of this embezzling deacon. Now the deacon is confessing, let him tell what he did with the money, if there was any. What good are these deacons, any way, if a button must be stopped short of its mission?  
—*Holyoke Transcript*.

THERE is a little narrow-gauge railroad in central Illinois which is rather amusing. It runs through a rich farming country and is owned and managed by wealthy farmers. The conductor, engineers and brakemen are farmer's sons who have grown weary of raising cattle and corn and who have taken to "railroading" as a relief. The various stations along the line of this little railroad are of no consequence whatever except to their score or more of inhabitants and to the farmers of the neighborhood. A train starts from each end of the road every morning after breakfast, runs to the opposite end of the road by dinner time, returns again for tea, and ties up for the night. As there is no telegraph line connected with the road nobody at any of the stations knows when a train is coming until it arrives in sight. As the rails are laid on ties placed on the flat prairie, and as no grade exists from one end of the road to the other, the tall grass has an awkward habit of getting under the wheels and stopping the train. Not infrequently also the light rails spread

apart and the train runs off the track, and go tumbling along on the virgin prairie. Whenever a little accident of this kind occurs, the engineer, conductor, brakemen and passengers jump to the ground and lift the cars into place again. The passengers ride in a car reserved for them in the rear of a long line of freight cars. Half of this car is partitioned off in order that it may also serve for carrying mail bags, express matter and baggage. Not infrequently passengers walk into a village ahead of the train and announce that the cars will follow them in an hour or two, providing they can be kept on the track long enough. Sometimes a locomotive gets stalled on some one of the several gentle hills along the line. The trainmen thereupon quietly wait until the other engine appears. Then the two engines draw the train up the hill. Notwithstanding the oddities which exist in the management of this little railroad it hauls large quantities of freight, and is making money for its stockholders.—*Chicago News*.

A WELL was being sunk on the farm of R. W. McMahon, five miles south-east of Warsaw, and when a depth of sixty feet had been reached the light was so poor that the workmen could not see to advantage. A coal-oil lantern was secured, and one of the men started to go down in the well with it. When about half way down the light came in contact with the natural gas which had accumulated in the well unknown to the workmen, and a terrific explosion followed, the report of which was heard a long distance. A sheet of flame poured out of the mouth of the well, and the men at the top, together with the rope and the windlass, were hurled some distance. The man who was carrying the lantern was blown to the top and then fell to the bottom of the well. He has since died of his injuries. His name was Henry Miller and he lived in the neighborhood. The other men will recover.

## THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time  
 As it runs through the valley of tears,  
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
 And a sweep and a surge sublime,  
 As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
 And the summers like buds between,  
 As the years in the sheaf so they come and they go  
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,  
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river of Time  
 Where the softest of airs are playing,  
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
 And the Junes where the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long Ago,"  
 And we bury our treasures there.  
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,  
 There are heaps of dust, but we love them so:  
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
 And a part of an infant's prayer,  
 There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
 And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
 By the mirage is lifted in air;  
 And we sometimes hear in the turbulent roar,  
 Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,  
 When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle  
 All the days of our life, till night.  
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile  
 May the Greenwood of souls be in sight,  
 —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## A BRIDE'S QUESTION.

IT PLAYED AN UNCOMFORTABLE PREAK WITH  
 MEMORY.

"My dear," tenderly remarked Mrs. Bascom to her husband, the well-known and successful manufacturer, as they stood rather closely together on the sunny side of their vine-hidden veranda soon after breakfast on the last day of their honey-moon.

"Ahem—er—What was that you said?" inquired Mr. Bascom as he brought his mind from somewhere else to the contemplation of his pretty bride.

"I was about to ask you," resumed Mrs. Bascom with a gentle touch of reproach in her voice, "whether, when you were a very young man and went to parties and sociables and dances with the girls—whether you ever thought at that time you would like to marry, poor as you were, and enjoy love in a cottage!"

A long pause followed this question, while he dived in the storehouse where he kept his almost forgotten incidents to see if he really ever had or not. Then with a start he noticed his bride's patient waiting, and he stammered: "Well—er—," and if not knowing exactly how to finish the answer without obtaining the information that he wanted, he relapsed again into silence, while his memory—little used in that direction in the past years of busy activity since he came to the great city, a robust country youth—his memory unfettered from its bonds like the unbottled geni of the fisherman of the Oriental tale, grew with his newly found freedom so rapidly and to such a size that it quite overmastered its not easily mastered owner. And delighted with his unexpected freedom the memory started on a wild excursion, as to the direction of which and its ending he had not the slightest conception nor the faintest care.

Thus it was that on this sunny morning of all sunny mornings he quite forgot his pretty bride by his side who was fairly radiant in the dress of dancing gold beams which the slanting rays of the morning sun had found their way through the entangled vines to fashion for her especial honor.

Under the influence of Memory's spell the owner became as immovable as though he had been carved out of wood and set upon the veranda as an ornamental figure, so quiet did he stand; his morning cigar, cold and disregarded, still remained in his hand, while the ashes found safe lodgment out of sight below the bend of his generous waistcoat, and his eyes, with a fixedness of gaze that indicated preoccupation of their owner's mind more strongly even than his silence and his unchangeable posture, passed over the velvet lawn usually so attractive, pierced the trained shrubbery which lined its margin, looked over the mountain brook which idly rambled through the grove, over the lawn past the shrubbery until it was lost in a wavering line

of silver thread away off in the distance. Then with the same fixed look they pierced the hills beyond the rustic bridge and penetrated the mountain which dotted the blue horizon and continued their travel far enough on the other side to tire the eyes of any man laboring under a less potent charm.

But his eyes, however far they traveled, could not find the information for which he was searching so intently. This was the work of the Memory, which, with the lightning speed of the geni, had already gone over the many and busy years to the very time to which the bride had alluded.

"Had he ever wanted to marry?" He struggled hard to say "No," but the charm was too strong. His lips were sealed.

"Did he ever want to live in a cottage with his own true love?" Again he struggled and again his lips declined to serve him. Memory could answer these questions much better than he, and to him did answer them, but so quietly that not even the inquisitive wind could catch an idea of what was said. To him Memory brought up as though it were painted as never a living artist has been able to paint a picture he had entirely forgotten, and if it had been left to his decision he would never have recalled it.

"You don't believe it, do you?" inquired Memory. "Well, I'll show you something that you will believe. Do you remember her?" Here into the ball room shown in the picture, where stood a bashful country lad, there came a young maiden neat and trim. Her brown hair was neatly coiled round her shapely head. Her blue eyes drooped just a little as they met the still more downcast eyes of the rustic youth, and her pretty dress, home-made, too, was of a pattern long since forgotten.

"Do you remember her?" Again Mr. Bascom tried in vain to make response.

A moment more another picture had taken the place of the ball-room scene,

painted with equal skill and the same fidelity to truth. Along, dusty, country road, winding between sloping lawns, newly plowed fields, with stretches of waving cornstalks fenced about by rails, then running between meadows where browsed the contented cows. Then past the meadows until at length it led to the little red school house on the side of the hill shaded by the big chestnut trees. It was a drowsy, sleepy summer afternoon, and the bees, with all their industrious humming among the nodding flowers, seemed to call to the weary scholars that it was "play-time; that nuts were ripe, that there were brooks waiting for fishermen, and there were fishes hungry for bait." These and other seditious thoughts they put into their idle but fruitful minds, but it was not play-time all the same, nor yet would it be for a very long time. One of the boys had been disobedient, and was being punished. He was sitting on a double bench beside a girl, and all the boys were pointing fingers of scorn at him upon the sly, and opening casting glances on him of the most derisive disdain. If he remembered the pretty girl he had just left in the ball-room, he would see a strong resemblance between her and the victim of this bad boy's wickedness; and he also would have seen no slight resemblance between the bashful boy with the ruddy cheeks and the youthful culprit in the school room.

"You didn't care very much what the boys thought about you just then, did you?" whispered Memory. Again he wisely refrained from committing himself. Then another scene was brought before the bridegroom's unwilling gaze. It was dusk. And the winding path which led beside the rambling brook could hardly be seen in the gloom. Still it was light enough for two young persons to see each other and the path and everything else that they wanted to. One hand of the boy found comfort and rest encircling the waist of his rustic companion.

What they were saying need not be told.

"Do you recollect that evening? Now, tell me, honestly, did you ever when you were a very young man and went to parties and sociables and dances with the girls whether you ever thought at that time you would like to marry, poor as you were, and enjoy life in a cottage?" maliciously inquired Memory, mocking even Mrs. Bascom's tone.

Whatever else mischievous and vexatious Memory would have painted and whatever it would have asked more annoying than those already asked must always remain a mystery, for at this very second the patience of the bride, like everything else in this mortal world, had come to an end, and Mr. Bascom was recalled to the present and its pleasures from the past and its horrors, happily buried among the almost forgotten incidents in the storehouse to which Memory only holds the key. The same signal at the same instant reduced our reminiscent friend to very much less than his usual size, and with the awakening of the bridegroom he relapsed into a slumber from which he will never be awakened if Mr. Bascom is consulted first.

"I thought you'd forgotten all about my question, so I pulled your sleeve to call it to your attention. Now tell me; really, did you ever have such ideas of love?"

With a guilty glance about the porch, through the leaves, over the lawn, even to the base of the mountains in the distance, to see if his enemy could possibly have escaped and yet be at large, finding, no traces of him, however, with a sigh of relief he made haste to reply with enthusiastic sincerity: "Of course not, my dear. Whatever put that into your head? You know I never loved anybody but you."

A few minutes later the bride had disappeared. The cigar was relighted. The ashes on the vest were dislodged. The sun came out from the cloud. But the cigar had lost its fragrance, and the

warmth of the sun had cooled. The first moment of discomfort in the honeymoon was there. With another sigh, this time one of relief, Mr. Bascom's face lightened and his lips widened into a smile of pleasure. Why not? Of course! Memory had told no one else. He was the only person who had seen the pictures. Nobody had given him away.

The first moment of discontent in the honeymoon was gone.—*Benjamin Northup, in N. Y. Graphic.*

### "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

What a depth of pathos there is in those words. How, as in a mirage shifting scenes float before us of happy homes, and hearts once made glad, now desolate.

Of dark eyes that brightened in the glow, of the love that burned at the pure heart's altar, of sweet lips that smiled and from which tones issued forth, like the chime of silver bells, so full of trust were they.

Of the soft white hand laid so confidently in the apparently strong and firm one, with a perfect faith that knew no change: "that whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

To find, and to see, that it was all for naught, that the bright hopes were windward strewn, that the love, so great, and faith and trust, had been more than the aching heart could bear, meeting no return, and so it had broken. That how love and hope and trust, like the Dead Sea fruit, had turned to ashes upon the white lips.

How the soft little hand had grown seamed and callous, and so weary of battling alone, the clouds so dark and lowering that the erst while beautiful eyes, now dull and heavy with unshed tears, could not pierce the gloom.

How with some the light of reason went out suddenly, because of the narrowness of the groove they moved in, when with just a caress or a smile, a tardy appreciation even, a life would have

blossomed anew; and how she, who knew no guile until he came, was made to understand the perfidy of the world and the hollowness thereof, and made "to stand without, as the Peri at Paradise longing for that she may never have." Ah, the bitterness of slowly finding out, when hope is dead and despair and reckless care troop in and hold sway. God pity the wrecks of the "might have been" because of "the old, old story."

#### TALKING TO A TREE.

Regularly once a week a woman who has evidently seen better days and whose misfortunes have no doubt turned her brain appears in Franklin Park, and approaching a certain tree begins to talk to it in an excited and energetic manner. She is always dressed plainly and neatly in black, and her once handsome face bears traces of great suffering. The tree to which she comes is a tall and shapely elm that stands near the flag-walks crossing the park.

On her approach her tone is low and gentle, and as she utters a passionate entreaty for her property and her home tears always roll down her cheeks. By degrees she becomes excited and raises her voice until it is pitched far above a conversational tone. Then with wild gesticulations she upbraids the tree for deceit and treachery, and demands the property that she says has been stolen from her. The burden of her complaint is that "George" has taken her from home with intent to defraud her of her property. For fully fifteen minutes she continues the recital of her wrongs, and then, suddenly changing from her frenzy to a gentle mood, she sinks on her knees and begs for restitution with all the eloquence of a maniac. Suddenly as if waking from a dream, she starts to her feet, and, with a wild, frightened glance around, walks slowly homeward, muttering as she goes.

Who "George" may be is a mystery, but it seems as if the woman had been wronged by some one of that name,

and the wrong has unbalanced her brain. She appears once a week, and no one seems to know either her history or where she lives. She labors under the strange hallucination that the tree is the "George" that wronged her, and week after week she pays a visit to the park to implore for justice.—*Rochester Democrat.*

#### SUMMER SERMONS.

My chill'n, de old man has trabbled a long an' weary road to reach de present mile-post, an' he has seen some things dat am wuth jottin' down fur remembrance.

You want to take notis dat de cloze of a rogue an' an honest man am cut arter the same fashun, an' perhaps from de same pattern. Doan' accept outside appearances.

When you ha'r a man doin' a great deal o' talkin' jist remember dat gab kin be cultivated, but it takes natur' to furnish brains.

If our prosperity was left to Fortune she'd land nine of us in the poo' house whar she'd smile on de tenth.

When you find a man who am allus complainin' about his luck you has found a pusson who nebber helped himself to desarve any.

While de world owes ebery man a livin', de world ain't to blame if he am too lazy to work for it.

A leetle polly ticks am like a leetle mustard, but it am de easiest thing in de world to choke yerself on either.

De man who spends his time wonderin' why coons war' made to climb trees am werry apt to miss a good many chances to knock ober rabbits runnin' about his feet.

Bad company am de half-way stashun between murder and de gallus.

When you find a man whose debts doan' worry him you hev hit upon a chap who'd steal yer mule if you forgot to lock de stable doah.

Doan' be disappointed in your feller man's weakness. Some of us hev been whittled out of sich green timber dat we warped in de sezuning.

While you should put de Gospel ahead of de law, de latter am de best thing to appeal to when you've got a good case.—*Brother Gardner, in Detroit Free Press.*

#### DOES IT PAY TO BE A WOMAN?

A correspondent, who evidently wishes she was a big, bad man, writes to the *Woman's Journal* to ask if it pays to be a woman? I should like to know why not! If it pays to be petted and shielded if you behave yourself, if it pays to be worked for and treated and poor pussy'd, if it pays to be pretty, and graceful, and charming, if it pays to be loved and honored and respected, if it pays to make somebody glad they were born and happy to live for your sake, if it pays to be the greatest power for good or evil that this world knows, if it pays to be the mother of the sweetest of all God-given things, a baby, if it pays to be a mother whose children grown to manhood rise up and call her blessed, if it pays to be a wife dearer to a good man than his honor or his life, if it pays to have the blessings of the poor, the sick, the friendless, or the helpless—if any of these things pay, then it pays to be a woman.

Fie! on the woman who asks such a question. Shame on her for admitting even to herself that she has done nothing so good or so womanly that it "paid." The woman who takes the best of birthrights and so traduces it is no woman at all. She is a creature! A being so selfish, so whining, so hard, so bitter and so complaining that she not only does not enjoy the pleasures that are here, but she puts an iron bar before the man or the woman who tries to do anything for her, simply makes her own misfortunes, for it would take not only the disposition of an angel, but the heart of a lion as well, to make up and be pretty day after day to a woman who takes a proffered caress as if it were a dose of medicine and never gives one in return; who finds a sinister motive in ever bit of gallantry and has a sneer for every pleasantry of every

sort. We should be devoutly thankful there are few such women in the world. Some there are, and they, they alone, are the kind who find "it does not pay!"—*New York Graphic.*

#### STARTLING SUGGESTION BY A SMALL BOY.

Living in that town of unequaled railroad facilities, Englewood, is a good lady who takes deep and constant interest in the woman suffrage agitation. In fact, there are several such women in Englewood, but the particular follower of Susan B. here spoken of is the mother of a bright boy of six or seven summers. Not all woman suffrage enthusiasts are mothers of bright boys, or any kind of boys. This lad started going to school the other day, and in the lesson God was spoken of as "He who rules," etc. The boy read it "She who rules," etc.

"He," corrected the teacher.

"No, *she*," persisted the boy.

"Why God is not a woman, is he?"

"That's just what she is. All great and good persons are ladies, an' I guess God and Santa Claus are women, too."

The boy had evidently been keeping his ears open at home.—*Chicago Herald.*

#### SAFER DOWN STAIRS.

It was evening. A thunder storm was raging, and little Elsie was afraid to go upstairs to bed on account of the thunder. The lightning she did not mind so much, but thunder alarmed her terribly.

"Do not be afraid, Elsie," said her mother, "you will not be harmed. Remember when you get into bed that God is with you."

Little Elsie went up stairs hesitating and fearful, and retired to bed. Shortly after came a peal of thunder that fairly shook the house. Elsie appeared an instant after at the head of the stairs and cried:

"Oh, mother! You come upstairs and stay with God and let me go down there."—*Texas Siftings.*

## BROTHERS WHO WERE DIVIDED.

During the war there were several striking instances of family differences over the questions at issue, says the *Philadelphia Times*. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, had two sons, one in the confederate and the other in the union army. Right here in Pennsylvania we had a very notable case of the same sort. The two McAllister boys will be remembered by many of the *Times*' readers. They lived up in Juniata county. Tom McAllister was a member of our legislature at least one term and then went south. Robert McAllister, his brother, drifted over into New Jersey and became a citizen of that state. When the war broke out Tom entered the confederate army and became a brigadier-general. Robert McAllister stood by the union and commanded a brigade on our side of the fight. Frequently these two brothers struck each other hard blows in the fierce furnace of war. Time after time they threw their brigades against each other with terrific force, each probably fighting the harder against the other for the pride in their cause, which the ties of blood not only did not diminish but increased.

But the most touching case comes to me from Montgomery, Ala. Col. Tom Jones, who was Gen. Gordon's chief of artillery, and a mighty strong soldier himself, tells it to me. I think it was Jones who fired the last artillery shots on the confederate side at Appomattox.

In Bath county, Virginia, there lives a very prominent family by the name of Terrill. Before the war it cut considerable of a swath in the social and political life of that section. When the war broke out William H. Terrill, one of the sons, took to the union side and soon became a soldier of great promise. He was killed while leading a brigade at Perryville, where the gallant Jackson fell, and where Gen. Lytle, who wrote: "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying," was wounded. His death was a sad one, for he was just reaching after the flower of

great fame. It is easy for me to recall the circumstances of his heroic fall when some of the bravest and the best of the 2d Michigan cavalry followed this gallant soldier to the unseen land.

Gen. Terrill's brother went into the confederate army, and while leading his brigade at Cold Harbor was killed. The father brought the remains of his two gallant sons home and buried them on the farm, where both had spent their childhood days, and where they had grown to manhood and there parted over a question of duty to state or nation. Both had laid down their lives for their sentiments. Between the simple graves of the two boys the father has erected a marble slab. A most touching inscription is cut in the white stone. It chides neither one. It expresses faith in the Creator and leaves him to judge of his two heroes' conduct. It is a simple line, and reads:

\* ..... \*

: God only knows which was right. :

\* ..... \*

## WHAT HE SAW IN CHARLESTON.

"I was down in South Carolina during all of the earthquake troubles," said a commercial traveler, "and I never again want to be a witness of such scenes as I saw there. I'll not attempt to describe the incidents to you—they have already been sufficiently touched upon in the daily papers. But there is one little phase of the thing which the newspapers have not even mentioned. You know business was suspended in Charleston. All of the stores excepting grocery and provision stores were closed. The banks were not open. The theaters closed their doors. Even the newspapers suspended publication for an issue or two. But the day after the first terrible quake I happened out by the base ball grounds, and I'll be durned if there wasn't two clubs in there a-playing, and quite a crowd sitting on the benches cheering the players. I looked through a crack in the fence, and just



then another earthquake shock came. The umpire motioned the players to go right along, but the pitcher who was then in the box asked to have the game called for a few minutes, because the home plate was wobbling so he couldn't put the ball in straight. The umpire acceded to this reasonable request, and after a delay of ten minutes I heard the umpire call out, 'play ball—batter up!' Then I left satisfied that base ball is the one American institution which even an earthquake can't knock out."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### A LESSER EVIL.

"Ah, my friend," said the affable stranger, as he alighted and warmly shook the hand of an honest Dakota farmer, "I am glad to meet you. You have a fine place here, good buildings and a well cultivated farm. How is the wife and little ones?"

"Tolre'ble."

"Glad to hear it. By the way, Mr. Snoozberry, I see you have no lightning rods; I want to sell you a couple for your house and——"

"Be you a lightning rod agent?" cried the old man, with a look of relief.

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme me your hand again, then—thank God it's no worse! Come into the house and sit down; I thought at first you was another candidate for some county office."—*Estelline Bell*.

#### CURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

A Savannah special to the New York *Times* says: "A strange incident of last week's earthquake shock is the recovery of the power of speech by Miss Mamie Mertus, daughter of a retired officer of the regular army. At the close of the war her father was put in charge of Forts Pulaski and Jackson, below this city. While at the former fort the daughter, then a bright, intelligent child, had an attack of meningitis, which left her voiceless. The best medical skill was obtained, and the fa-

ther took his afflicted child traveling, but nothing did her any good. She was dumb, but had all the other senses. During the excitement of the first earthquake shock last Tuesday night she, in her fright, attempted to call her brother. He was frightened himself when he heard her whisper his name. Since then she has gradually regained her voice, and now talks with perfect fluency. She says she was almost delirious with joy when she found that she could speak. Her voice was low and her throat sore for three days, and she had trouble in finding words to express her thoughts. It was much like learning a new tongue, except that she knew the words but had forgotten how to pronounce them. City physicians are deeply interested in the case. Their explanation is that her recovery was due to intense mental excitement."

#### A ROMANCE FROM THE JERSEYS.

Here is a little story from New Jersey that carries with it a large-sized moral. It would be hard to find in real life, in any clime or under any sun, an exact counterpart of this truesome tale. One year ago there dwelt in one of the larger Jersey towns two individuals. They were dwellers under the same roof, partook of food from the same table, cooked over the same range, and for most of the hours of the twenty-four they breathed almost the same atmosphere. Though these two were so closely associated in their daily walks it must not be inferred that they were companions. At least they were not then. That they are so now and how it came about it is the purpose of this pen to reveal. When the story opens, as the novel writers say, one of these individuals was president of the bank; the other was a saucy, but very bright young colored girl, a kind of nursery maid for the bank president's fashionable wife. The bank president was the haughtiest of his race. The bluest of old Dutch blood coursed his veins. He was a vestryman in the most fash-

ionable church in the Jersey town. He dwelt in a noble house. He had five servants, including the saucy young colored girl. His wife kept her carriage, and the haughty bank president gave gorgeous dinner parties regularly every fortnight, at many of which the floral decorations alone cost as much as the annual salary of one of his clerks. The bank man rarely associated with the townspeople. He was made of different clay.

One day the saucy young colored girl stole the baby's silver mug and hid it in the ash barrel. It was found. She was taxed with the crime, confessed, and a relentless judge sent her to the Trenton penitentiary for two years. Two months later the haughty bank president swallowed a dose of morphia, but it was discovered in time and the family physician pumped him out with great professional skill. Then the public became aroused, and in two hours the arrogant bank man stood before the world as the robber of his bank's capital, surplus and deposits. There was nothing left but the empty vault. The elegant house, the gorgeous plate, the carriage and horses, all belonged to the fashionable wife. The creditors of the bank could only whistle and mourn—and hunt up the grand jury.

Then the haughty banker became "insane," and was hurried off to the asylum. But the grand jury—it was a Jersey grand jury—took no heed of the insanity, and indicted the bank man all the same. They said: "He may be insane now, but he'll probably get all right in time. We'll be ready for him when he comes out." And they were. In a few weeks the asylum physician informed the authorities that the bank man was no longer insane, if he ever had been. So one morning the culprit was carried into court, was persuaded by his friends to plead guilty, and the court—it was a Jersey court—sentenced him to four years in the penitentiary at Trenton. Before sundown of that day he was within the walls, and

the next morning the haughty bank president was set to work starching clothes in the prison laundry.

And now the prison philanthropist who may wander into the Trenton Criminal Refuge, may see at one table, engaged in his humble work, the erstwhile aristocrat of the Jersey bank, while directly opposite him at the same table is the lively young colored girl, who but recently was a dweller beneath his roof. The haughty banker starches the female linen and the saucy young colored female irons it. It is a spectacle to make the angels weep.

#### GUIDE FOR GIRLS.

Do not "choose an opposite." You will be opposite enough, in time.

Take your mother's advice on the question of a husband, provided she took her mother's.

Either put your foot down on his cigar before marriage, or make up your mind to keep quiet about it afterward.

Learn to sew and cook if you can, but above all things learn to keep still and look sweet when mad enough to take the roof off.

See and hear all the plays, operas, and concerts you can during the engagement. Bad weather is very apt to interfere after marriage.

Don't ask your brother about the personal habits of a suitor. He can't tell enough to matter without giving himself away, and he won't do that.

If he asks if you can sew on buttons, answer "No." A man who has not at some time or other been obliged to sew on his own buttons lacks a very necessary part of life's discipline.—*Omaha World*.

#### HUMOR OF AMERICAN TOWNS.

One would naturally suppose that any people would be serious when they named their towns and postoffices, and not bestow names that would make respectable communities ridiculous. Such, however, is not the case. A glance at the Postal Guide reveals the

oddest collection of names ever printed in one book. Georgia has Ball Ground, Hard Cash, Ty Ty, Jug Tavern, Enigma, Alligator, Pumpkin, Pay Up, Snapfinger, and Hat. California has You Bet and Port Wine. In Tennessee we find Sweet Lips, Defeated, Regret, Peanut, Quiz, and Tut. West Virginia has Gin, Mud, Sammy, and Left Hand. In Florida Sopchoppy looms into prominence, and Bumble Bee, Big Bug, and Total Wreck are conspicuous in Arizona. A sentimental place in North Carolina is called Matrimony. Texas tempts fate with a Cyclone. Kentucky proudly claims Rabbit Hash, Jamboree, and Cut Shim. — *Atlanta Constitution*.

#### HIS CERTIFICATE.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid office-seekers, and the people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises, or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his office in the midst of notes for a congressional debate, when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be either an M. C. from the rural districts, or possibly a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could git your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate, sir, fur benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand; certainly, certainly!" and the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern, this is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For one hundred and seventy-five years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. Day before yesterday I bought a box of

Bluffkin's corn plasters. Since then I can run twenty miles an hour. Any man who believes this, and wishes further recommendations, will gladly be supplied with like information if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silence, and departed.

#### A FAITHLESS SWEETHEART.

News was received in Washington a few days ago, says the *Philadelphia Record*, of the death of Senor Del Campo, who recently figured conspicuously as the Secretary of the Chilian Legation, and was for a long time sole representative of his country, after the departure of the Minister, Senor Goday. Senor Del Campo's death was caused by fever at Panama, where he had stopped on his way home. There was a peculiarly sad romance in the life of this young man, the knowledge of which, now given for the first time, will serve to temper the adverse criticism so generally bestowed upon him during the latter part of his stay here.

Previous to his appointment in the diplomatic corps Senor Del Campo was desperately in love with a beautiful Chilian girl, whose parents, however, refused their consent to the marriage, on account of the poverty of the suitor. This being the sole objection the young man determined to come to the United States, win a name for himself, and then return to claim his bride. The appointment as secretary of the Chilian Legation was at once secured through influential friends, and receiving from his lady love in parting the earnest assurance of her faithfulness and approval of his plans, Del Campo came to Washington, where he at once became a favorite for his gentlemanly, quiet manners. With the senior members of the corps Del Campo was held in high esteem as an upright, painstaking and industrious young diplomat. And well did the young man deserve the honor, for he led at this time an exemplary

life, practicing the utmost frugality in order to save in every way toward amassing the sum which, in the eye of his prospective father-in-law, was necessary before the subject of marriage with his daughter could be discussed. Things went on thus for a while, when suddenly one day came the intelligence that all his labor had been for naught; that, in obedience to the will of her parents, the fair young Chilian had been false to her vows of constancy, and was married to a man of great wealth. For a time Senor Del Campo was fairly stunned by the news, and refused to credit its truth. Then all ambition, all hope for the future and everything which could render life desirable appears to have departed from him, and he plunged into the wildest excesses. One discreditable episode followed another in quick succession, until the young diplomat, who had formerly borne such a stainless reputation, was abandoned by all his associates, and, his conduct coming to the knowledge of the Chilian Government, he was recalled from Washington in disgrace. So great was his repugnance to return to his country that on the way he stopped for a time at Panama, where he contracted the fever which proved fatal.

In the light of this sad little romance, which absolutely broke his heart and rendered him a reckless man, Senor Del Campo's friends will lose sight of those escapades which threw such a cloud upon the latter part of his stay in Washington. They will remember him only as the light-hearted young fellow, happy in his thought that by honest endeavor he would overcome fate and win the woman that he loved.

#### A STORY ABOUT UNCLE RUBE.

Here is a story which was written out by an esteemed reader of the *Herald*, and slipped under the door-mat of the Train Talk department during Saturday night's storm:

Two men were standing on the sidewalk near the North-western depot on Wells street the other morning, waiting for the Wells street bridge to close, conversing in an idle manner, when old Uncle Rube came Sauntering along. One of the men said to him, "It isn't so, is it, Uncle?"

"Which am not what?" asked the old darkey.

"Well, this gentleman here says it costs more for a married man to live than it does one not married. I say no! Now, what do you say?"

"Well, am you a mar-ed man, sah?"

"No, I am not."

"Well, sah, whenever you heah a mar-ed man make de remark dat it doan cost him no mo' to lib dan befo' he was jined in wedlock, doan you hesitate to calkulate dat dat man am a base fabricator or dat his wife takes in washin'. Mornin', gem'en."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### HE GOT A PASS.

"Say, judge," said an unkempt individual in the police court yesterday morning.

The magistrate looked up from the paper which he was perusing and glanced benignly toward the sound. He did not remember that the man had been arraigned before him, but from the strong aroma of partially digested whiskey that pervaded the air, it was his opinion that \$5 and costs for drunkenness would be about the right thing.

"I want to talk to you. I want to ask your advice."

"Well, go ahead," rejoined the court, as he told Mike to open all the doors and windows.

"Now, honest, judge," he said, confidentially, letting his voice fall to a whisper, "what is the best way to cure a hopeless drunkard?"

"Shut him up somewhere," was the laconic reply.

"Can you get me a pass to Des Moines?" was the apparently irrelevant question which followed. "I want to go to an inebriate asylum."

"But there is no inebriate asylum in Des Moines."

"I know there ain't any regular asylum, but they don't sell a drop of liquor there, and if that don't make the whole town of Des Moines an inebriate asylum I'd like to know what does."

The man got the pass.—*Omaha Herald.*

#### HE HAD COME.

Colonel Ethan Allen, of Lisbon, Connecticut, was at one time a guest at the Howard Hotel, corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, New York. On entering the dining-room no waiter advanced to give him a seat. The Colonel coolly walked to a table near by, and taking a chair which was turned up at the head of the table took a seat. He was hardly in a chair before a waiter came hurriedly to him, saying:

"This seat is engaged."

"To whom?" asked the Colonel.

"To a gentleman," replied the waiter.

"He's come," said the Colonel, and remained at his dinner undisturbed, amid peals of laughter from the guests at the table.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

#### LOOKING FOR A MAN.

"I had gone up the canyon apiece an' broke off into some timber on the trail of a tarnal catamount or mountain lion that had stolen our meat the night before," said Jim Anderson, a Montana bear hunter, to a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times*. "Wasn't thinking of bar meat at all, as I was all alone an' not hunting for a fight of that kind. Suddenly I came upon a powerful big sow and her two cubs, who were having a sort of rolling, tumbling game in the middle of a small clearing. I dropped like a shot behind a log, and looked to my repeater. Had six slugs in the chamber, an' no more.

"The little picnic party was only sixty or seventy-five yards away, just a

good distance for a safe, comfortable shoot. I took dead aim at the shoulder of the dam and pulled the trigger. Down dropped the big mother all in a heap, and, as I thought, stone dead. But she was no more dead than you or I. That was shot No. 1. I sized the largest cub an' put a bullet into its skull. The tarnal youngster dropped like the old one, but it set up such an infernal squealing that the big bar jumped to her feet in a perfect rage and went thrashing about awfully, tearing up the shrubs and roots and licking the blood from her baby. That was shot No. 2. I took another sighter at the old one and caught her in the shoulder once more. Down she went like a bullet and rolled over in the brush, as I thought, dead again. That was shot No. 3. I turned to the other cub and let him have a dose just for luck. That was shot No. 4. The first cub was lying dead on the ground, and this second fellow also went to grass, all in a heap; but he, like his brother, set up such an awful squealing that it brought the old bar to life once more, who jumped to her feet and acted like she was crazy. She snarled and spit blood and tore around at a fearful rate, intent on finding the fellow who was breaking up her family. She was a perfect fury. Mother of Moses! She spied me from behind the puff of smoke, and dropping on all fours came toward me with a kind of shambling gait, at the same time rolling her head wickedly from side to side. It's a mistake most people have who think a bar comes at a fellow standing on its hind legs. No man ever saw a bar attack in that position. They always drop on all fours and roll along toward you, only standing up when any hugging is to be done or a blow is to be struck. An' a bar, when he walks on his four legs, rolls his head from side to side, making it awful hard to get a shot in to kill. Well, the fourth shot killed the second cub, an' I had only two left between me and that bar. I had to catch her in a vital part the next clip or the jig was up for me. I

took another good aim at the shoulder and pulled a steady hand. But, would you believe it? She wagged her head just as the gun banged, and the bullet tore her lower jaw off.

"Great snakes and rattlers! How she did howl for a minute. She sat down on her haunches like a dog and wagged her broken jaw from side to side. Then, casting an evil eye at me, she dropped on all fours again and came at me in a strictly business-like way. That was shot No. 5. How I wished I hadn't wasted those two cartridges on the cubs. Well, sir, she was just fifty yards from me, when I took dead aim at her heart and pulled for the last time. The old brute paid no more attention to the pill than if I hadn't fired at all, an' for a moment I was sure I must have missed her. But that couldn't be, for the bead was on her heart, and the lead must have got there somehow. She never even winked, but came straight at me with a steady gait, without a flinch, a halt, or a hitch of any kind. I tell you, pard, I was frightened then. What could be the matter with the beast that she wouldn't get killed? I sprang to my feet, threw the gun away, and whipped out my long hunting-knife, ready for a death struggle with her hand to hand. On came the bar without a pause, ten, eight, six, five, four, yes, an' to three yards she came, with her lower jaw hanging broken and bleeding and her big ugly paw raised in the air ready to give me a blow. I felt my hair turning white and raised my knife to plunge it into her shaggy side. She made a wicked wipe at me with that terrible paw, but, instead of catching me a whack, she tottered and trembled, fell to the ground, and rolled over dead. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there she was, the biggest bar I had ever seen, lying out stark and stiff without a kick, an' all my meat. Well, sir, I sat down on her body and actually felt her pulse to see if the old rascal was sure enough dead and no spooning, but she was a goner for certain, and I hadn't a scratch. I was so badly fright-

ened that I couldn't skin her then, but went back to the camp and told Buck Simpson the whole story. He wouldn't believe me, or at least couldn't understand how she came to topple over so suddenly. We agreed to go back up the cañon that very night an' cut her open to see what was the matter. We took off the hide, an' found two bullets snugly lodged in her shoulder, and traced the third ball, which had broke her lower jaw. The fourth ball—well, we found the fourth ball on the lower side of the carcass, an', would you believe it, pards, that old she-monster had really walked fully fifty yards directly at me, with a hole in her heart nearly as big as your fist."

#### WIDOW CRANDALL'S LIGHT.

Mrs. Gerald Crandall, of Watch Hill, is one of the few women in the world who knows how to keep a lighthouse, and she keeps one. For seven years she has polished the metal cleats in the staircase at the Watch Hill lighthouse with her footsteps climbing up the iron stairs daily, as the shadows fell, to light the wick in the lantern. Not once in that time has she delegated that duty to another, although she has a daughter with her who was born in the lighthouse eighteen years ago.

For eleven years before Mrs. Crandall took command of the Watch Hill Point light her husband trimmed the lamp, and when he died, seven years ago, his widow, who had learned all that he knew about lighthouses, felt sure that she could keep the light burning. The government thought so, too, and their confidence in her ability was not groundless. When the democratic administration came in hundreds of people along its coast, farmers and shopkeepers in the shore villages, residents of New London, and sailors who had steered their vessels by the Widow Crandall's beacon, signed their names to a petition that the widow be retained in the stone tower at the Point and sent it to Washington.

It is not likely that any administration will dismiss her as long as she is able to climb the iron staircase. She is a pleasant-faced, gray-haired lady, who likes her lonely life on the wave-beaten point, even in winter, when storms dash the spray high against the tower and shake the iron cage about the lantern with sleety grip. In summer it is as pleasant at the lighthouse as it is at the summer hotels, whose guests daily call on Mrs. Crandall and stroll about her front door yard, which is fenced by the Atlantic Ocean. The lighthouse is on a narrow knoll, known among Long Island sailors as a hummock, walled by flinty rocks on three sides and connecting with the mainland by a low neck of sand, across which the ocean rushes in storms. On the knoll the grass grows thriftily, and Mrs. Crandall keeps a cow that needs no bell about her neck to make sure that she shall not wander too far into the adjoining domain of Neptune.

#### OLD SALEM SEA CAPTAINS.

During the Revolutionary War it is hard to tell how the intercourse between Europe and the colonies would have been kept up—with Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Savannah successively in the hands of the enemy—but for the merchants and mariners of Salem, Beverly, and Marblehead, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*. Salem alone sent out 158 armed vessels, carrying in all more than 2,000 guns, each vessel having twelve or fourteen. They took 445 prizes, fifty-four out of their own fleet being lost. The loss of the vessels was to be expected, but the loss from history of all detailed memorial of these daring men is more serious. What is fame that preserves of all that period only the madcap daring of Paul Jones and forgets the solid heroism of Jonathan Haraden?

Jonathan Haraden was born in Gloucester, but was taken early to Salem in the employ of Richard Cabot, father of

the celebrated father of the Hartford convention. He first went to sea as lieutenant, then as captain of a four-gun sloop built for the state of Massachusetts, and bearing a name that would have delighted Wendell Phillips—the Tyrannicide. In her he helped to capture a British naval vessel that was carried in triumph into Salem harbor. Afterward Haraden was put in command of the Gen. Pickering, a Salem privateer of 180 tons, carrying fourteen six-pounders and a crew of forty-five men and boys. He sailed in 1780 with a cargo of sugar for Bilbao, then a resort for American privateers and prize vessels. On his passage he had a two-hours' fight with a British cutter of twenty guns, and beat her off, but on entering the Bay of Biscay found opportunity for an exploit more daring. Running by night along-side a British privateer carrying twenty-two guns and sixty men, he ordered her, through his trumpet, to "surrender to an American frigate or be sunk." The astonished Englishman yielded and came on board to find himself outgeneraled. A prize crew was put on the captured vessel, and both made sail for Bilbao, when they were met by a king's ship, which, as the captured captain told Haraden with delight, was the Achilles, another English privateer, with forty-two guns and 140 men. "I shan't run from her," said Haraden, coolly. At once the scene changed: the big Englishman recaptured the little one, then lay alongside Haraden's ship all night to fight her next day. Haraden took a sound night's sleep, and recruited a boatswain and eight sailors from his prisoners in the morning, when they went to work.

The American ship seemed, said an eye-witness, like a long boat built beside a man-of-war; many of the Englishman's shot went over her opponent, while she herself was always hit below the water line—this modern Achilles, like the ancient, proving vulnerable in the heel. A final broadside of crow-bars from Haraden had great

effect and Achilles fled. The Pickering gave chase, and Haraden offered a large reward to his gunner if he would carry away a spar, but no such luck occurred, and the Englishman got off. Haraden recaptured his first prize, which had thus changed hands thrice in twenty-four hours, and went into port with her. The battle had lasted three hours, being fought so near the Spanish coast that a hundred thousand spectators, it was said, lined the shores; and it was also said that before the Pickering and her prize had been half an hour at anchor one could have walked a mile over the water by stepping from boat to boat; and when the captain landed he was borne in triumph through the city on men's shoulders. This is but a sample of this bold sailor's adventures. On another occasion still, in the Pickering, he fell in with three armed Englishmen in company, carrying respectively twelve, fourteen, and sixteen guns, and he captured each in succession with his vessel, he carrying just as many guns as the largest of the enemy.

Haraden alone took more than a thousand guns from the British during the war. The Salem ships intercepted the vessels which carried supplies from England or Nova Scotia to the garri- sons in New York and Boston; they cruised in the Bay of Biscay, and in the English and Irish channels; they raised the insurance on British ships to 23 per cent, and obliged a large naval force to be constantly employed in conveying merchantmen; they, moreover, brought munitions of war from the French islands.

#### AN EPISODE OF THE STUMP.

It was in the campaign of 1864 that Brewster, in stumping Pennsylvania, met Daniel Dougherty in joint debate, in the town of Easton. Brewster had the first innings, and made a rattling, rasping, audacious speech, that drew wild cheers from his friends, and greatly nettled the democrats. Dough-

erty answered him with a torrent of brilliant invective, ridiculing his figures, rending his facts, and with splendidly impassioned denunciation, holding him up to scorn as a malevolent demagogue. After a withering review of his illogical and ill-grounded argument, Dougherty concluded: "And in the last great day, sir, I, who am now standing here, will appear before the bar of God as your accuser." The effect was tremendous. But, collecting himself with an effort, he rose, paused, smiled chillingly, and then said, cuttingly: "Sir, in the course of a long and varied criminal practice, I have observed that the greatest criminals are always first to turn State's evidence." It was Dougherty who was crushed.—*New York Graphic*.

#### NATURE AND ART.

Nature can beat art sometimes. I've been to the theater aforesaid, and the players acted the play so natural and sympathetic that I got all tangled up and excited, and would cry or laugh just as they did; but nature can beat art sometimes. Just about sundown, the other evening, while we were all sitting in the piazza; calm and serene, there was a wild shriek down at the corner of the garden, and it was Carl calling, and he said, run here to Linton—Linton is killed—run, papa, run somebody; and we did run, and Mrs. Arp and the girls cried, Oh, mercy! Oh, good Lord! and all sorts of interjections and conjunctions at every step; and there was a wild and fearful panic when we got to the boy, and he was lying pale and senseless on the rocky ground, with a big limb across his breast. He had fallen about twelve feet, from the top of a venerable apple-tree that, they say, was planted by the Indians about sixty years ago. I heaved the old broken limb off the boy, took him in my arms and then up the hill to the house, and my escort—oh my escort—with their cries and screams, demoralized me fearfully. He was a stout lad,



of thirteen, this grandson of ours, and as tough as a pine knot, and I knew he was hurt, badly hurt, but I can always keep calm and serene on such occasions, if the women will let me. Laying him gently on the bed, Mrs. Arp ripped his garments with trembling hands and motherly sobbings, to find the flowing blood and the gaping wounds, and broken limbs, but they were not there.

He was shocked and senseless, and breathed hard and gurgled in his throat, and groaned and sighed, but I had seen those signs before with the other boys and had faith. And, sure enough, in about an hour he came to himself, and, looking around upon the excited family, asked what was the matter, and said: "Grandma, I dreamed I was falling from the apple tree." The doctor came about that time and found his arm and shoulder badly bruised and one rib hurt, perhaps fractured, and said he would be awful sore for a day or two, and then get well and be ready for the next skirmish. But Mrs. Arp was not satisfied, and watched him all night, and as he slept she listened to his breathing and felt his pulse, and imagined that something was internally wrong. The boy carries his arm in a handkerchief now, and can't go in a washing, nor shoot a sling, nor climb a tree, and he and Carl have to stay in the house and read story books and look at the pictures. But the like of this has to happen. It is part of a boy's raising. I wasn't much account until I fell down a ladder head foremost and was picked up for dead. I told my wife I wouldn't give a cent for a boy who had never fell out of an apple tree or got his arm broke or his head gashed, or something of that kind. If a man has never had any narrow escapes, or any wounds, or any broken bones, or been thrown from a horse and picked up for dead, what kind of a father will he be? What has he got to tell his little boy, and excite his wonder and admiration? I had lots of mishaps myself, and as I grow older Mrs. Arp says they grow more bigger and more

numerous. Well, of course! Nobody wants to tell the same old thing the same old way a thousand times. Amplification is a sign of genius. Being knocked down and addled is a big thing, but to be picked up for dead is heroic.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT A NICKEL.

She looked very sweet and pretty when she took her seat in a Wabash avenue car next to an old woman whose facial expression was singularly suggestive of gin. It had been raining, and as she drew her skirts about her to keep them from the wet floor of the car she displayed a neat little boot a trifle muddy. The conductor came along, she opened a dainty little purse, and just then a 5-cent piece fell on the floor, and, according to custom, dropped between the bars of the grating underfoot. She cast a wistful, half-pleading glance on several men opposite. A dude was the only one equal to the emergency. He rose, and with a polite "allow me," began a still hunt for the coin. First he looked in all his pockets for his knife with which to fish out the money. After a prolonged search, which grew more frantic as it progressed, and made the passengers wonder how many pockets a tailor could put in an ordinary suit of clothes, he found it in the tail of his coat.

Then he located the piece and began his attack, the young lady watching interestedly. First he pried on one side, then the other, and finally tried to stick the blade through the nickel. It was no use. Then with an air of settled determination he thrust the knife into his pocket and started to lift up the grating. He had broken a fingernail on one hand and covered both with dirt before he decided it would be better to get off the railing if he intended to take it up. He sat down on the edge of the seat and put both feet as far under it as they would go, took hold of the edge of the grating, lifted it a little, but had to let go and gestic-

ulate wildly to save himself from falling on his nose. His collar began to wilt visibly, and the little boy up in the corner of the car, who was wiping his feet on his neighbor's light trousers, murmured "Oh, my!" while the fat man opposite snickered.

Just then the conductor passed back, and, stepping behind the grating, lifted it lightly and gracefully and picked up the coin. Turning, he handed it to the young man, who, feeling that the honor of returning it was but his just due, lifted his hat and held the coin out to the pretty girl. She looked up, smiled, and said: "Thanks, but it is not mine." It was the old woman's.

Passengers in the car later wondered if the sulphuric fumes were indicative of an approaching earthquake.—*Chicago News*.

#### DAN SICKLES SURPRISED THE DOG.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who, for some reason or other, prefers crutches and an empty trouser's leg, was an object of especial regard during the pageantry. "Oh, Dan's a hero, I guess," said an old campaigner, "and I fit into his division, but just the same I've got somethin' ag'in him. See that dog?" and he pointed to a brute of particularly mean aspect and slinking manner. "He ain't got no spirit—you can see that, eh? Of course. Well, that was once the breeziest, sassiest, proudest dog that ever gnawed a bone. I loved that dog like a father. Well, I brought him to town for Decoration Day. In Broadway we met Gen. Sickles. I stopped to look at him, for I hadn't seen him in ten years. He was swinging along on one leg and two crutches. The dog scrutinized him a minute, and must have thought to himself: "There ain't no danger in a man with one leg, 'cause he can't kick out with the only 'foot he's got to stand on." So he giv' a yelp an' a snap at sickles' heels—I mean heel. Good Lord! The General just swung himself on his crutches, like the pendulum of a clock—kicked plump

from his shoulders, as 'twere—and the dog was knocked about half a block. He sneaked back to me, but didn't bring a mite of his usual air. He ain't come to himself yet, an' he never will. A whole lifetime of astonishment was kicked into him in that one instant, and his mind is all gone. I shall shoot him when I get home if he don't die of softening of the brain sooner.—*Albany Journal*.

#### IT DIDN'T COME OFF.

"W'y, how yer do, Nancy?" said old Hester, addressing old Sanderson's daughter.

"Didn't yer git married last Sunday night?"

"No; the weddin' dat come off didn't take place."

"Whafo' didn't it, gal?"

"Well, 'case der warn't but thirteen present."

"All foolishness. You oughtenter b'lebe in no sich foolish 'spicion ez dat. I'clar ter goodness, yer makes me ershamed o' yer puttin' offer weddin' jes' becuse der want but thirteen dar. W'y n't yer sen' out an' inguce de fo'teenf pusson to come?"

"Well, daddy did go out an' beg him ter come."

"Well, w'y n't yer go ahead an' let him erlone?"

"Couldn't."

"Why?"

"'Case de fo'teenf man was de pusson what had promised to marry me. I tells yer, Aunt Carisy, thirteen is bad luck."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

It is supposed that the real reason why the anarchists chose red as the color of their flag was that it indicated blood. This is not the fact. It was chosen because it was a good healthy color for hiding dirt.—*Fall River Advance*.

THE change from an Indian's hut to a lady's parlor was not wrought by magic, but by labor.—*Exchange*.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE first theater in New York was opened 133 years ago last Friday night, by Lewis Hallana.

LOVE is like coffee. It may be dark or light, but it has to be sweet and warm. Men don't like it cold.—*Texas Siftings*.

"CAN you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl. "Yes, sir; it is the whisper of a laugh.—*Hartford Times*."

WHEN a young woman calls a young man "a perfect bear," he ought to prove the assertion by hugging her.—*Phila. N. American*.

MEN who cannot imagine what an earthquake shock is like can form a slight opinion by treading on the trail of a quick-tempered woman.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

IF thou hast done a wrong or an injury to another, rather acknowledge and endeavor to repair than to defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness, the other thou doublest the wrong and the reckoning.—*William Penn*.

A ST. PAUL physician, who thought that the great majority of workingmen were inclined to be anarchists or socialists, says he was much surprised, after he had told a laboring man, sick with a fever, that he could not recover, to hear him say: "Just my luck. If I could only live to see those Chicago anarchists hang I could die happy."

SEVEN is the mystic number in the history of Chicago anarchy. Seven policemen were killed in the Haymarket massacre, seven lawyers spoke in the closing arguments before the jury, and at the end of a little more than seven weeks of the trial seven of the anarchists have been found guilty of murder.—*Cleveland Leader*.

NOTHING educates men and gives them such confidence in their fellows as constant association with each other—learning each other's wants, sharing one another's anxieties, contributing to

each other's necessities, learning that the troubles of their fellow-men today may be their own tomorrow; receiving the encouragement of others engaged in the same work; striving for the attainment of the same objects under a mutually organized and efficient system.

"YA-AS," said an Indiana citizen, whose home lies in the fertile valley of the "Waybosh." "I happened to be in Charleston when the fust yearthquake cum."

"What did you do when you felt the trembling?"

"I tuk thirty grains o' quinine, b'gosh."

A QUICK-TEMPERED but self-possessed bull got on the rail-road track at Madison, Conn., the other day, and wouldn't get off when the Newport express came along. This is not the usual chestnut about the bull and the locomotive, for the train stopped rather than try conclusions with the animal, and a brakeman was sent to get the bull off the track. He succeeded remarkably well, but the bull was mighty close to his heels as he skipped over the nearest fence.

THE late Commander Morrison, Royal Navy, in 1834 published the following observations on earthquakes: "Earthquakes generally follow close on the heels of eclipses. At the period of the earthquake many aspects will be found between the planets in the heavens." In the present instance, an eclipse of the sun occurred on August 29. Jupiter and Uranus were in conjunction with the moon on August 31. On the same day there were important aspects between the sun and Jupiter and between Mars and Uranus. Mars is at present in Scorpio, which has been supposed to be another circumstance favoring the production of earthquakes.—*Boston Advertiser*.

THE *Sanitarian* relates a case in which a rat had died under the floor of a large drawing-room and was giving great offence to the owner of the house,

who had had the carpets and furniture removed preparatory to taking up the floor. An ingenious friend drops in, suggests that the doors and windows be shut, steps out to a stable and traps a couple of blue bottle flies, and returning, sets them free in the apartment. The flies, after a little undetermined buzzing, settle pertinaciously on a certain crack in the floor, and on the removal of one plank at this point the cause of offence was readily removed.

A POOR fellow, down on his luck, penniless, friendless and without any hope in life, totters down to the lake shore and seeks oblivion in the blue waves. A man who counts his wealth by tens of thousands of dollars, and is surrounded by every luxury, with a handsome wife and beautiful children, stands in the midst of costly surroundings, and fires the bullet that sends his soul into eternity. Here is a sharp contrast, but the end of both men is the same. Money is a mighty convenient belonging, but it doesn't always keep peace in the family.—*Chicago Herald.*

A SACO man who was addicted to strong drink had worn his wife's patience entirely out, and the much-abused woman finally decided to apply for a divorce. Her husband, who could but acquiesce in the justice of the decision, and perhaps wishing to begin his career as a single man with a reputation for amiability, hired a team to carry her to Alfred and hunted up a friend to give the needed testimony as to his bad character as a husband. The divorce was decreed, and with a bill in her pocket the lady came down the stairs to meet her ex-husband, who had waited on the doorstep so as to improve the first opportunity to try to again pop the question. So much devotion won the lady's heart, and she at once agreed to the proposal to try it again. All this happened half a dozen years ago, and the pair are yet enjoying the felicity of their second honeymoon.—*Biddeford (Me.) Times.*

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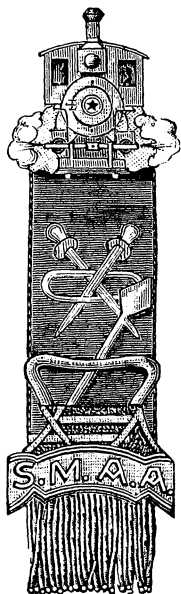
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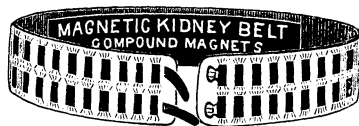
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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## THE CHORDS OF HUMAN LOVE.

[The incident forming the story of the following lines is from life. A passing laborer was seen to share the contents of his dinner-pail with a sleeping waif. Humanity only needed the example to open its heart to the want of the neglected child, so that when he awakened he was almost embowered in the evidences of an invisible human sympathy.]

Just there it happened, where you see  
That garden seat beneath the tree—  
A poor boy from the sultry street,  
Crossing the square with weary feet,  
Sought the green coolness of the place;  
And, leaning back with upturned face,  
Forgot his weariness in sleep.  
A sight to make a mother weep  
Was that young face, so pallid, gaunt,  
And hunger-stricken, where early want  
And care had laid their blighting touch.  
Alas! but one of many such  
That lift their silent plea to God!  
Unstirred by sound of feet that trod  
The shaded paths, the boy's repose  
Grew deeper, and when one of those  
That passed—a laborer on his way  
To meet the burden of the day—  
Paused, glancing at the sharpened lines  
Whose mournful but familiar signs  
His heart knew well, the white face lay  
Unmoved; the gazer turned away,  
Went slowly on with thoughtful tread,  
Then by a sudden impulse led,  
Came back to lay his own scant store—  
The meal his neighbor needed more—  
In the worn, tattered hat that lay  
Fallen unheeded by the way.  
An instant and the act was done,  
And with soft step the man passed on.

Touched by the beauty of the deed,  
One who had given it silent heed  
Stepped from a house near by and laid  
A coin beside this offering made  
By poverty to want; and, wrought  
Into swift sympathy of thought,  
Another and another prest  
To add some new gift to the rest.  
Then, stealing silently away,  
They left the sleeper where he lay.

Slowly, at last, the heavy eyes  
Opened upon the strange surprise;  
And o'er the boy's face came a look  
As if the sudden wonder shook  
His soul—the look of one who gazed  
Into Love's heavenly face amazed—  
And then his full heart broke in tears.  
Ah, brother, if the sudden years  
Have made you mourn the sins of men,  
And you would learn to hope again,  
In such sweet moments bend your ear,  
And amid life's discords you may hear  
The quivering chords of human love  
Answer the harmonies above.

—Julia Larned.

## AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, N. H.

“Well, gentlemen,” he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket. “suppose I tell you of about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see, I am now right from the far West and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hancock county, Ind. I said ‘twas pleasant; I meant ‘twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about 8 o'clock, and for awhile it poured down hard, and it was very dark outdoors.

“Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight,

and I knew that if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop to breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning. There were a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them; one man only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and intended to leave some time during the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at 1 o'clock, I went to sleep. I was roused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached

the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by 2 o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast, yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about a half a dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village, and at a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and, as near as I can remember, the distance was not far from twelve miles. The moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone perhaps half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind, and there is room enough within for quite a party, providing they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for



no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed that I had some money with me. And in this he was right, for I had over \$2,000. I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me or knock me down, or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort. All this passed through my mind by the time I had gotten a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee-deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without any noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six-barreled one and sure fire. I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whipstock, I carefully slipped down into the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick, so that a slight push from within could break it. My wheel-wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the dis-

tance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through this mud. It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. This continued some moments, and then came a heavy thump, as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing else in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out of this!' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing in there.

"'Let me out and I'll tell ye,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you're in there for.'

"'I got in here to sleep on your rags,' he answered.

"'How'd ye git in?' I asked.

"'Let me out, or I'll shoot ye through the head,' he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the foot-board and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now; a tall, stout, powerful bay mare, and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen

minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a great pace. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally, he stopped, and in a few moments came the reports of a pistol, one, two, three, four, one right after the other, and I heard the ball whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not two of them, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'O, save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down on the foot-board. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the but of the whip, and she went along faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so that I could carry heavy loads there. By-and-by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with the whip.

"He wasn't an hour going that dozen miles, not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear; perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that, my passenger was safe, yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour-barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old feller,' says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you?' he cried and his voice trembled a little, too, as he asked the question.

"'I am the man you tried to shoot,' I told him.

"'Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment you show yourself.'

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and find the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were now just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came, and two other men with him. I told him the whole story in a few words, exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But, mind you, the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicions we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and, as I let the door down, the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in the town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of \$200 which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. I found the bullet holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in line, about five inches

apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me \$200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is in prison for life."

So ended the pedler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was looking, and showed me the prints of the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain, and must have been given with great force.

#### CHARACTER BUILDING.

It seems somewhat curious that, while the necessity for intellectual stimulus and development is so clearly recognized and abundantly provided for, the still greater need of building up character should receive less thoughtful and systematic attention. Whether we look at it from the standpoint of the individual or the nation, character has equal importance with scholarship. The child should be trained to speak the truth, to be scrupulously honest, to control his appetites, to regulate his desires, to love justice and mercy, to cultivate kind feelings and generous actions, which is of as much consequence to his future life and influence as any kind of information that could be given to him. It avails more to the workman that he be sober, industrious and honest than that he be well taught in many branches of learning; to the business or professional man, that his

honor be above suspicion is a more momentous matter than that he should have passed through the fullest curriculum. And as the nation is made up of individuals, and her welfare is consonant with theirs, it is equally true that a country's prosperity depends far more upon the character of her citizens than upon any other quality whatever.

It would seem, then, from every point of view, the wise path to give at least as much systematic thought, care and labor to the education of the moral nature as to the education of the intellect. How to do this is indeed a delicate and difficult problem, one well worthy of the deepest attention and the soundest judgment that can be brought to bear upon it. It is not merely moral teaching that is needed, though that is an important factor. Long experience has taught us that the mere giving of information, even with the most painstaking explanations, is not enough for mental culture. We must stimulate the mind to work for itself if its knowledge is to be of any avail. The same is true of the moral nature. We may teach rules of right conduct, and explain clearly their reasons and foundations, but unless we can stimulate the moral sense of a child or a man to voluntary exercise we cannot hope to form or reform character. Indeed, the continual repetition of moral precepts, which are accepted but not obeyed, tends to lessen, rather than to increase their effect. To awaken right emotions, to present worthy motives, to instigate to right actions, so that the desires and the conduct shall keep pace with the knowledge imparted, is the great work which everyone who would build up or fortify character should set himself to accomplish.

This is evident whenever we look from the sin to the sinner. Not only are those who commit some of the grossest forms of injustice, in the shape of dishonesty, deceit and oppression, intellectually well-educated people—they are often morally educated also; if a clear understanding of right and

wrong is all we mean by moral education—but they have not acquired moral habits; they have not had moral feelings, passing into the appropriate moral actions, continually and effectively stirred within them. It is the constant repetition of this that forms a habit and too often it is the protracted absence of this that makes all knowledge, all rules, all advice, and even example, of no avail. Indeed every one is conscious of many things in which his conduct by no means keeps pace with his clear knowledge and full belief of what is right, while on the other hand, with no clearer apprehension, there are certain crimes which are morally impossible for him to commit. The difference is not one of insight, or perception, or understanding, but of habit, which is truly called second nature.

If this is so, does it not open up a wide field for the energies of every philanthropist, and especially of every parent and guardian of youth? Every part of the body and every faculty of the mind is developed by exercise, and the same is true of the moral character. A man may be thoroughly grounded in the laws of health, yet, without exercise, have a feeble body; he may be crowded with knowledge, yet without mental activity, have a feeble mind; and likewise he may be well versed in theories of right-doing, yet without the habit of practicing them, he may have a feeble moral character that has no power to resist temptation and no courage to do its duty. Teaching and training must go hand in hand; right feeling and right doing must keep pace with right knowing, if we are to have a dutiful child, upright man, or a religious nation.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### SCHEMES OF DESIGNING HUSBANDS.

The other day as two well known citizens were standing together in the corridor of the postoffice one happened to notice that a postal card held in the fingers of the other was directed to the holder.

"Why, how does this come?" was asked, "Do you write letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up and the other read:

*Brother Blank*,—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 387 at the hall on the evening of October 10 to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$15.

J. CAREY,  
Secretary.

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't! Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to get out of an evening I direct one of those postals to my house. When I reach home my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of \$15, but she won't have it that way. That's all, my friend—except that the same scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor deluded wives haven't tumbled to the racket yet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### THE DRUG CLERK.

The most satirical shot at illegible prescriptions that we have yet seen is the following from the *Medical Age*:

A gentleman received a note from his lawyer which he was unable to decipher. On his way to his office he met a friend at the door of a drug store. The friend, after vainly attempting to read the note suggested that they step inside and hand it to the druggist without comment. The druggist, after studying it in silence for a few minutes, stepped behind his prescription case and in a short time returned with a bottle of medicine, duly labeled and bearing directions. When the gentleman saw his lawyer he was informed that the note was a notice for him to call at his office between 3 and 4 p. m. of the following day. It is a pretty difficult matter to "stick" the regulation druggist.

## HUMOROUS.

When is butter like Irish children?  
When it is made into little pats.

The experienced politician always  
uses a corkscrew to open the campaign.  
—*Texas Siftings*.

A woman's shoe that is "a mile too  
big," is never over a foot in length.  
—*Norristown Herald*.

Sam Jones has got on the track of  
the American sinner at last. He is in  
Canada.—*Chicago Herald*.

Life must indeed be a bug-bear to  
cause so many people to commit suicide  
with insect powder.—*New York Star*.

The season is over, thank heaven,  
when the weak young man at the pic-  
nic puts on a girl's hat and tries to be  
funny.—*Puck*.

"Papa, what is a model?" inquired  
little Johnny. "A model is a small  
likeness of anything." "And is a  
model man a small likeness of a man?"  
"A great many of them are," replied  
his pa, musingly, "a great many of  
them are."

"She did wrong to look back, didn't  
she, Bessie?" "Yes, mamma." "And  
what do you think Lot thought when  
he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar  
of salt?" "I don't know, mamma; I  
'spect he wondered where he could get  
a fresh one."—*Philadelphia Call*.

A man in West Virginia reports hav-  
ing seen a snake forty feet long in the  
act of swallowing a sheep. It is be-  
lieved that about two more drinks of  
the stuff would have enabled him to see  
a sheep forty feet long in the act of  
swallowing a snake.—*Norristown Her-  
ald*.

Bagley.—"That dog of yours is a  
dog of parts, Bailey."

Bailey.—"Yes, indeed. How did you  
come to notice it?"

Bagley.—"Well, he took part of my  
coat-tail yesterday. If you think he  
has any use for the other I'll bring it  
around.—*Judge*."

"Have you heard the news, Pat?"  
said a jester to an Irishman. "An'  
fhat's that, sor?" "The devil is dead."  
"Take that, sor. It's all I have by  
me, or I might do better," said Pat,  
handing him a penny. "What's that  
for?" "I niver sind an orphan away  
impty handed, sor."

Bob Ingersoll recently was talking  
with an old colored woman in Washing-  
ton upon religious matters. "Do you  
really believe, Aunt,," said he, "that  
people are made out of dust?" "Yes,  
sah; de Bible says dey is, an' I believes  
it." "But what is done in wet weather,  
when there's nothing but mud?" "Den  
I 'spects dey make infidels an' sich  
truck."

Jim McSniffer, a cowboy from Ca-  
laveras Canyon, visited Austin not long  
since, and among other places that he  
visited was an oyster saloon.

"Oysters, sah?" asked the colored  
menial.

"Yes, fetch 'em on."

"Have 'em scalloped, sah?"

"No; fetch 'em along with the har  
on 'em, and I'll scalp 'em myself."—  
*Texas Siftings*.

A certain Houston, Tex., judge is  
very learned and dignified but some-  
what absent-minded. He has an al-  
manac in his office with a blank place  
headed: "Things to be remembered."  
This blank place he has filled out with  
the following memoranda:

To wash my face.

To put on a clean shirt.

To damn Grover Cleveland.

To pay my taxes.

To settle my board and washing.

To shave myself.

To thank God for his blessings.

N. B.—The judge has private but re-  
liable information that the President is  
not going to make any change in the  
office for which the judge is an appli-  
cant.—*Texas Siftings*.

An excessive modest young lady from  
Boston, who was at the seaside, decided  
to take a bath, and, after remaining a

long time in the bathing-house, she emerged in a very long and a very ample bathing-costume. She, however, retained her spectacles upon her nose.

"But you are going to take off your spectacles, are you not?" asked a female companion.

"Never," she responded, blushing deeply. "I have already been obliged to remove so many articles that I won't take off another thing!"—*Texas Siftings*.

#### HE WAS SAFE.

At noon yesterday a Michigan avenue grocer made a sudden dash for his open door, and a boy who had been standing outside made just as sudden a dash for the middle of the street.

"I tell you I won't stand this much longer," shouted the grocer, as he shook his fist at the boy.

"What was I doing?"

"You were breaking these carrots to pieces."

"Well, can't a fellow see if they are ripe?"

"You look out! I'll have an officer after you!"

"The one on this beat?"

"Yes, the one on this beat!"

"Rats! He's a-courting my sister, and you can imagine the sort of collar he'd give me! Just let him walk me down and Bell will shake him like an old door-mat!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### STAMPEDING THE CONGREGATION.

A Baptist minister in Sheffield, England, was speaking of a certain young man living in the place.

"No," said the divine, "I don't like him. He is a low, worthless fellow, and I don't want anything to do with him under any circumstances."

"My dear," interposed his wife, "it isn't right to talk that way about any one. The boy is young yet and may reform."

"No, he never will."

"But you musn't be so severe on him. If you would try you might pos-

sibly help him to be something better."

"I shall never try. If he should come into my church I would consider it my duty to order him out."

"Don't talk that way! What has he done to cause you to have such unchristian feelings against him?"

"What has he done? Well, he's done enough. He's got a trick of making a noise like two dogs fighting, and for the last two Sabbaths he's got under one of the church windows and run out the whole congregation. I tell you it would make you have unchristian feelings to look up from a long prayer and see your congregation falling over one another in getting out the door and hear the leading deacon shouting that he'll bet two-pound-ten on either dog."

— *Foreign Exchange*.

#### TOPNOODY.

Mr. Topnoody threw down his newspaper with a muttered objurcation, and looked across the table at his wife.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

"This confounded civil-service reform twaddle makes me sick," he exclaimed. "I don't see why it is that a lot of men can't do their duty when it is marked out plainly before them."

"Did you order that coal today?" she asked irrelevantly, but with a new light shining in her face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said, picking up his paper again, "that's got nothing to do with civil-service reform."

"Did you order that coal, I said," she persisted.

"N—no, my dear," he hesitated. "I forgot all about it. But I'll do it the first thing in the morning. As I was saying, my dear, this civil-service reform—"

"Don't talk to me, Topnoody, about civil-service reform," she said, hotly. "What you want to devote your time and attention to is domestic service reform. There isn't a lump of coal in the cellar; the boards are off the side fence; that back yard looks like a pig

pen; there hasn't been a stick of kindling chopped since Saturday; you haven't given me a cent of money in two weeks, and the cook is going to leave in the morning. You may think that's the way to do things, Topnoody, but I want to say to you that I'm running this administration, now, and if you don't stop fooling with politics and attend to business, you'll hear from headquarters after a fashion that will make your head swim. Civil-service reform, indeed!"

Topnoody never said a word; he knew better.—*Washington Critic*.

### THE SPIRE.

The tall spire, conveying to the mind an idea of immeasurable height, and seeming to fade away in a point, is, perhaps, the most perfectly beautiful external feature of the pointed or Christian styles of architecture to which it properly belongs. In all ages and countries there has been an apparent tendency to carry buildings to as great a height as possible, and hence have originated the various architectural forms of pyramids and obelisks, towers in endless variety, domes of various shapes—classic, Byzantine and Saracenic—the minarets of the east and tall monumental pillars; but the spire, obvious as its form seems in its pure simplicity, was unknown in architecture until toward the end of the eleventh century. There have been many discussions, somewhat unprofitable, though interesting, as to the source whence the mediæval builders drew their first ideas of the pointed arch and spire, and general opinion has apparently settled to the conclusion that the pointed arch was simultaneously suggested to the various nations of Europe by the sight of the Saracenic arch during the crusades. If this were really so, it must be added that the Christian builders improved so vastly upon any hints they may have received from the East that all traces of such origin rapidly disappeared. The spire,

however, is a purely self-evolved feature, which originated in the general tendency of pointed architecture, completely independent of external hints or examples. Among other suppositions it has been said that the form of the spire might have been suggested by the pyramids or obelisks of Egypt; but there are so many points of dissimilarity between these objects and the true spire that it is extremely unlikely.—*American Architect*,

### HER LAST JOURNEY.

Swiftly the train sped through the darkness. Rushing over meadow, over swamp and stream, through the hillside and the tunnel, passing growing crops in the fields and cabin clearings in deep woodlands. Lights at small stations flickered in the midnight breeze as the train sped onward through the darkness.

In the sleeper sat a father. To his breast there clung a little child, a lass with golden hair and fair, blue eyes, the image of its mother. There was no sleep for father or for child. All about them in the sleeper, men and women were wrapt in slumber, dreaming of home and happiness. Through the darkness sped the rushing train. Still sat the father with the clinging child upon his breast. The hoarse shriek of the locomotive caused the child to tremble in fright and clasp the father closer.

"There, my darling, you are here with papa," and he smiled amid the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Mamma gone," piped the childish voice—"poor mamma, no more," and then with studied, serious face, the little one peered through the window out in the darkness.

Then the tears fell faster down the father's cheek. His eyes were dim now, his voice was choked. He could not speak. He only gazed in mute agony through his blinding tears at the childish face turning up to his.

And the angels bade the golden-haired child to speak again.

"Poor mamma," she murmured, stroking the moistened cheek of the father. "Baby, throw mamma a kiss," and with her tiny hand, so soft, so pink, she wafted upward a little kiss that sped faster than the train upon the wings of night. A kiss, divinely sweet, fraught with holy passion, a kiss the angels wafted onward, upward, through the portals of the undiscovered country, to the realms of Heaven.

"O, God; O, Father," moaned the man, and with the golden head nestled in his bosom, his eyes closed, his head sank backward, and the train sped onward through the night and darkness, over stream and meadow, through the hillside and the tunnel.

And the mother?

In the city in the morning, amid the noise and bustle at the station, men with hardened faces lifted trunks and boxes from the baggage car. Then, with solemn faces, drew they forth a larger, longer box than all the others, and the voice of the rough baggage-man quivered as he whispered:

"Move it gently, Jim! It's a woman. That's the husband with the kid, yonder, on the platform. Easy, now! There. That's her last journey on the cars, poor thing. Thankee, Jim! I always feel like treatin' women tender like."—*Will M. Clemens, in Detroit Free Press.*

#### LOST SOULS OF SIBERIA.

A graphic picture of the condition of these unfortunates who are fitly described as "lost souls" is drawn in the work on Siberia by the Russian writer Jadrinzeff, a German edition of which has just been published by Professor E. Petri, of Bern, says the London Post. But few of the exiles ever attain to the possession of a "house," by which is meant a miserable hut. Most of them are in reality the bondsmen of the Siberian peasants, by whom they are hired; that is to say they remain in their debt as long as they live, and are satisfied when they

can get money for drinking on holidays from their masters. But as the majority of the exiles are rogues and vagabonds by profession, who are afraid of work, the number of fugitives is constantly increasing, who steal, rob, and plunder whenever a chance offers, and thus intensify the natural antipathy of the settlers against the class of the deported. The peasants have every cause to be incensed against them, for, besides suffering from the malpractices of the convict class, they have to bear the cost of the erection and preservation of prisons for the exiles, organize hunts for the capture of the runaways, provide guards for them, and find the taxes which cannot be raised from the deported class. But the greatest gaps in the ranks of the exiles are caused by the almost systematic escape of the latter from forced labor and from the convict settlements. No less than 15 per cent of the deported escape during transport. Many of them are shot down like wild beasts by the peasants and natives, and an observer of Siberian life made a very true remark when he said that Siberia would scarcely have been able to overpower the runaway exiles if the peasants had not annihilated them.

The most extreme measures to check the system of escape are the hunts by the natives, organized by the Russian government. The native receives three roubles if he delivers the prisoner, "dead or alive," to the authorities. The people are provided with good arms and ammunition, so as to make hunting the escaped prisoner a perfect success. One of those few who managed to escape was seized in his native village, and when brought before the court he said: "For two years I have wandered about, have swam through rivers and seas, have crossed Siberian forests, passed through steppes and mountains, and no one has touched me—neither man nor beast—but here, in my native village, I have been seized and cast into chains." The escape from forced labor had become so common that the ad-



ministrators of convict establishments were in the habit of calling out, when receiving prisoners: "Whoever wishes to stay, let him take clothes; he who wants to run away will not need them." It should be observed that the clothes left behind by escaped convicts, so as to guard against capture, are the perquisites of the prison authorities.

While the statistics show an incredible increase in the number of crimes committed by exiles, proving the efficiency of the system of deportation as a corrective a delusion, they are generally condemnatory of its much-vaunted cheapness to the state. The cost of transport of a Siberian deportee is estimated at 50 roubles (\$37.50.) But in this estimate are not included the cost of transport to the main route (steamers on the Volga and Kama), and thence to the place of destination, the maintenance of his family if he is accompanied by it, the maintenance in prison till the spring, as transports in winter have been abolished, as well as the cost of the military guards, so that the expenses of transport for each convict to his place of destination amount to about 300 roubles (\$225), a sum which would be sufficient to keep him at least four years in the dearest prison of European Russia. But this sum is raised to 800 roubles (\$600) by the expense attached to the maintenance of etappe routes, escorts, prisons along the route, and etappe houses, not to reckon the burdens imposed upon the population, who have to provide vehicles and hospitals, and their losses through theft and crimes of all descriptions.

A simple calculation, consequently, ought to be in favor of those in Russia who raise their voices against degrading Siberia into a receptacle for "lost souls." Jadrinzeff says: "The system of deportation has converted Siberia into a sewer; deportation been the cause of much injustice and harm done to the country. By mixing the deported with the population crime was accorded a wider scope. The exiles are at present

in an extremely miserable and objectionable condition, and Siberia receives, instead of useful workers, a numerous, homeless, and lazy proletariat. By the present deplorable condition of the banished the punishment inflicted does not lead to reform, but yields a result quite the reverse, consisting in the demoralization of the exiles and an increase in vagabondism and crime."

#### CASTING OUT LIVING SNAKES.

About three years ago Mr. John Longwell of Charleston, Tioga county, began to fail in health. He had always been a strong, rugged man, weighing about 180 pounds. For about two years he kept getting thinner and weaker until he weighed about 128 pounds. During that time he experienced strange sensations in the stomach as if some living thing had taken up its abode there. He felt, or imagined that he felt, something moving about in his stomach at times. On September 20, 1865, his belief was confirmed. At Mr. Longwell's solicitation, and to humor his supposed hallucination, Dr. C. W. Webb prepared a powerful emetic, having taken which Mr. Longwell, after suffering great pain and retching violently, emitted from his stomach two live snakes, twelve and fourteen inches in length, respectively. An account of the singular occurrence was published at the time, but the truth was doubted by many who did not know Mr. Longwell to be a man of unimpeachable veracity. About two months subsequent to the vomiting of the snake Mr. Longwell felt a recurrence of the crawling sensation in his stomach.

Soon after that he was taken with fits, during which his convulsions were horrible. These fits came upon him at intervals of four to six weeks, and lasted about an hour. He lost his appetite and became very thin. A milk diet appeared to agree with him better than any other, but he could not escape the frequent visitations of agony and

convulsions. Three weeks ago last Saturday Mr. Longwell had an exceptionally severe fit, which nearly cost him his life. At that time a ridge was observed on his stomach, and his attendants were convinced that another snake was living within him. The supposition was well-founded, for yesterday afternoon at about 3 o'clock, during an attack which caused him untold agony and left him unconscious for upward of an hour, Mr. Longwell ejected a garter snake that was eighteen and a half inches long and a fraction over one-half inch in diameter. Mrs. Longwell, who was with her husband at the time, states that when the snake protruded about four inches from the sufferer's mouth it appeared to stick fast, although she did not recognize it as a snake. Finally the entire reptile was ejected, but not before Mr. Longwell, in his agonizing convulsions had bitten it almost through in three places. Neighbors rushing in to assist Mrs. Longwell, found the snake in the vessel, where it had fallen. They took it out and washed it.

Your correspondent saw the snake in Dr. Webb's office today, and conversed with Mr. and Mrs. Longwell. There is not the slightest doubt of the entire truthfulness of their statement. It is supposed that in drinking from a pool three years ago, Mr. Longwell swallowed the ovium from which the snakes grew. This is somewhat corroborated by the fact that the reptile which made its appearance yesterday is, evidently, of three years' growth, and about one year older than the two which the gentleman ejected last September. All were common garter snakes, a species that abounds in this region.

Mr. Longwell is feeling better since turning out his third tenant, but his stomach is very sore. He feels a natural solicitude to know whether or not he is still a peregrinating den of snakes, and is also somewhat concerned to know whether the family that colonized his interior department have left progeny to grow up and succeed them.

### I TOLD A LIE TO MOTHER.

The years have come and gone since then. The fleeting years. The years that oftentimes linger not long enough with the children of men to write their autograph in the album of the mind. The tiny dew drop has made its journey off from earth to sky, and back from sky to earth again.

The springtime buds have bloomed and breathed their fragrance on many a May and June since then. The summer breeze has caught the breath from gentle spring, and they with wedded might have made the autumn winds of many years.

Time has flown along so fast and changed the scenes of life so many times that the crowding incidents of later days have almost hidden the memories of our childhood hours. The first day spent in school in the little old log school house in the settlement, and the thoughts surged through the bewildered little brain from the experiences of that momentous day, can never be recalled. Even the first horseback ride, that stirring event in the memory of every boy, lies hidden far beyond our recollection. The awkward, blushing, stammering of a first love affair, have long since been forgotten. One by one the incidents of the days of yore are fading fast away, but there yet remains one on which the tread of years have touched so lightly that it stands out in the dim past as vividly as it did that summer day so many years ago. It was the first and only time I ever told a lie to mother.

And this is how it happened: The summer days were long and warm, and brought very little excitement to the country boy living far from town or city. The old homestead was left in my care one day and a limit placed upon the distance I was to go away from the house.

I was a boy. Boylike I ran and skipped and played, and just because the line was drawn beyond the limits of the old church shed across the way, I was literally haunted with a desire to investigate the adjoining country. I

never realized till then how perfectly beautiful the land lay beyond. The old front yard grew tame and uninviting, while the surrounding Eden was luring me with the perfume of flowers and the fragrance of forbidden fruit. I was tempted and went beyond, but when there, strangely enough the beauties that had led me on faded at my approach. I have always heard that forbidden fruit tastes sweetest, but that day it tasted flat and made a lump in my throat when I swallowed it. The truth is I was uneasy when I got beyond the line of demarkation as I was not accustomed to disobeying mother. The probability of her asking me if I had remained at home, and the possible consequences of an admission of the fact that I had disobeyed her, came floating up before my mind and made me ill at ease. Not that I dreaded chastisement, for I had scarcely ever known what it was. But the thought of giving mother pain on account of disobeying her could not be borne, for she was such a good mother, and kind. The only mistake she made that day was to confine a boisterous boy within the narrow limits of an acre of ground.

In the evening, when asked the dread question, I didn't want to wound her feelings by telling her I had disobeyed her, so I told her I hadn't. My boyish logic didn't lead me far enough to see the likelihood of her finding it out, and making the case many times worse for me. But I told her that lie in a very hesitating way. I said, "No Ma'am" so faintly that I almost hoped she wouldn't hear me. But she did and in due time the day of retribution came.

These retribution days have a peculiar faculty of always turning up when least expected. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, and really began to think that I hadn't been such an exceedingly wicked boy after all, when one day after having made a call on one of the neighbors, a peculiar look came into mother's eye. I had never seen such a look before and I didn't al-

together like it, but I was soon given to understand what it meant. She had heard of my truancy and I was to be punished accordingly.

I have often wondered since then, if it didn't pain mother as much to flog me as to be flogged, and have thought many many times, that it would have been far better to not flog me at all. As I look back upon my nature in those days, I cannot see that I was a very bad boy. I was in nearly every respect the exact opposite of the conventional bad boy of the nineteenth century, and only needed to be shown that I was doing wrong in order to shun it as well as it is usually in the power of a boy to do so. To be sure I had gone astray this once, but even then I couldn't see that I had committed such an awful crime. However, mother, was imbued with the old orthodox idea that if you spare the rod you spoil the child, so I was forthwith chastised. When I saw the inevitable staring me in the face, I in the magnanimity of my soul, ran out to cut from a bush the necessary implement of punishment. I brought the switch in and laid it before her with all the gravity possible. But she objected to it on dimensional grounds. It didn't occupy immensity of space enough to suit her, so she cut another. This proceeding dampened my ardor to a great extent and made me feel that mother had heaped a great indignity on me in refusing to trust me in the selection of the rod. From the time I was informed that I was to receive the licking up till now, I had taken the affair as a matter of course, and had philosophically concluded that if it really seemed necessary for me to be punished, I would submit to the inevitable with good grace, and would try and do nothing that might tend to mar the proceedings in any way. But now a rebellious spirit grew up in me, and I resolved that she should have little satisfaction in the punishment. I was determined to take it all in the most phlegmatic manner imaginable, and if she had

almost killed me I don't think I should have uttered a groan. A spirit of sullenness came over me, and all the punishment in the world could not have removed it. I marched into the bed-room with a dogged step and—the music commenced. It not only commenced but it continued. It not only continued but it increased. It not only increased but it grew furious. Mother exhausted herself but she didn't conquer me. To all external appearance I accepted the rod with much the same grace that a stone would have done. But all the while a spirit of revolt was springing up within me, and I came out of that room a far worse boy than I went in.

If it hadn't been for a subsequent occurrence, I am afraid I should never have been cured of lying. But I was cured, and that within five minutes of the time I had determined that I never would be.

Mother had come out of the bedroom and was standing in the kitchen door looking out across the fields toward the setting sun, and as she stood silently there, I looked up into her troubled face, and I saw the tears just starting out. I saw in her eyes that weary, far-away look that I shall never forget. And then I saw the tears come faster and faster, and her bosom swell more and more, till at last I heard her say, with such a weary sigh, as though her heart would break, "Ah. Brownny, I didn't think I had a boy who would tell me a lie;" and then she sobbed again like the moaning of a wounded soul. Ah, reader, do you wonder that I was cured of lying? Have you ever looked up into your mother's face and seen there the bitter tears of maternal grief on account of something you have done? Did you ever hear a mother's sigh, and think that you were the cause of it? Can you recall a moment's pain you ever caused your mother without thinking how mean you must have been to do it?

Those few tears made me feel more guilty than I can tell. They did more

to make me repent than a thousand birch rods could have done. They melted the heart that the rod had turned to stone. They drew me closer to mother in a holy affection, while the rod had been driving me further away at each blow. Now I seemed like a perfect monster in my own eyes, and I hastened to tell my mother so, and to ask her forgiveness and promise that I would never do it again. And, reader, I never have. Since then in my dealings with the world I have probably told as many lies as the average business man. Possibly among my friends I have acquired the reputation of never spoiling a good story for the truth's sake, and I have never striven to be at all prudish regarding matters of veracity; but never, from that day to this, have I ever told a lie to mother, and while memory leads me back to that summer day so long ago, I never will again.—*Brownny, in Peck's Sun.*

#### WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.

The season is now sufficiently advanced to have matured for discussing the topic of matrimony, and a number of our contemporaries have accordingly taken up the question, "Why men don't marry," but the conundrum, "Why men do marry," would seem in view of the proportion of benedicts to bachelors, to be the one most requiring a solution. The reasons assigned by editors and correspondents for the alleged aversion of young men, or men of any age, nowadays, to the married state are extremely various. An unmarried female correspondent of thirty-five summers, who expresses a desire that "a marrying crusade should be gotten up," attributes her missing several chance for happiness to the fact that "the young men thought they would incur, in marrying, unbearable legal responsibilities and expenses that would take away all their pocket money." The legal terrors, she thinks, have been maliciously exaggerated and misrepresented, and she, therefore, begs the

editor, in the interest of a boom in the market, to "tell just what the legal points about marriage, divorce, alimony, dower, etc., are." The positive information derived from bachelor correspondents rather confirms the would-be crusader's conjecture. The unequal financial burden placed upon the man by the laws and social customs of this country is the gist of nearly all their letters. One's sense of natural justice, it is alleged, is offended by the exactions of the married state. "The dower right," says one, "is a piece of sentimental fraud; the right of alimony is another curse of the marriage relation; the law gives a wife too much power to entangle her husband's affairs." The curmudgeon naturally goes to the length of enunciating the principle that "finance and marriage laws should be as separate as church and state." Another correspondent who boasts an income of \$800 ask incredulously how the average woman, whom he describes as "a toy to set in a doll house," could help him along. "She would be a drag," he asserts, ungallantly, "and the laws would chain me down so that I would be at her mercy. If we quarreled and separated I would be compelled to support her in idleness." This writer is full of suggestions. "Married life," he says, "is a plain, barnyard sort of state; let women, therefore, learn how to wash, cook, sew and beat carpets, and let the dower and alimony laws be modified or abolished. It rests with the law-makers and women to lessen the noble army of single men." The expensiveness of feminine dress, habits and fancies is the text of many complaints. The bachelor's outgo, it is alleged, is not halved, but trebled or quadrupled "on assuming the conjugal noose." Careers, it is claimed, are spoiled by premature marriage, and one writer has the hardihood to affirm it to be "a matter of fact that the greatest men who have lived were childless and wifeless men." This is explained by the distractions of house-keeping and "the infinite task of labor-

ing to satisfy wives brought up with the idea that economy is meanness." The disposition to convert homes into costly museums of old china, bric-a-brac, useless furniture, unappreciated books, etc., instead of studying to simplify and minimize the requirements of daily living, is another vice charged upon the modern woman. "She makes nothing and wants everything," one complainant puts it. "Living costs too much," says another, summing up a thousand objections in one. It may be observed, however, in regard to much of this fault-finding, that it proceeds upon a narrow view of life and its objects. A pretty effective reply to all is the contribution made to the discussion by a young lady who says: "One has only to look around him to see that the married men are the most regular, temperate, law-abiding and prosperous."

—*Exchange.*

#### THE TWINS OF LOCANA.

The twins of Locana, who have been shown in almost every town of Europe as the successors of the renowned Siamese twins and whom Joe Warner, the accomplished circus agent, vainly tried to engage for Barnum about three years ago, are at present dying in Vienna, or at least are very ill. These twins, now aged 10, are united from the sixth rib downward. They have but one abdomen and a single pair of legs. One of these is under Jacob's control; the other, under that of John. They cannot walk, and cannot easily keep their balance. One is much stronger and healthier than the other and eats more; it is Jacob, and he keeps his brother alive. Some time ago both quarreled over a toy, and John got so excited that he fell into a state of syncope, or trance, from which he did not recover till the next day. He had already had an illness of the same kind, and Virchow, of Berlin, had prognosticated that a second one would kill him. This Jacob knew well; so, of course, the illness of his brother (an

apparently lifeless body) gave him all the more concern, since the death of his brother would but shortly precede his own. The physicians are doing their best to save the unfortunate children. Of course, no operation can be thought of in the present case. Even in that of the Siamese twins, there were great difficulties attending a surgical intervention; and, before it was resolved to intervene death had already done its work. If the twins recover they will go to the States, where they were engaged, it is said, at the rate of \$6,000 per year; if not, their skeleton is already promised to a London Anatomical Museum for £8,000.—*Medical News*.

#### A MAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

It is a mystery which no-one has yet solved, why so many sad jokes are constantly being perpetrated about a man's mother-in-law. What dreadful crime has the unfortunate woman committed in providing the man with his wife that he should bear such an undying grudge against her?

Now if it was a *woman's* mother-in-law who was made the butt of these jokes there might be a grain of sense in them; for it is the *man's* mother who has it in her power to make life a burden to the young wife and not half try.

As a matter of fact, a woman is usually proud and fond of her son-in-law if he only gives her the ghost of a chance.

When the young couple first go to housekeeping who is it that comes in and with her good sense and practical experience tides them over the rough places?

A man's mother-in-law.

It is the woman's mother-in-law who is most apt to criticise, and who exasperates the young wife by quoting, all too frequently, "My son is used to having things thus and so." "My son must have this and that for his meals." "My son, with his small income, should have married a prudent, economical woman," etc.

When the first baby makes its appearance, as well as the successive ones, who is it that steps in and relieves the husband of his weary vigils, and takes the load of care and worry off the wife's feeble shoulders, and keeps the household machinery running smoothly?

The man's mother-in-law.

When he and his wife plan to take a little trip together, who is it comes in and takes charge of the house and the children, so that they can peacefully enjoy their holiday, with the restful thought, "Mother is there and it will be all right?"

The man's mother-in-law.

When there is sickness or trouble in the house, who is the faithful nurse, the wise counselor, the sympathizing friend?

The man's mother-in-law.

And if, in the course of events, the wife dies, who is it that usually comes in and takes care of the children, and keeps up the home till the bereaved husband has time to look around and find another wife?

A man's mother-in-law.

And how does he reward her for all this devotion?

By making heartless jokes at her expense, and publishing them for other men to snicker over!

Ingratitude, thy name is man!—*Daisy Dean, in Detroit Free Press*.

A MICHIGAN woman broke into a gambling house, fired her revolver among the inmates, scared them off, grabbed the stakes and escorted her husband home. A Manitoba young girl wanted to marry a Dakota young man. The family objected. She stood on the Manitoba side, her lover stood in Dakota, and a preacher, with one foot on British soil and one foot in the United States, married them. A St. Louis girl found a strange man in the house. She compelled him to sit down and wait until she called an officer to take him to the police station. And yet men talk about the infirmity of woman.—*Baltimore American*.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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## OUR PREMIUM LIST.

We announce this month the inducements we offer to agents getting the largest number of subscribers, and also the inducements we have to offer to single subscribers. We give to the one sending us the largest number of subscribers by November 1, 1887, a beautiful solid gold watch of the best quality, and warranted by its manufacturer. We have secured this watch from one of the leading jewelers of the West, whose guarantee is sufficient to answer all that the watch will be "A. No. 1." We will give to the one sending the next largest number an official monogram pin of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., of exquisite workmanship, with diamonds, sapphires and ruby setting. This pin will be first-class in every respect, and unexcelled in beauty. We will also give to the one sending us the third largest number of subscribers, a magnificent set, in six volumes, half morocco binding, of "Chambers' Encyclopedia." This work is a superb library in itself, with forty full-page illustrations, and valuable information on all questions.

We have made arrangements whereby we are able to furnish to our subscribers in connection with the JOURNAL, watches of all kinds, at figures far below that charged by retail dealers. These watches are furnished us by one of the leading firms of the West, and all will be guaranteed as represented. They are supplied with anti-magnetic shields, which at this age is essential to railroad men, if they desire good time-keepers. We can also supply all subscribing with any and all standard works of history, biography, poetry, prose, etc., at such terms that our readers can all be supplied with good, healthy reading at a song. This feature of our premium lists will materially help agents in securing subscribers. We have only space to enumerate a few of these watches and books, but we are able to supply all with whatever kind they desire.

We have specified November 1, 1887, so that ample time may be given to all, as well as giving those desiring to win one of these grand prizes an opportunity to secure renewals. We propose that if energy counts, and the value of the JOURNAL is recognized by switchmen and their friends, to increase our subscription list to at least 15,000 before November 1, 1887. And in proportion to the support we receive, the value of the JOURNAL will be enhanced, and its size enlarged. Now let all put their shoulders to the wheel, and let us show to the people that the S. M. A. A. of N. A. is able to support and publish a first-class magazine.

IN India the system of railways now aggregate 12,376 miles. The growth for the last year, was only 376 miles.

BROTHER H. C. Rogers, formerly recording secretary of Topeka Lodge No. 8, is now manipulating links and pins at Pullman.

BROTHER ED. KEEVAN, of Cleveland Lodge No. 23, called on us Oct. 21. Ed. reports No. 23 in a flourishing condition, with bright prospects.

SUBSCRIBERS not receiving their JOURNAL should notify us at once. When changes are necessary, notify us where they have been receiving their magazine as well as where they want it sent.

DENNIS CARROLL, yardmaster of the Chicago & North-Western road at Union street, South Branch, had his hand caught between two deadwoods, October 26, and badly mashed, necessitating amputation.

THE *Railway Section Foreman*, published at Mt. Auburn, Iowa, comes to us in an enlarged and much improved form. It is to be hereafter published by a stock company, chartered by the State of Iowa. We bespeak for it that success that live journalism is entitled to.

THE switchmen on the Louisville & Nashville road at Louisville, Ky., went out on a strike on the evening of October 21, "for an advance of wages (according to newspaper reports) of seventy-five cents a day. On the evening of October 22 the brakemen joined the switchmen, and matters were pretty badly tied up at Louisville. The strike was settled, however, on the 25th by the company granting an advance to the switchmen of twenty-five cents per

day, and agreeing to pay the brakemen by the trip, according to the length of it.

MICHAEL BOYLE, night yardmaster at the Fourteenth street yard of the C., R. I. & P., in jumping from a train on the 12th of October, stepped on a rail and sprained his right ankle severely. The ankle has swollen to twice its natural size, and he will be laid up for an indefinite time. Mr. Boyle is a member of Lodge No. 1, and his friends are pained to hear of his misfortune.

IN another column will be found the advertisement of the "Knights of Labor Coöperative Cigar Company." This company is composed of well-known members of labor organizations who are testing the virtues of coöperation. They are all workers—doing more work than talk. They manufacture all grades of cigars, and we hope our friends will not forget that the coöperative company are patronizing the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

THE irrepressible Sam Gordon, manager of the United States Clothing Manufacturing Company, southeast corner of Madison and Halsted streets, announces that he will give a grand ball, to which his employes and many friends are cordially invited, at Apollo Hall, December 1. A great time is expected, as Sam never does things half-way. And when he announces through our columns that he allows purchasers a saving of from 35 to 50 per cent, you can "bet your boots" he means it.

BROTHER H. A. HELLER, treasurer of Cleveland Lodge No. 23 sends to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer the



most systematic, intelligent and explicit report of any officer under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge. We have a great mind to publish it for the information of officers of *older* organizations. If all officials would do as well as Brother Heller the financial affairs of the Grand Lodge could be transacted with much less work and more satisfactorily to all concerned.

IMMIGRATION from foreign countries is again increasing. At the principal ports in the United States the arrivals aggregated 40,041 for the single month of September, against 27,771 for the same month in 1885. For the first nine months of 1886 the arrivals aggregated 294,720, an increase of over 10 per cent over the same period of 1885. As indicated by the arrivals for the last nine months, the total for 1886 will not fall far short of 400,000.

WE learn from Kansas City of the death of Brother John Shea, of Lodge No. 4. He died Friday, October 22, and was buried at Sedalia, Mo. Brother Shea had always enjoyed good health until last summer, when he caught a severe cold, which naturally merged into that dreaded of all diseases, consumption. He sought relief in every way, going to Colorado in July, etc., yet all to no purpose. Brother Shea was well and favorably known among the switchmen of the country.

OUR friend, M. J. Keegan, has assumed a new role. Having quit switching, he has now developed into a first-class book agent. Being interested in Mike's welfare, we invited him up to practice on our "devil." He accepted the invitation, and after a week's

practice he went forth to "seek whom he might destroy." We venture the assertion that all those coming in his way will agree with us when we say Mike is an adept. He has a fine line of books, however, and the installment plan he offers is a good one. We are glad to know he is making a success of his new business.

BROTHER George Clark, a worthy member of Ft. Wayne Lodge No. 19, has at last settled down, and tackled the stern realities of life, by joining hands in wedlock with one of Ft. Wayne's fairest belles, Miss Cassie McNair. The happy event occurred in Ft. Wayne, October 20, Rev. Dr. Stewart officiating. After receiving the hearty congratulations of their many friends, they left for their future home, Chicago. Brother Clark is now employed in the Chicago & Atlantic yards at Fifty-first street. He is a whole-souled gentleman, and has shown his many bachelor friends that he proposes to shake them in the future. Good luck, George, and may you prosper.

OUR reporter from the Wisconsin Central is a genius for brevity. We often have to devote considerable space in explaining his budget of news. And sometimes we are sorely puzzled over some of his items. For example, he sends us a report this month in which the following occurs: "Newly married — black-eye — splitting kindling — old chestnut — ring the bell — pretty old story — 'Cliff.'" We know of no one in the Wisconsin Central's yards that has lately "went an' dun got married" by the name of "Cliff," but Clifton R. Woolridge. We have sent out one of

our most reliable special reporters to look him up, to see what is in this report.

BROTHER JOHN PATRICK met with a serious accident at the Stock Yards, October 7, while at work on the North-western setting cars in at Armour's. In throwing a switch, a Michigan Central engine came along unnoticed by him, running at a brisk rate, and struck him squarely on the forehead. He was knocked senseless and remained so for twenty-four hours. It was a close call on John, but he is quite thankful to get off with an ugly and large cut in the forehead. He will lay up for repairs for several weeks.

THE work still continues of arresting men connected with the great Broadway railroad bribery matter. The officials are taking in men almost every day that were in some way connected with this disreputable business. The next census of the city of New York will be seriously affected thereby. While the Dominion of Canada and Sing Sing will have great additions to their populations. A term as mayor by Henry George would evidently have a great purifying effect, yet it is a question whether it would not work as effectually in depopulating the great city of New York as a prolonged visit of the Asiatic cholera.

WE have received an invitation to attend the "First Annual Ball of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the Saginaws, at Armory Hall, Saginaw City, Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, 1886." The ball is given by Lodge No. 24, of East Saginaw. We would be

pleased to attend if it were possible, if for no other purpose than to encourage by our presence, these pleasant entertainments. Lodge No. 24 seems to have early learned the purposes for which the S. M. A. A. was organized: Mutual aid, protection, social enjoyment, the elevation of switchmen morally, socially and intellectually. Accept our regrets, brothers, for our inability to attend, as well as our best wishes for a pleasant evening's entertainment.

THERE is an uneasiness among the switchmen at this point which promises to make trouble in the near future, and, unless grossly misrepresented, among the leaders of what may culminate in a strike are the very men retained by some of the companies and whose pay was advanced a few months ago when some forty of the 240 switchmen at this point struck and twenty-seven of them lost their jobs. Indianapolis roads are managed by too fair-dealing men to admit of any switchmen or party of switchmen going out on a strike until at least the managers have been apprised of the switchmen's grievances, and, if they have any, the officials will treat them honorably and justly, as almost without exception they (the managers) commenced at the bottom round of railroad service, and know the character of the work, the exposure and trials switchmen have.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The *Indianapolis Journal* has for some time persistently "grossly misrepresented" the Indianapolis switchmen, and if there is no trouble at Indianapolis it will not be the fault of the *Journal*, as it has done all in its power to breed discontent. The managers of the Indianapolis roads can rest assured that whenever their switchmen have any grievances they will not only be "apprised" of the fact, but such grievances will be founded upon a desire to be just to all concerned, and they will have ample opportunity to adjust the same, the *Indianapolis Journal* to the contrary notwithstanding.

## THE STOCK YARDS STRIKE.

We are believers in shorter hours. We also believe in being reasonable and just at all times. We believe that the intent and purposes of all bodies of organized labor is to be reasonable and just, however much they at times drift away from the objects of their organizations. The eight-hour principle is one that commends itself to all thinkers. Yet the manner determined upon to bring this principle into practical operation should be well matured. No other equally important principle should be sacrificed.

One of the corner-stones of all labor organizations is supposed to be war upon discrimination. The placing of all employés, as regards to the labor employed, on an equal footing, so that the success of all business enterprises will rest upon the merits of its products, not upon their cheapness.

The laboring men of Chicago are interested in the city's welfare, and its future prosperity is of vital importance to them. Their bread and butter depends largely upon it. They take as much pride in its wonderful growth and grandeur as any other class of citizens.

The unfortunate feature of the strike at the Stock Yards was, that while the employés were striking to establish one great principle, in doing so they were endangering the foundation of their organization. To explain: To establish the eight-hour principle in Chicago and not do likewise in other cities competing for the same business, would be discriminating against the Chicago packers. We all know that great efforts are being put forth constantly to take from Chicago some of its great

packing business. To force upon Chicago the eight-hour principle while packers in other cities were working ten hours, would place Chicago at a great disadvantage. Hence the wisdom of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor in ordering the men back to work, will be conceded by all fair-minded men.

While the strike on the part of the employés may seem ill-advised, there was not a particle of excuse for the packers introducing a large army of armed men, when ample protection was not only offered but given them by the properly constituted authorities. This Pinkerton business has gone just about as far as the people will stand. By what right a private citizen can establish a standing army in our midst, composed of men recruited from the moral sewers of our city, is one that needs some explanation. The fact that good, law-abiding citizens are called upon by these insolent hoodlums to explain where they are going, and for what purpose, is a menace to public peace. The will of the people is supposed to be the law of this country, and if the people see the necessity of increasing the armed force of this country they will do so, and place it in the hands of trusted officials, not in the hands of individuals whose pecuniary interests lay in fomenting and perpetuating strife. Armed bodies of men are a menace to the peace of this free and enlightened country. Much more so when established and controlled by private individuals or corporations. The law of the land guarantees to every citizen ample protection in all lawful pursuits; and there is no occasion for raking the sewers of society for creatures to ostensibly pre-

serve the peace, while in reality they are disturbers. Every time it has been done there has been needless sacrifice of human life. Hence the killing of one innocent citizen and wounding of several others, is not at all surprising.

The question as to what lawful right these *things* are allowed to parade the public streets bearing Winchester rifles is answered by the Pinkerton's in the language of Boss Tweed: "What are you going to do about it?" Let honest men answer him through the next legislature.

#### MINNEAPOLIS STRIKE.

The strike inaugurated recently by the switchmen of Minneapolis and St. Paul, according to newspaper reports, has proven a failure, business having resumed on the different roads with new men and a few of the old men who went back on their brothers. There not being any local lodges of the S. M. A. A. at either Minneapolis or St. Paul, we are not familiar with the merits of the trouble, yet it would seem the switchmen had the public with them. Appeals were made both by the switchmen and business men of the two cities to settle the trouble by arbitration; but, notwithstanding the fact that there was a general tie up of the different roads, and, notwithstanding there were a large number of switchmen that had quit work owing to differences existing between them and the companies as regards wages, etc., they were answered by the officials with that "old chestnut," "there is nothing to arbitrate." The strike, however, was productive of one good result. It thoroughly illustrated just what confidence can be placed in political platforms by the

workingmen. Both political parties of the state of Minnesota having but recently declared in their state platforms that they favored arbitration for the settlement of all differences between employer and employé. The Mayor of Minneapolis believing that such declarations were made in good faith issued the following proclamation:

WHEREAS, Serious and apparently irreconcilable differences now exist between certain railroads and their employés, by which the commercial traffic of our city has been outraged; and

WHEREAS, The public interests demand that for the resumption of such traffic the said differences should be at once adjusted; and

WHEREAS, Both of the great political organizations, fully representing the people of the state of Minnesota, lately by resolution solemnly declared that in such an emergency the proper method for the settlement of all like differences is arbitration; and

WHEREAS, A large number of the business men of our city, in whose judgment I have great confidence, have expressed a desire that the present differences should be so adjusted by arbitrators, duly chosen to fairly and fully investigate and determine the same;

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power vested in me, as mayor of the city of Minneapolis, I hereby call upon all the said parties to such differences to at once agree to appoint a fixed number of arbitrators, and that until the said differences be adjusted, former relations be assumed by the parties so that the public interests no longer suffer. I further earnestly request that no provocation be given by any one; that no act of violence or expression of ill will be made by any one, in the hope that harmony may be restored and all grievances of whatever nature be adjusted. Given under my hand and official seal October 16, 1886.

A. A. AMES, Mayor.

The railroad companies paid no attention to the mayor's proclamation, and refused to submit the trouble to arbitration. Jay Gould once said "he was a Democrat in a Democratic congressional district, and a Republican in a Republican congressional district." Hence it is supposed that these railroad officials all owed allegiance to one or the other parties, and took part directly or indirectly in the formation of these

two platforms. Minneapolis' mayor's proposition was, we admit an unusual one, was so unusual in fact that the politicians were at their wits end. However, the railroad officials are never taken short for resources, and in their reply to the mayor's proclamation, they could have done so more briefly by simply quoting the old deacon's explanation of an unusual prayer—"that they did not mean anything" by the declarations in their platforms. And yet we hear men express a wonder at laboring men becoming dissatisfied with both political parties.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

List of patents relating to railways. Reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624 F. street, Washington, D. C.:

Automatic signal lantern for use on railways and steam and sailing vessels—F. Watson, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Car coupling—John T. Molson, Laurel, Del.

Car-brake—H. S. Park, Henderson, Ky.

Interlocking switch mechanism for railways—Edward H. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Switch stand—Howard V. Hickley, Topeka, Kan.

System of railway signaling—T. H. Edson, Menlo Park, N. Y.

Signal lantern—C. H. Angle, Chicago, Ill.

Railway switch—Charles M. Crosby, Hillsborough, Ohio.

Railway switch—Charles M. Crosby, Hillsborough, Ohio.

Railway gate—Sylvester J. Whetmore, Louisville, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Railroad Brakemen's Journal* tells a good story on a Pennsylvania brakeman. It seems that he was partially by nature, and partially by careful cultivation what is known and designated nowadays a "live male flirt." A something that God evidently in His wisdom (yet it has always been a mystery to the intelligent

mind for what purpose) allows to exist. His propensity to flirt with every female that came within his sight was well known. He was on top of a freight train, one day, going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, when his eagle eye caught the figure of what Artemus Ward would say a "female woman," crossing, as he supposed a corn-field. He immediately began his graceful maneuvers at flirtation, and was overjoyed to see that the lady responded. Imagine his surprise and humiliation, however, on arriving at the caboose, when told by the conductor that the lady he was flirting with was nothing more nor less than a "scare-crow," put in the corn-field by its owner for the purpose of keeping the blackbirds from destroying his crop.

THE *Railroad Brakemen's Journal* comes to us in a much improved form. The *Journal* is now owned and published by the Grand Lodge of the B. of R. R. B., and its editor is the genial and popular Ed. F. O'Shea, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the B. of R. R. B. The wisdom of the change is unquestionable, and the typographical appearance of the *Journal* is materially improved. We bespeak for the *Journal* that success it deserves. The *Journal* has been removed from Rock Island to Galesburg, Ill.

WE hear the Switchman's Union is having a beneficial effect in making the men act more *brotherly* at work.—*Peoria Monthly Express*.

You are quite right *Mr. Express* in everything save in the name of the organization. The only organization of switchmen at Peoria is Lodge No. 25 Switchmen's Mutual Aid Associa-

tion of North America. It is a local branch of an association quite different from a union in the sense applied to trades unions. It is an association whose precepts and practices all tend to instill in its members not only a "more brotherly" feeling "at work," but a manly feeling at the fireside. A preparation for life's many adversities. A guard thrown around man's home to prevent "grim want" from entering therein. We would suggest to the *Express* to not hereafter wait to "hear" these things, but to go and *see* for himself.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 1, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I herewith inclose you a copy of the card of thanks sent by the family of Frank S. McIntire, our late brother, thinking, perhaps, you would like to have it appear in the columns of the JOURNAL.

Yours respectfully,

N. J. BLIZZARD,

*Financial Sec'y Lodge 21.*

### CARD OF THANKS.

*To Members of the S. M. A. A., Lodge No. 21:*

The brothers, on behalf of the mother of the late Frank S. McIntire, cannot in words express their gratitude to you all, and those connected with the other branches of the railroad service, for your kindness to us in anticipating our every want. The unexpected but whole-souled generosity in voluntarily bearing the expenses connected with the funeral, and the large attendance at the obsequies of our late companion and brother, are a fitting and lasting tribute of respect of a noble order to one of their members who has gone before. It is one of the greatest consolations to us in our sad bereavement, and will ever be remembered by us with gratitude, as coming from a body of men who

have no equal the world over, for true *friendship, charity and liberality*. It is our earnest hope that you may not soon again be called upon to perform a similar act of kindness, and that the S. M. A. A., Lodge No. 21, may enjoy a long and prosperous career. Again, thanking you for your many kindnesses, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

CHARLES T. MCINTIRE,

Representing the family.

JOLIET, Ill., Oct. 30, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I am not a professional at writing, but I feel that I ought to say a few words about the way the members of Lodge No. 3 are getting to the front in everything.

We have but few single men left in our lodge, and if we could only secure some nice old lady for the old gent we call Lucey, we would have the boys all fixed in good shape. There is Johnnie Boles, his troubles are all over with, and he has his little cottage on Fifth avenue fixed in elegant shape. And better than all, he has the little bird caged up in it, and he finds her at home every morning, with bright smiles and rosy cheeks, ready to meet him. He don't have to knock all the polish off his new kid shoes on the "nigger-heads" down in the flats, running down to see her. He is living up on high ground now, where there are no "nigger-heads." Good boy, Johnnie. I think he ought to have a day job now.

And there is John Mahoney, he has taken to himself a fair young maiden, and is comfortably situated in his neat little home on Allen street. And he goes home in the morning and puts his feet upon the hearth of the stove, and listens to the frying of the beefsteak, just the same as if he had been married ten years. Success to you, John.

I will say in regard to the members of Lodge No. 3 that they have so far furnished every member of the lodge that has been married since the lodge was organized, with an elegant chamber set; and I hope they will keep it up in the future until we get all our single members settled down in married life. By the way, there is Brother Davidson; I came very near leaving him out; but will now "trot" him out with the rest. He has built a nice little cottage over in Brockland, where he and his fair wife will settle down as comfortable as a pair of turtle doves. Long life to you, Bobbie, as well as to your better half. Yours,

DUKE, THE SWITCHMAN.

#### ANOTHER CONQUEST.

AUBURN JUNCTION, Oct. 26.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The startling intelligence has just been received that another one of our worthy brothers has fallen a victim to Cupid's darts, and has succumbed to the inevitable. This roaring lion has been prowling around our domestic circle for some time, until at last he has plucked from among us the flower of our youth and manhood. Yet all right-thinking people ponder over the audacity of this arch-fiend, and ask themselves, "Who will be the next victim?" I say let us be on our guard and keep a sharp lookout, or we may, or some one dear to us, be caught napping.

The tocsin of war has been sounded, and Cupid's quiver is filled with darts, willing and ready to seek new victims. The scene of the next conflict is the Auburn school house, and the time designated is November 20, and will, it is said, continue six nights, under the

guise of a church fair. And he who passes through the trying ordeal unscathed will be a subject for congratulation.

The scene of the recent conflict, wherein the roaring lion appeared first upon the scene with all his glory of innumerable conquests, was at Grand Crossing, and Sunday evening, October 24, was the date. He came with all his dignity, but when he left he was docile as a lamb. His glory seemed to have all departed. In other words, that prince of good fellows, J. W. Callihan, of Auburn, was led in triumph to the hymeneal altar by the star of his destiny, Miss Maggie O'Neil, who may feel proud of her conquest. Well, Jack, old boy, brace up now, you have won the prize at last; and your bride, who is so highly admired in society for her cheerful and pleasing ways, will prove a boon companion to you through life's journey.

I feel sorry I did not know it was coming off so soon, and must confess I feel a little hurt I did not receive an invitation to be present; but revenge is sweet, and when my time comes you will not be forgotten. I don't—  
smoke.

BACHELOR.

GRAND CROSSING, October 10.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The five-cent road is doing a flourishing business in their yards at Stony Island, with Robert H. Cherry at the head, and George Dias to assist.

Stony Island is a little town located about fifteen miles from Chicago, between South Chicago and Pullman, in the Calumet swamps, and is an inconvenient place to reach by rail, as the Nickle Plate runs but one train to and

from there each day. But since the commencement of the fall term of school (which is taught by a fashionable young lady who resides in Grand Crossing) Mr. Cherry has put on a special that leaves Stony Island at 4:10 p. m., daily, (except Saturday and Sunday) that conveys himself and the affectionate schoolmistress to Grand Crossing. The boys are pleased to see him show his kindness to some one. But look out, Bob, for family disturbances. They are mighty unpleasant sometimes.

October 24.

#### NICKEL PLATE BLOWOUT.

The many friends of brothers Shaefer and Conley were invited to attend a party on Saturday evening, the 23d, to be given in honor of the two little strangers that the readers of the JOURNAL have heard about. Regardless of the rainy weather, there was a large crowd in attendance. The pleasures of the evening were singing and dancing, and the "inner man" was made glad by an elegant supper at 12 o'clock, the tables being loaded with all the delicacies the market could produce. Mrs. Schaefer and Mrs. Conley did the honors for the ladies, and everything was made as pleasant as possible for them. While "Jack" and "Jerry" (not "Tom and Jerry") looked after the wants of the gentlemen. And they were very careful to see that they did not "go dry," a small river of the sparkling beer flowing freely all evening.

The following gentlemen and ladies were present to bid the little strangers a hearty welcome: Mr. James Cadigan and wife, city; Mr. Julius Coderburg and wife, city; Misses Mollie

Guinean, Julia Conley, Maggie Philipi, Aggie O'Connor and Mamie Flavan, city; Messrs. William Conley, John Mahoney, John O'Hern, Daniel O'Hern, John Cadigan, Dennis O'Connell, William Redden, Michael Redden, Dennis Conley, city; Misses Nellie Bronson and Mamie Bronson, Grand Crossing; Mr. and Mrs. Tim Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. George Dias, Mr. and Mrs. James Payne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Whitley, Mr. and Mrs. William Melbourne and Mr. Ed. Wamsley and mother. And many others that I cannot call to memory at present. Music by the O'Hern brothers' band.

After a pleasant evening's enjoyment the company wended their way homeward, with but one regret, and that was the possibility that these little strangers would not come often enough.

SUNSHINE.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, October 11.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I take the liberty of writing a few lines for the columns of the JOURNAL in order that the switchmen of the country may learn that we are alive to the interests of our association.

Our lodge was organized in June, last, with twenty-five charter members, and is now doing finely, with quite a number of applications now before the lodge. I, for one, believe it is one of the best organizations in the railway service in the United States.

The roads are doing a very good business here at present, and are making good time. We have four engines working days, and three nights.

I will now try to give you the yard crews of the B. C. R. & N. road: Day crews, north end—George Wiley in



charge; Helpers, Mat Moorhead, J. E. Tobias and J. Shelley. South end—George Spratford, in charge; helpers, John Wiley, Tony Malis and Henry Lafraut. Packing house engine, Gary Huton in charge; helpers, Charles Wiley and John Real. Night crews, north end—Henry Ward in charge; helpers, John Tisher, L. Wilson, Andrew Rush. South end—Cal. Chamberlain in charge; C. Hanover, C. Atherton, G. H. Roherbach, and one unknown to me; J. J. McNamara as night yardmaster, and F. Barker, day yardmaster.

This being my first letter I will not write more this time.

“OLD TIMER.”

#### THE UNDERLINGS.

CHICAGO, October 25, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I do not know any class of people that do the wage-earners more direct harm than the unscrupulous underling. What I mean by an underling is nothing more nor less than a wage-worker wrapped up in a little authority. There are no class of people that could do more to promote harmony between employer and employé than the foremen or superintendents of the different departments, if they had the honesty and manhood to do so. When I use the word underling I do not wish to be understood to use it in speaking of men in minor authority as a class. There are lots of good men that do a great deal to harmonize all matters between employer and employé. But what I do apply it to is the insignificant upstarts that in some unaccountable way get a little authority, and then immediately become more important and unap-

proachable than the man that owns the enterprise. And instead of them being a mediator between the men and their employer, become dictators “on the half shell.” One can get more gentlemanly treatment from the most “tyrannical monopolist,” and receive more attention in an appeal for a rectification of an abuse, than he can get out of one of these upstarts. They will, as a rule, hide everything possible from the employer, and the employer oftentimes receives the ignomy and bears the blunt of matters that are wholly the fault of these underlings. The great mistake employers of labor make is in putting too much confidence in these men. They should, when trouble threatens, go to the men themselves and ascertain the cause and talk to them in person.

In the street-car strike in Chicago not long since, it was all caused by an ignorant underling, who tore up in a committee's face a respectful petition to right a wrong. It cost the company a great deal of money. And the act was condemned by all sensible people. The underling had the ear of the company's manager, however, and the strike was prolonged until the public would stand it no longer. Nine times out of ten when employers refuse to see employés bearing petitions on behalf of their brothers, can be traceable to influences brought to bear on him by some underling.

Last May the writer of this was on a committee to try and settle a strike at the Pullman works, but after three days' effort to get an interview with Mr. George M. Pullman, had to give the matter up, not being able to see him. I remember distinctly that after

sitting on a stone-wall in Pullman for eight hours we were granted the felicity of an interview with the manager of the works, F. J. F. Bradley. As spokesman, I urged Mr. Bradley to get us an interview with Mr. Pullman, as I felt certain if he would do so matters could be settled. We desired an interview with Mr. Pullman because we believed him a fair-minded man. Also because we at that very time had facts in our possession of Bradley's mismanagement, and desired to call Mr. Pullman's attention to it. But no; Mr. Bradley, while claiming to use all his influence for that end, was unquestionably doing all he could to prevent an interview. While talking with Bradley he took occasion to read us all a great moral lesson. He gave us a brief history of his life, how he had began with the Pullman company a great many years ago, as only a painter in the car-shops; and how he had by his fidelity and uncomplaining way elevated himself to such an honorable and lucrative position as he then held; and how it was possible for all workmen to do likewise if they would only be subservient to their masters.

This conversation came in my mind immediately upon reading about his arrest as a defaulter recently. At the time this scoundrel was talking to us and moralizing upon the wonderful benefits to be derived by being subservient and uncomplaining toward employers, he knew that he had stolen at least fifty thousand dollars from the Pullman Company. And I further have thought that if George M. Pullman had have gone and talked to his employes at the time of the strike, he would have discovered Bradley's mis-

management, and discharged him at least six months sooner, and would evidently have saved the company, all told, over fifty thousand dollars.

These incidents coupled with many others that I could enumerate leads me to at least two conclusions. First, the underling is the most despicable of all men the wage-earner has to contend with. Second, the employer, possibly owing to the magnitude of his business, is getting too far away from his employé. The heads of large enterprises, like the heads of governments, must keep near the people (the employed) if they desire to avoid dissatisfaction and conspiracy.

MAX.

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FROM A BRAKEMAN.

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 19, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I am in receipt of copies of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL for September and October. I am very much pleased with it, and, although owing to pressure of business, I cannot find time to act in the capacity of agent, I will gratuitously assist in making the JOURNAL popular on this coast, whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself. I think it will be just the thing to act as an incentive toward a better organization of switchmen out here, and a more fraternal feeling between all men engaged in work of this nature. I will distribute the specimen copies of the JOURNAL where they will do the most good, and will ever be pleased to further its best interests whenever I can spare the time.

Yours etc.,

JOE A. STEVENSON.

## LINKS.

—Victor Hugo said: "The paradise of the rich is made out of the hells of the poor."

—The Pullman Palace Car Company has contracts on hand to build \$1,500,000 worth of rolling stock for the Vanderbilt roads.

—"Nerve food" is advertised. This is the kind of food the man eats who wants to occupy two seats in a crowded railroad car.—*Boston Courier*.

—It will be found that the success of arbitration has been secured where there have been strong unions to compel the acceptance of the awards.—*Joseph D. Weeks*.

—"Respectability" is a cloak to more crime than anything under the sun. It beats the old hypocrite garment all hollow! See defaulters, oppressors, etc.—*John Swinton's Paper*.

—The first principle of the monopolists' pools is that the public is "their goose." They will some day find that it is a bird of another species—with claws.—*New York World*.

—The man who denies his employés the right to join an organization for their own protection and education is a petty tyrant. The man who submits to such tyranny is an abject slave.—*Picket*.

—M. Estrado, a French engineer, is building a forty-ton locomotive, which is expected to attain a speed of seventy-eight miles an hour. The driving wheels are to be eight feet in diameter.

—The old car "Lincoln," which bore the remains of the assassinated president from Washington to Springfield, is now used to transfer section hands from point to point on the Marysville & Blue Valley Branch of the Union Pacific.

—The gross earnings of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway for August were \$2,748,175, the operating ex-

penses \$1,218,930, and the net earnings \$1,529,245; increase in net earnings over the same month last year, \$426,964. The net earnings for the seven months ending with August were \$7,542,332; increase over the same period last year, \$589,428.

—It is well understood that this magazine does not favor the "boycott," but it must be remembered that it is quite as decided in its opposition to the infamy of "blacklisting," indeed, blacklisting is boycotting, and certain railroad officials are responsible for the devilish outrage. They are twin infamies, and ought never to be heard of again in the United States.—*Locomotive Fireman's Magazine*.

—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system for the first nine months of the year shows gross earnings amounting to \$17,203,000, a gain of \$657,000 over the same period in 1885. At this rate the gross earnings for the entire year will be \$25,382,000, or nearly \$870,000 more than in 1885. The net earnings promise to show an increase of not much less than \$1,000,000 over last year.—*Railway Age*.

—We do not object to the most stringent orders enforcing the rules of temperance in railway operation, but we must insist that if these rules do not apply, with equal stringency and power to all grades of the service, including all from the highest to the lowest, they will prove worse than useless. The moral effect produced by a tipsy superintendent punishing a drunken brakeman, will not tend to elevate the service.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

—The passenger conductors and brakemen on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road will put on new uniforms October 24. Conductors are to wear suits of dark blue, coats cut frock pattern, and caps the same color, buttons and cap trimmings of gilt. Brakemen will wear gray suits, sack coats, caps of the same material. The buttons will be of white metal and trim-

mings of gray. The railway company will give each brakeman his first suit but the conductors are expected to pay for theirs.—*Railway Age*.

—I asked a sleeping car porter the other day how he managed to live on a salary of \$12 a month, which the rich Pullman pays him. "Well, sah, to tell the truth, we don't 'pend much on the comp'ny for a livin'." If they would only let us alone, and not take all our salary for fines, we kin manage to scrape up \$50 or \$60 a month from the passengers, if there ain't too many women among 'em. We never get anything out of them.—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

—A gentleman who knows the parties well called the attention of the writer to a well-dressed couple who alighted from the cars at Avon on Friday morning, passed through the depot and boarded the Buffalo train. They were husband and wife. Each had lost the right arm at the shoulder. Their romantic story is that a year ago in a railroad accident each met with their misfortune, and while being cared for at a farm house near the scene of the disaster fell in love with each other, and are now on their wedding trip.—*Rochester Democrat*.

—An Erie, Pa., dispatch says: The suit of Louis Rosenzweig, a prominent Erie attorney, against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, for personal damages, and which resulted in a judgment of \$48,750 for the plaintiff, has been confirmed by the Supreme Court. It will be remembered that the plaintiff got into the limited express at Cleveland to ride to Erie, a point on which passengers were not taken on that train. Rosenzweig, who offered the conductor both money and a ticket, was ejected from the train in the Cleveland yards, where he received such injuries as have made him a permanent cripple. The point established by this suit is that a railroad company as a common carrier cannot compel a passenger to leave the train when tendered legal fare or the rates in money, that a

company cannot make a rule by which a passenger can be put off in a dangerous place, and that where a railroad company issues a ticket to a passenger without restrictions or notice, it is good on any train which carries passengers. The judgment now amounts to \$52,650.

#### EUROPEAN SOCIALISM.

Mr. Adolphe Smith, the official English interpreter to the Workman's Congress, lately held in Paris, has published his notes. They should be read by everyone who wants to understand the International labor question, and they will bear reading for their dramatic as well as for their economic interest. The congress had its plots and its situations, as well as its monologues. The plot may be briefly described as an attempt to force the English delegates into declarations in favor of socialism. It did not succeed, but it was not so completely defeated as to preclude anxiety as to the issue "next time." For there is to be a next time and a next. The International Trade Union Congress has established *droit de cite* among the congresses of the world. We may expect great doings in the anniversary year of '89, and the years between will not be idle. The report shows once more that, outside of England, the workmen of Europe—one might almost say the workmen of the world, look solely to socialism for social salvation. The spread of socialism is the theme of well nigh every utterance at the congress. The subject is always handled in two parts, and the first is a terrible recital of the sufferings of the workman. In the speeches of these skeptics, labor seems to figure once more as the primal curse. The delegate from Belgium could photograph the position of his country in a sentence: "If he were not a socialist, he would be ashamed to be a Belgian." There were 5,000,000 inhabitants of Belgium; there were but 80,000 electors, and of these only 30,000 were independent. The miners earned but 1s. 9d. a day,

and some, who work 500 yards below the surface, took the 9d. only. The laborers did not receive more than 10 or 11 pence a day; the weavers 5s. to 6s. a week. "I do not exaggerate. I swear that what I say is true; we workmen find no pleasure in rending our hearts by exaggerating the misery of the people." The Austrian delegate told much the same story, with one slight difference. In Belgium, he showed, the workman had the right to complain, while in Austria he had only the right to be locked up for complaining. The Swede painted in the same gloomy tints. Starvation wages prevailed throughout his country, with the exception of two or three towns. The German told of checkered fortunes—thirteen Social Democrats returned to parliament, in spite of Prince Bismarck's laws, and by virtue of Prince Bismarck's laws, nearly 250 societies had been broken up and 1,000 prints suppressed, all in seven years. Distant Australia took up the mournful tale in statements. The colonial aristocracy were sheep-breeding absentees, who cared nothing for the breed of men. There was little agriculture and less industry throughout the colony. Skilled artisans at Sydney were sometimes glad to work as navvies for 15s. a week, to take a ration of bread and cheese from public charity, and to borrow a blanket from the jail. State-aided emigration was a delusion; it simply sent the surplus misery of Europe to swell the misery of this newer world.

The English delegate was hardly more exhilarating. His manner made the chief difference between himself and his foreign colleagues. Mr. Mawdsley could not forget that he stood for the parliamentary committee of the trade unions, and he measured his words. All the English building trades, he said, were in a bad position; so were other leading trades; and their depression was felt in a thousand minor callings. There could be no improvement until workmen looked more

closely to their own interests. But what remedy could there be? He did not understand their socialism; he had not studied it as perhaps he ought to have done. "He had not studied their socialism." We may imagine the effect of such an avowal on the assembled delegates! From every quarter of the hall, in more or less courteous phrase, the speaker was told that it was a pity he had not. The Belgian delegate had previously regretted the British workmen's want of education in socialism, much as he might have regretted their inability to sign their own names. He had, at the same time unconsciously paraphrased the Bismarckian epigram on the demoralizing effect of our national prosperity—"a nice people, but too fat." "We have on the Continent larger hearts, but our stomachs are smaller, and our pockets in nowise so deep." The German delegate followed this up by a formal attack of great severity on our trade unions. He regretted that trade unionism of England had been hostile to English socialism. In this speaker's view, too, as in that of the Belgian delegate, the peculiar malady of the English was a sort of moral corpulence. Every man of us was a Jeshurun. "The English have enjoyed too much political freedom, too much material prosperity, and are therefore unable to understand the necessity of the doctrines we advocate." The meeting was with those speakers who lamented our insular ignorance of the A, B, C, of labor agitation. According to the proud boast of one orator, the German is first a socialist, and afterwards a trade unionist. The Englishman becomes a socialist only now and then.

Mr. John Burnett, it is needless to say, made a vigorous defense—mainly on the line of freedom of opinion. The English unionists were willing to give socialism a fair hearing, but, in the meantime, they thought their own methods far more likely to secure some of the very ends that socialism had in view. The stomach argument, so far

from confounding him, only supplied him with an illustration. He could not agree with the German delegate that when they had roast beef, they ought to reject it for potatoes, in order to prove that they were good socialists. When Mr. Burnett sat down, the true moral harmony of the congress was at an end, if indeed it had ever existed. The English unionists were determined to be drawn into no declaration of a socialistic character; the Continental delegates hardly cared to have their coöperation on any other terms. There was quite a solemn scene when the English delegates refused to vote the first resolution, submitted after six days' debate. They approved of the resolution in a general way, they said, but they had no mandate to accept its provisions. This fell like a cold douche on the congress, and the members heard it with a hopeless look. The chairman, with mingled dignity and sarcasm, appealed to the obstinate minority to vote the resolution, if not for the cause of humanity, at least for their own selfish ends. The minority, however, remained firm; and when a second resolution was submitted, it was found that they had quietly left the meeting. The date of this congress will probably be memorable for the frank declaration of hostilities between the two systems.

#### HE'S NOT SCARED.

Labor organization has an able and eloquent champion in the venerable Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, Illinois, who recently used the following language:

"Our labor troubles are of an altogether different and more serious nature than this scarecrow of anarchy. That the race shall live for a few men is not tolerable from our point of view, and our destiny compels us to strive and bring about a social condition in which all men shall live for every man. Now the lot of the laborer is not here nor anywhere what we know and feel it

might and ought to be. The laborers, who in proportion as their minds have been awakened, have become conscious of the hardships and limitations to which they are subject, feel this more keenly than any other class, and hence they have formed innumerable organizations to protect their rights and promote their interests. It is utterly futile to make an outcry against these trades unions. They exist and the ends for which they exist, in spite of incidental abuses connected with their working, are praiseworthy, and there is no power which can put them down."

#### THE CONDUCTOR AND THE PRESIDENT.

[Latest revised and only authentic edition.]

"I'm President of the road," nodding his head to the conductor as he came through the car to collecting tickets.

"Pass, please."

"That's all right."

"Pass, please."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Pass, please."

"You are insulting—I'll attend to you when I get home."

"Fare, please."

"This is insufferable."

"Fare, please."

"A new man ought to know his business better!"

"My orders are that every person who rides on my train must have a ticket, pay his fare or show a pass properly signed or be put off. Your pass or your fare, please—there's nothing in the regulations about any man's riding on his word."

"I'll discharge you at the end of this run."

"For the last time, your pass or your fare. I'm onto your racket. The President of this road don't ride in the smoker of the regular train; he goes in his own private car."

"I've left my book of passes at the office and the only money I have is a check."

"Then you know what you can do."

"What?"

"Walk!"

"And he did—ten miles to the nearest station."

"But he was only a beat."

"Oh, no, indeed. He *was* the President of the road."

"Didn't that conductor know him?"

"He knew him too well."

"Did he get the g. b.?"

"No, he did not get the g. b."

"Why did he not get the g. b.?"

"Because he had got a better job on another road; this was his last run, anyhow, and he improved the providential opportunity to get even with the man who had made life a burden to him—that's all."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### WISDOM IN A NUT-SHELL.

Keep your temper. If you would do this always, don't step on a piece of oilcloth till you have your shoes on.

Avoid domestic coolness. If your wife speaks coldly to you, put on your overcoat and take a brisk walk.

Do not carry a poem on winter to an editor while he is shoveling a bank of snow off his sidewalk.

Do not go to sleep with your feet in the oven of the kitchen range, lest you suffer from excitement and dream unpleasantly of the hereafter.

Beware of hot drinks. I have known two or three hot drinks to cause an illness that lasted through the station-house, the police court and a domestic scene that makes a pauper of description.

Do not sit down on an icy pavement. It is safer, however, to sit on an icy pavement than to stand on your head on it. If you must do one or the other, choose the former course.

The cold morning plunge-bath is a good thing in winter. That is, it is a good thing to recommend to the man who meets you with his head half open and says, "Is this cold enough for you?" when the mercury is twenty-nine below zero and still falling. Some

men advise this person to move to a hot climate, without delay, but I don't think it is just the thing he needs.

Sleighting is the most dangerous to health of all our winter recreations. Thousands of our bright and promising young men and lovely young women fall victims to it yearly. (This is all bosh; but the young men who are receiving only ten dollars a week may find it useful to read aloud at times, when a sleigh ride is mentioned and liverymen are asking two dollars an hour for a horse and cutter.)—*Scott Way, in Tid Bits*.

#### THE FARMER IN THE SLEEPING CAR.

"Yes, I slept well enough when the cars were moving, but we got into the depot from St. Paul at 3 a. m., and when the car stopped I woke up. I wanted to sleep till morning as the cars stopped there and so I rolled over to go to sleep. It was just as quiet as death around the depot, until a switch engine began to monkey around switching cars. Did you ever try to sleep when an old cow with a bell on was browsing around in the street or in the garden? Then you know how it is. That switch engine would be heard away up in the yard half a mile away, ringing her bell like a cow nibbling a cabbage, then she would work up nearer, and I could hear her "chew, chew," and snort as though she had swallowed a turnip and got choked. Then she would hitch on to a car or two and move away.

"I would get a little nearer asleep when she would come back slowly, then stop and blow her whistle as a cow would bellow, and I couldn't get it out of my mind that it was not a cow. I found myself dreaming about going down into the pasture barefooted, to drive up a drove of locomotives to be milked. I had them surrounded, and their cow catchers all pointed toward the cow yard on the old farm, and they would stick their heads out sideways to nibble the grass and I would yell to

them, and one ugly locomotive with one horn would turn and run off in the woods, and I would have to go after her. When I had got her back into the road all the rest of the locomotives were acting up, one pawing the ground and bellowing, another running her horn into the ground and throwing dirt over her back, while others were rearing up and hooking, and acting just like a lot of cattle.

"The only one that had sense was the old 'bell locomotive,'" and she started right along toward the house as I came out of the woods, and the rest reluctantly followed. It was hard work to get the whole drove of locomotives through the gate of the old barnyard in my sleep, because some would block the way of others, but finally the hired man began to set out pails of slops and bran mash, and the locomotive with the bell on ran its cowcatcher clear down into the bran mash, and then the hired girls came out with milk pails and stools and told the locomotives to 'hoist,' and then they sat down right by the tender and pretty soon I heard the milk from the locomotives, streaming into the tin pails, and the girls said 'so, boss,' and I went to sleep; say, pass them pancakes."

#### LOCOMOTIVES IN JERUSALEM.

Locomotives now run into Jerusalem. The roar of the engines through the street that once echoed the Crusaders' tread is a powerful historical antithesis. Not less striking is the contrast between the armorer's chamber, whence stepped forth, armed cap-a-pie, the knight of the fourteenth century, and the erecting shops whence issues the mailed giant of the nineteenth. Under the mediæval breast-plate the might of muscle; underneath the modern boiler-plate the supremacy of mind; and both within a span of 500 years, that has at one end the tower of London and at the other the Baldwin locomotive works. There is a strange, vivid analogy between these two, so vastly dissimilar. Each is the epitome of an age, and each age gro-

tesquely at variance in methods and results, yet controlled by the same human motives of dominance and conquest. But what the Crusader conquered and could not keep, the locomotive holds in peaceful possession.—*Iron Trade Review*.

"YES, I'm the one-fingered fireman," said a pleasant looking gentleman to a *Tribune* reporter recently, "and here is my card." Whereupon he dived nimbly into his left-hand vest pocket and presented a card, bearing the nickname and the true name, J. Bellaire, honorary member of Alpha lodge No. 26, Baraboo, Wisconsin. A glance at the curtailed arms at once demonstrated the fact that he was indeed blessed with but one finger, and that finger the right-hand thumb. Along side the thumb was fastened a steel blade, which, together with the thumb, did service much like a pair of pinchers. The contrivance, he said, was an invention of his own and did him good service. The left hand was entirely destroyed, and in its place was another contrivance, in itself a whole tool-chest, including several hooks and devices for various purposes. As a proof of what he could do, he unbuttoned his vest, and in the twinkling of an eye buttoned it again. When asked whether he could write, he admitted that he sometimes could, though the improvised hands would sometimes shake so violently that he could not trace the lines. Doctors had informed him that this was the result of electricity generated from the combination of metals attached to his arm.

Mr. Bellaire met with the accident which deprived him of his limbs in 1883, while working as a fireman for the Manitoba railway company, being at the time engaged in cleaning out an ash box. Since then he has earned his living by traveling for the Order of Locomotive Firemen, and has become well known throughout the United States and Canada, and is in everything able to take care of himself.



## MYSTERY NO. 19.

"Can I tell a story? Well that depends on what kind of a one you want," said the railroad engineer. "Something about a fawn-eyed tramp getting cut in two and dragging his stump across a wrecked bridge to flag a passenger train? I know several of that kind that I've read in family story papers. But they're too pathetic to work off on a young man like you; and besides (looking serious), they're stale.

"Last night I was thinking about something that happened in Cheyenne some years ago. It ain't a story, but it's strange, and maybe you'd like it. I can't get it through my noddle, and the more I think on it the more I believe there was something supernatural about it.

"I ain't superstitious, and I don't believe that railroad men have any business with firing up—in this world, anyway—after they pass in their checks. But I will always believe that old Bob Scott broke his coupling with the other world and came back to Cheyenne.

"Yes sir; I firmly believe it, and I think when I go off the track of this life I'll find Bob running his engine somewhere in the country across the divide. I can't help it. It ain't nature and it goes against all the records; but if Bob ain't running a special to carry emigrants into the New Jerusalem, then my time-table on that proposition is made up wrong.

"Bob Scott, you know—or everybody who was on the road then knew—was on No. 19. He took her the first day she came on the road, spanking new, out of the shops, and he ran her through all kinds of weather, carrying passengers through sunshine and storm. And No. 19 never missed a connection. No, sir; never.

"If it snowed till the mountains were covered she came in on time; if the bridge was lost she was never late. If a special was sent on a particularly bad night, No. 19 was the engine, and old Bob Scott was in her cab, and she always went through.

"When other trains were ditched, snowed under, and in the shop for repairs, No. 19 was on deck, shining and bright as a new dollar, for Bob took mighty good care of her appearance. So things went on for several years, and Bob and No. 19 were wedded, we thought: he loved the engine so, and she seemed to get right up and prance when he had a hold of the lever.

"He never missed a trip on her, though firemen came and firemen went. But one night a new man stepped into No. 19's cab and tried her steam-gauge. For her old friend was sidetracked. He took the pneumonia one night and the next day they folded his hands over his breast and closed his eyelids.

"No. 19's engineer was dead. Old Bob Scott was gone to a country where the snowdrifts and the washouts and the wrecked bridges of this one would never trouble him again. We were all mighty sorry for Bob, and when they planted him under the hill I don't know but some of the boys might have felt a tear stealing from their eyes. I did, I know.

"But the saddest mourner in Cheyenne was No. 19. They left her in the round-house two or three days after Bob died, and then they put the new man onto her. She was draped in mourning, and it seemed to us that she felt her position. If ever an engine knew what, she did, and she grieved for her old pard.

"Well, sir, the first night out after Bob died she got wrecked—ran off the track, and came back for repairs. Then she was renovated and started out again. If she was remarkable for her good fortune before, she was now becoming notorious for her mishaps. She went into every snowstorm and got froze up, and she caught every misplaced switch and every washout on the road. Then she had a collision.

"When she had been repaired after the last accident she was standing on the main track one stormy evening waiting for a freight to make up, for she had got to be too unlucky for a passenger. Her engineer and fireman

were away from her, and she was all alone. Nobody noticed that she was getting impatient, but when she shivered and started a pace or two some of the boys were looking. Then they saw her creeping off down the track, going faster and faster.

"Pretty soon she was running as if the devil was after her, and as the dusk closed around her she gave a blast of her whistle which came on the wind like the wail of a demon, and passed from sight. When it was found that she had gone out without her engineer they thought she had got loose through somebody throwing open her throttle, and a train was started after her and telegrams were sent ahead to look out for No. 19.

"A passenger train was side-tracked to let her go by, and as she whizzed past the engineer—which was me—saw by the light of the furnace a gray-headed old man with his hand on the lever, looking straight out of the cab window down the track. It was Bob Scott. The train that followed her never caught up to her, and the railroaders who watched for her never saw her pass. So, 19 went out into that night as if she had gone out into eternity, and she never was seen again.

"They searched the gulches and the canyons, but she is still the great mystery. Nobody ever offered a suggestion about her fate except one. He thought some of the other railroads had got hold of her, painted her over, and put their brand on her. But he was a cattle man. I saw who was driving her that night, and, young fellow, as I said before, I think in the other world is where I'll find Bob Scott and No. 19 together."

#### DECISION AGAINST A RAILROAD.

Judge Phillips lately rendered a decision sustaining the demurrer to the answer in the case of the attorney-general against the Ohio & Mississippi railroad to compel it to put the track of its road in a safe condition and to furnish better facilities for transporta-

tion. The company answered that it had unlawfully gained possession of the road; that it did not pay operating expenses and interest on the bonds; that it was without means to repair the track; and, finally, that it was willing to place the road in the hands of a receiver. The complainant demurred. In his decision Judge Phillips says:

I am disposed to hold, first, that a railroad company organized under the laws of the State of Illinois and granted extraordinary powers with reference to condemning right of way, and taking the land of private individuals for the purpose of constructing the line of its railroad, and also granted extraordinary powers with reference to the protections of law thrown around it, owes a duty to the public in respect to the carriage of freight and passengers, and as such carrier owing that duty the road is in the nature of a public highway and may be controlled by the court; and, second, if the allegations of this petition are true, which are not denied by this answer, as I understand the effect of the answer, it is no defense to claim that the defendant has been guilty of any unlawful act, nor is it a defense to insist that in the exercise of its own judgment and discretion the defendant may apply the proceeds and receipts from the carriage of freight and passengers on one portion of its road to a purpose other and different than that of keeping in repair the whole line of road under its control. Its highest duty with reference to its line of road is not alone to the stockholders or persons holding its bonds, but the duty this railway company owes to the public is a duty prior to any it owes to any private creditor or stockholder. I am disposed further to hold that the proper remedy in such a case is by mandamus.

—McGarrigan (taking his first sleeping-car trip—upper berth)—Hoy! hoy! theyre, yez black divil, there beeze a felley under me bid!—*Puck*.

## DEALING WITH A HOG.

The average railroad traveler can detect the average railroad hog at one glance as he passes down the aisle of the car. As a train stopped at Jackson the other day half a dozen fresh passengers detected one of the animals in one of the coaches, and five of them stood up rather than tackle him. The sixth one halted at the seat, removed a sachel from the end to the floor, and crowded in without a word. The hog was indignant, but instead of protesting by word of mouth, he drew the stopper from a vial of musk and poured a liberal quantity on the coat-sleeve next to the intruder. It was a "corker," and the passengers in front and behind were led to believe that something had busted, but the intruder was equal to the occasion. He produced a raw onion from his pocket, and after calmly devouring it, he half-turned in his seat to bring his breath to bear on the hog, and in ten minutes he had the seat to himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## MEXICAN GIRLS.

A Mexico correspondent of the *Pittsburg Leader*, commenting on the habits of our Southern neighbors, writes: "In the window of the opposite house, shadowed by the great church, lolls a velvet-cheeked girl. She has been lolling there all day long, and yesterday, and the day before, and will doubtless continue in the same aimless and inactive attitude during most of the waking hours of her life. About her, inside the iron-barred casement, are song birds in bright blue and scarlet cages—prisoners no more than herself. Occasionally she turns her splendid dark eyes toward them, but oftenest her gaze is lazily fixed upon the street below. As she stands there day after day, always staring into the sunlit streets—her hands idle, her face expressionless—what is she thinking of, I wonder? A lover, perchance? "Nadida, nadida" (nothing, nothing), says my landlady, to whom I have referred

the question—and she may be right. Quite likely the girl has no thought at all. But last night, when Antonio brought harp, flute, and guitar to serenade her, and laughed scornfully as he passed his rival Francisco, with his zarape closely drawn about him, lurking in the dark shadow of a doorway, she suddenly lost the listless look that now seems unchangeable. I noticed that she smiled then, showing beautiful teeth, her eyes lighted up gloriously, and she dropped a rose from her bosom to the triumphant Antonio, seeing which Francisco drew his zarape closer and vanished in the darkness. Her conduct is not singular here, for women of the aristocracy pass most of their lives at the windows, with minds as vacant as their stares. You may see them everywhere, behind the bars or half-closed blinds, always staring blankly into the streets, with never a book or newspaper in their hands, the only exertion they are capable of being a little embroidery or the making of wax-flowers.

## THE BLACK STOCKING GOING.

The fall importations of hosiery show that black hosiery is expected to be in as great or greater demand than ever, but brown, tan, dark blue and dark gray stockings will be seen—or at least worn—as well. The announcement in some of the leading fashion journals that black hosiery was moribund has led to the importation of many of these pale-tinted and bright-colored silk novelties in stockings in delicate tones of lavender, canary, water blue and flesh pink, over the surfaces of which, on the instep and front of the leg, were scattered in shaded effects sprays of small brown leaves. The effect produced in these stockings is to suggest that the wearer had taken an autumn walk under the dropping leaves of a hawthorn thicket, the brown leaves of which had clung to the silken tissue spread over her dainty instep and ankle.

Other silk stockings are shown at all the houses in colors, the foot defined in

one color, the leg in another. Some have vertical stripes in contrasting colors over the instep and forming the boot, while the upper part of the stocking is white, black, or in some color contrasting with the boot. Others have polka dots in red on dark blue grounds, or in any bright color on a darker or somberer ground.

#### READY TO SHELL THE CITY.

Before Butler arrived at New Orleans with his troops Admiral Farragut steamed up in his flagship, the Hartford, followed by his fleet, and took possession of the city in the name of the United States Government. A company of marines was sent on shore and shortly after the stars and stripes were floating over the custom house. The city was captured but not subjected, and Admiral Farragut, apprehending that some attempt might be made to take down the colors, says the *New York World*, arranged a plan of action in case the attempt should be made. A couple of howitzers were fastened in the rigging of the Hartford and a man stationed at each one. From this elevated position the lookouts could command a good view of the custom house and the town. They were instructed at the first indication of an attempt to haul down the flag to fire their guns. A broadside from the Hartford would follow and this would be the signal for the whole fleet to open fire on the city. The next day was Sunday. Farragut, who was a very religious man, had ordered all hands below for prayers, only the officer of the day and the two lookouts remaining above deck. Rain threatened at the time and the fuses for igniting the big guns when in place were exposed to the weather. The officer, wishing to save the fuses from being spoiled, went around to each gun and removed them to a place of shelter. Suddenly the flag was seen to go down from the custom house. The lookouts fired their howitzers, and the prayers came to an abrupt ending. Officers and

men rushed up on deck and took their places. The thoughtfulness of the officer of the day in removing the fuses caused a slight delay, and before the broadside could be delivered the lookouts reported to the admiral that they saw no indication of a disturbance or unusual excitement on the streets, and Farragut concluded that the hauling down of the flag was the act of some reckless person and not a revolt of the city, as it was afterward found. He therefore decided to investigate the matter first and gave the order to hold the fire. Nothing could have prevented the total destruction of New Orleans if the fleet had once commenced to shell the town. Farragut's religious habits saved the city. Had he remained on deck the fuses would not have been touched and the broadside signal would have been given without delay.

Mulford is the name of the man who exposed New Orleans to such peril by tearing down the American flag from the custom house. He was a gambler by profession, and committed the deed in a spirit of reckless bravado. After the flag had been taken down it was torn to bits by Mulford and a party of his associates, and pieces of it were used to decorate their coats. Mulford tied a long strip of the flag in his buttonhole and had it on when he was arrested by Gen. Butler a few days later. Mulford paid for his foolishness with his life. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Even after his sentence Mulford refused to believe that he would be executed, and he maintained this belief up to the last moment. "They will not dare to hang me," he said. Strong pressure was brought to bear on Gen. Butler to spare Mulford's life. What made the case more dramatic was that Mulford's wife was a Massachusetts woman and she had a family of five little children. She pleaded hard for her husband's life, but without success. An old Presbyterian minister called at Butler's headquarters and began a long argument for Mulford's life. "Show your greatness by

being merciful," he said. "'Tis but a stroke of your pen." "Yes," replied Butler, "A stroke of my pen would save him and a stroke of my pen would put you in his place! It is because I have the power that I cannot afford to be governed by sentiment. That man has forfeited his life and he must die."

#### WELL ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.

A gray-haired man stopped in front of the house of a Dakota town and addressed a young man in the yard:

"I don't suppose you know me?"

"No, I think not."

"I was very well acquainted with your father."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I saw him every day for a long time."

"Were you brought up down where he came from?"

"No."

"Acquainted with him while he lived in Iowa?"

"Never saw him there."

"May I ask you, then, when it was you associated with him so long?"

"Certainly, young man; I once happened to be in the same car with him for a hundred mile trip on a branch Dakota road. It seemed like parting with an old friend when I left him."—*Estelline Bell.*

#### INFANTILE VANITY.

One of the bronzed survivors of the Army of the Potomac narrated the other evening an amusing reminiscence of General McClellan's daughter, Miss May, now an accomplished lady, but "a precocious little tot of a thing" when the incident referred to transpired, during the early sixties. General McMahon, then a dashing member of her father's staff, was much attached to Miss May and was fond of carrying her in his stalwart arms whenever occasion required. One day they were all about to embark on a steamer, and General McMahon bore Miss May aloft amid the

turmoil toward the gang-plank. Turning to him with the most thoughtful countenance she remarked: "General, I do wish you would tell the people on the steamer not to cheer me this time!" With infantile vanity the little lady had appropriated to herself the plaudits which greeted her father and his comrades.—*New York Graphic.*

A. D. 1900.

Teacher.—Describe Chicago.

First Boy.—Chicago is a large city in Illinois built for, and run in the interests of, its common council, its street railway companies and its gas companies.

Teacher.—What are its principal products?

Boy.—Its principal products are anarchists, boodle aldermen, and street railway stocks.

Teacher.—Why are these stocks so valuable?

Boy.—Because the companies have exclusive control of most of the Chicago streets.

Teacher.—What is done with such streets as the railway companies have no use for?

Boy.—They are given to the gas companies to tear up.

Teacher.—How do the aldermen profit by this?

Boy.—Oh, they get paid for giving the streets to the companies.

Teacher.—Correct. Go to the head of the class.—*Chicago Rambler.*

#### TELL YOUR WIFE.

Would Gray be now a corpse, or Eno a fugitive, or Ward a convict, if they had confided in their wives? We believe not. Had Gray gone to his wife and said: "I have taken money from my corporation to speculate with, but I will repay it when the market turns," we think his wife would have said: "Put it back; make restitution; tell the directors, and we will be just as happy without our carriage or summer cottage." A woman instinctively

shrinks from the thought of wrongdoing. The man, a self-deluded fool, easily persuades himself that the money is only a loan; he has a sure thing and no harm can be done by his "borrowing" what he needs. No such Jesuitical sophistry beguiles his wife. She knows it is a theft, and cannot be made to see it in any other light. Woman is society's balance wheel, and a man who does not confide in his wife leads a life which cannot admit of the light of day being turned on it.—*Washington Post*.

#### CONDENSED WISDOM IN B.

Be just, but not trust every one.  
 Be timely wise, rather than wise in time.  
 Beware of bosom sins.  
 Betray no trust; divulge no secret.  
 Bounty is more commended than imitated.  
 Bear your misfortunes with fortitude.  
 Be always at leisure to do good.  
 Business is the salt of life.  
 Brevity is the soul of wit.  
 Better to live well than long.  
 Be not too hasty to outbid another.  
 Be watchful of the geese when the fox preaches.  
 Better a small fish than an empty dish.  
 Business neglected is business lost.  
 Be active, for idleness is the rust of the mind.  
 By doing nothing we learn to do ill.  
 Better to slip with the foot than with the tongue.  
 Be very vigilant, but never suspicious.  
 Better to do well late than never.  
 Birds of a feather flock together.  
 Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune.  
 Beggars have no right to be choosers.  
 "Bear and forbear" is good philosophy.  
 Better to be alone than in bad company.  
 Better to be untaught than ill-taught.  
 Bad looks are the public fountain of life.

Books alone can never teach the use of books.

Bear in mind, blame not what you cannot change.

Beware of him who regards not his reputation.

Believe after trial, and judge before friendship.

Be as just to friends as to foes.

By your acts prove your faith.—*Chicago Ledger*.

#### SYMPATHY AND BUSINESS.

"Anybody dead here?" he softly asked, as the girl answered the bell.

"Yes, the owner of the house is dead."

"Does the widow feel very bad?"

"Of course she does!"

"Great deal of crying going on, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the funeral won't take place until tomorrow afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"I see. Well, it can't be helped. I am selling three packages of stove blacking for a quarter, and shall be called away tomorrow to Philadelphia, to be absent four days. Just say to the bereaved that I sympathize with her in the hour of trial, and will return next Tuesday to offer her one of the greatest bargains ever put in 25-cent form. Death comes to all, and you may say that this blacking doesn't soil the floor and never rusts."

#### A WONDERFUL WATCH.

Up at Exeter, N. H., there is a famous stuttering pair, Jack Wiggin and Jim Chase, both excellent fellows, of whom many stories are locally told. On a little run up that way the other day the historian heard a couple of these stories which have a certain saltiness that will keep them a long time, probably.

One day Chase was sitting on the depot platform, after a fashion of his, gossiping with a group of townsmen.

One of these latter had a venerable silver watch that he was making a great brag about.

"That 'ere watch," said he, "has been runnin' in my weskit pocket goin' on to thirty-four years, without varyin' a mite. Always right on the tick. Hain't been cleaned for fourteen years. Never needs no regulatin'. The sun has rose and sot by it so long that 'twouldn't rise at all if this 'ere watch was to stop. All ye hev to do is to wind her reg'lar'—"

"L-l-l-m-me see that 'ere w-w-wo-wo-wonderful watch, Ike," said Chase.

The other pulled it out and handed it over to Chase, who glanced at it a moment and then put it to his ear. His countenance did not change as he perceived that the remarkable time-piece which the "sun rose and sot" by had stopped, and was as silent as the grave.

Just at that moment a passenger train came rushing into the station.

"Hello, Ike, w-w-what's the matter with her?" said Chase as he handed back the watch. "Is she af-f-f-eered of the k-k-k-keers?"—*Boston Record*.

#### BE KIND TO THE AGED.

The loneliness of age! How few think of this and treat with due tenderness and consideration those who have out-lived their generation, and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them! Unable to engage in the activities of life, they are no longer brought into contact and sympathy with those around them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. Their views and tastes have naturally grown apart. They share but little in common with others. The future of this life has nothing to inspire their ambition or excite their hopes. What calls forth the energies of others has no inspiration for them. They necessarily, to a great extent, live in a world of their own, with which those around them are not familiar. The commun-

ings of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away. Lover and friend have been taken from them, and their acquaintance laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone, the eyes that looked into theirs with the tenderest affection are sightless, and the voices that cheered and stirred their souls have long been silent. Their early world of hope and joy has become a desolation, and they sit in silence, contemplating the ruin that has been wrought. They have but little to interest them in this world. They are

"Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,"

to pass to the reunion that awaits them and the glad greetings of those they love. Who would not do what he can to cheer the loneliness of age, to smooth their pathway, and comfort them in their declining years?—*Methodist Recorder*.

#### A PROUD OLD MOTHER OF GOVERNORS.

A Portsmouth, N. H., correspondent of the Washington *Star* relates the following: "When that sturdy Irish woman to whom the Sullivan family may well look back with pride, was crossing the Atlantic, on her way to the new country, and was asked, 'Why do you come to America?' she answered, 'To raise governors for them' little dreaming that she would live to see one of her sons governor of New Hampshire and another governor of Massachusetts, though I am sorry to say the third did not so much honor his family, and was known as 'Devil Jim.' The story goes that soon after John Sullivan rose to be governor of New Hampshire, he desired to give a grand dinner to a number of distinguished guests. A member of his family at the time was his mother, and, fearing that she would not be quite equal to the occasion, he concluded it would be best to arrange for her non-appearance at the dinner-table. Ap-

proaching the matter as gently as possible, he soon succeeded in making the quick-witted old lady understand the drift of his diplomatic talk, and convincing himself that he had miscalculated the pride of the mother of the Sullivans. Rising in the majesty of her Irish wrath, 'John Sullivan,' exclaimed the old lady, 'I have hoed potatoes in the field with the governor of New Hampshire at my breast, the governor of Massachusetts by my side, and the devil tugging at my skirts, but never yet have I allowed one of my sons to be ashamed of me—order the chaise and send me home.' Remonstrances were of no avail, and home went John Sullivan's mother in all the majesty of her righteous indignation."

#### BLACKLISTING AND STRIKES.

We say that blacklisting is a crime against humanity. We say that the employer who blacklists a workman for taking part in a strike, thereby rendering the struggle for life harder for that man and inflicting incalculable sufferings and anxieties upon him, his wife, his children and descendants, is a cruel and vindictive persecutor; one who would eagerly inflict death or bodily torment in revenge for any annoyance caused by his employes; one who would mercilessly gag them or flog them, or burn or rack them, to suppress any effort on their part to better their condition, one who, had he the courage and the power would resort to the dungeon, the thumb-screw and the whip, instead of fines, discharges and the blacklist, as punishment for every neglect of duty, or every effort on their part, by strikes or combination to increase their wages or lessen their hours of labor.

Undoubtedly. The man who would blacklist a workman for striking, or for any other such offense against the sacred majesty of the corporation or capitalist, knowing and appreciating what that blacklisting means, or is intended to mean for the victim and his family, would fiendishly inflict death or bodily

torture instead, if he dared; the courage and the power are lacking, and that is all that will make him prefer the more cruel and cowardly and far reaching vengeance of exclusion from employment.

The blacklister is an enemy of mankind. Oh, yes. We care not whether he be called Jay Gould or John Smith, we say that the man, or fiend, rather, who would inflict an unending and practically unlimited punishment upon a working man, and upon all depending upon him, for having accompanied his fellows and followed his leaders into a strike, no matter how unwise or aggravating the strike may have been, is an enemy to mankind. He is like a pirate or bandit; worse, for he does not give his victim a chance to fight, and he meaningly shelters himself behind a perversion and maladministration of the laws, which the more honorable robbers and outlaws of the land and seas used to bravely set at defiance.

Are we violent and extreme in the foregoing? You have not realized what blacklisting means or you would not think so. You have something to learn my friend. When you have learned it, then you will say, with us: The blacklister is an enemy of human peace and progress and he deserves the execration of all good men, rich or poor, employers and employes alike.

Remember that the purpose of the blacklist is to terrorize, not to punish for violation of some moral or enacted law; not to reform and restore to usefulness the evil doers, whose natural passions or encouraged greed have made them legally criminal, but to frighten workingmen by the cruelty, enormity and indefiniteness of the vengeance inflicted from daring to discuss their own interests and affairs with their fellows.

Yes, just that. Because if workingmen are allowed to talk among themselves about the amount of hours they ought to receive or work, or anything affecting their interests or comforts as mechanics or laborers it follows, as a



matter of necessity, that leaders must be developed, opinions must be generated and held by the majorities and minorities, and in the end decisions will be arrived at, resolutions will be adopted and demands formulated for redress of grievances or increase of pay or decrease of hours, then one side or the other must yield or there must be a compromise, a strike or a lockout. So unless you assert that employers are always right and employes always wrong in every disagreement: unless you claim that the rules, hours and wages fixed by corporations and capitalists are just what they ought to be and cannot be improved, except on the voluntary motion of the class which profits by keeping them as they are; unless you agree with Jay Gould and his fellow blacklisters, that workingmen should not be allowed to discuss their own affairs and interests; that they ought to be cruelly punished for forming an unwise opinion or coming to a troublesome decision, you must admit the right of workingmen to a free discussion of their affairs, with all the natural consequences, as opinions, decisions, resolutions, strikes and lockouts, and, therefore, that blacklisting involves an illegal and criminal conspiracy to inflict a cruel and indefinite punishment upon a class of men in revenge for an offense which, however irritating to the conspirators, is not a crime in itself nor legally prohibited; and the cruelty, injustice and inhumanity of the conspiracy are aggravated by the fact that the punishment is visited upon the unoffending wives, children and dependents of the original victims, and is intended to be so visited and commends itself to the users, to the blacklisting employers, because it can be and is so visited upon the innocent and helpless, and because that very damnable character makes it all the more terrible as an instrument of terrorism and oppression.

A HUSBAND at home is worth two in a saloon.—*Whitehall Times*.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE bottle hid in the corn crib is a greater hell-trap than the saloon.—*Crawford (Tex.) Yeoman*.

SOME men are born hogs, some achieve hoggishness, and some never learn to chew tobacco at all.—*Danville Breeze*.

TWO DIVERS have gone to Valcour Island, in Lake Champlain, where they will attempt to raise a boat containing gold said to have been sunk during the war of 1812.

CHARLES MONCKEY, inventor of the Monckey wrench, is living in poverty in Brooklyn, N. Y. He sold the patent for \$2,000, and now millions are annually made out of the invention.

MRS. Sarah Young, of Washington, Ga., has never been known to weigh any more than ninety pounds, yet she has given birth to twenty children during her thirty years of married life.

A WISCONSIN hunter named Wexford shot at what he took for an extra large squirrel on a limb, and a wild cat came down and clawed him in forty-two places to convince him that his eyesight was a good ways off.

RUM and honey is said to be one of the best cough medicines for a family. The wife can use her share of it—the honey—while the husband, with his usual self-sacrificing devotion, gets away with the nasty rum.

ARCHIBALD FORBES has met nine different kings and queens, but when he walks up to a peanut stand with his nickel he gets no better measure than those of us who have simply gazed on the coat-tail buttons of a United States Senator.—*Detroit Free Press*.

IOWA as a state ranks tenth in population, second in the number of acres of improved land, fourth in her coal product, first in the production of creamery butter, second in live stock on farms, first in the production of corn.

per capita, and first in the yield of corn per acre.

CITIZENS of Sioux Falls, D. T., discovered one day that the town clock had stopped. A watchman climbed into the tower to find out what was the matter. He discovered a pigeon sitting on the inside of the gearing of the dial. The clock began marking time again as soon as the bird flew away.

A GRAVESTONE in a cemetery at Bethel, Conn., was erected by a man over the grave of his wife, and is a rough boulder which was brought from a neighboring hill. It was selected because, as the husband said: "It was on that stone that my wife and I sat when I proposed to her and she said she'd have me."

A SINGULAR kind of family register is kept in some parts of Switzerland. Wherever those big round cheeses are made it is the custom for the friends and relatives of a newly married couple to join presenting them with an extra specimen of the dairy produce, which is not intended to be eaten, but serves as a family register, on which the family events, such as births, deaths and weddings, are marked by crosses cut perpendicularly into the cheese. This custom dates back as far as the seventeenth century, and a good many cheeses two centuries old are said to be extant.

"By an unfortunate typographical error," says a Dakota newspaper, "we were made to say last week that our distinguished townsman, Prof. Kennedy, was about to fit up a nobby babboon for the comfort and enjoyment of his daughter on her wedding trip over the prairie. What we meant to say was a nobby balloon. We write this with our left hand, while lying in our spare bed, with one eye entirely closed and the other hand-painted, with an inverted chair across our stomach for a writing-table. The extent of our regret for the blunder may be measured by the difficulties we have surmounted in penning this explanation.—*Ex.*

I HAD the worst fright I ever had in my life on account of a hole in my pocket. One rainy night I rented an umbrella at the Southern hotel and started out to find an important witness in a case I had on hand, and to find him had to go into an alleyway. Just as I got into a very dark place I felt something warm on my leg inside my pants and just above my shoe. It was in a dirty old place. I immediately concluded it was a rat that had gone up my leg. I closed my umbrella, and, hopping about on one leg while I held the other one out, I pounded my leg until I broke the umbrella to pieces. Then I put my hand down and covered the object with one hand while I leaned up against a wall and carefully put my other hand on my pants leg until I grabbed it firmly. I drew it out. It was my fine gold watch, battered and broken to smithereens. I was awfully relieved, but I was awfully mad. There I was with a leg beaten black and blue and dreadfully sore, a broken watch, a broken umbrella, my hat out in the gutter in the mud, and my feelings shattered. My watch had slipped down my leg through a hole in the pocket.

#### HE MADE A MISTAKE.

There was one man who didn't take kindly to the late accident on the West Shore by which a dozen or more trunks were smashed and their contents ruined. When the passengers were notified to exhibit their checks and make a statement of damage, this man exhibited his piece of brass and declared that nothing less than \$300 would make him whole.

"Pretty valuable trunk," remarked the official.

"Yes, sir; I was going to Europe for a year."

The passengers gathered at the wrecked car to identify what had been saved, and as the parcels were handed down, the number of the checks were called off. Pretty soon out came a thin, lean, cadaverous old carpet-bag, which did not seem to contain more than a

shirt and a pair of socks, and as the number of the check was called the official consulted his list and remarked to the man :

"This is your baggage, sir."

"Y-e-s, I think so."

"That's the \$300 trunk going to Europe with you !"

"Y-e-s, that's the one."

There was a general laugh at his expense, during which he retreated to the passenger car. Someone presently asked him how he came to make such a " mistake," and he replied :

"Why, don't ye know, I supposed the car and everything in it had been smashed to bits. I never did have luck nohow in these railroad smash-ups."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### BUTTONLESS.

"Now, as an instance of the uselessness of some requirements of fashion," remarked Bill Jones to a crowd at Thompson's grocery, "just look at the two buttons on the back of a man's coat. Of what use are they?"

"Very true," replied Dick Smith, but I think people are becoming more sensible by degrees. Only today I saw a coat which had no buttons at all."

"What ! not even down the front?"

"Not a button."

"Was it finished?"

"Yes, finished and in use."

"What kind of a coat was it?"

"A coat of paint."—*Tid Bits.*

#### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Here is the secret of success done up in a small parcel. Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be poor always. The art does not consist in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many make a great waste. Hair by hair the head gets bald; straw by straw the thatch gets off the cottage; drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean

to save begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane; the ale jug is a great waste; in all things keep within compass; in clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff and no tawdry fineries; to be warm is the main thing; never stretch your legs farther than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold; a fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it; remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going; if you give all to the back and board there is nothing left to the savings bank; fare hard and work while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.—*Berwick (Pa) Gazette.*

#### Are You Going to New Orleans or Florida?

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John Downey..... Treasurer

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ers' Hall, West Ninth st.

J. W. Larkin..... Master  
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W. S. Condon..... Recording Secretary  
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John B. Snyder..... Treasurer

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Tim. Crowley..... Vice Master  
W. A. Brown..... Recording Secretary  
494 Ransom st., South Ottumwa.

S. G. Cogswell..... Financial Secretary  
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William McAllister..... Vice Master  
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William M. Buchanan..... Recording Secretary  
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William Hall..... Treasurer

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John F. Quinn..... Recording Secretary  
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 G. H. Rohrback..... Treasurer  
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 James Taylor..... Recording Secretary  
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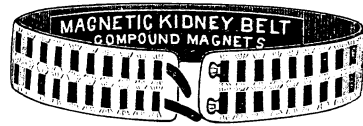
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 John Newbold..... Recording Secretary  
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 L. Frank Huff..... Vice Master  
 James S. Lee..... Recording Secretary  
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 Fred Heath..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Brown..... Treasurer  
 L. Frank Huff..... Journal Agent

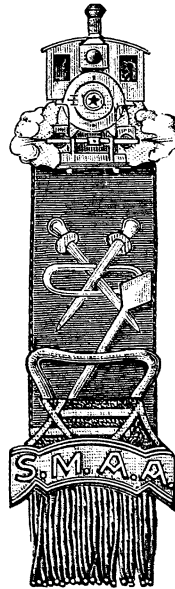
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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## "ONE OF THE HANDS."

The following lines were suggested by witnessing the bitter grief of a mother, who told me, with a voice choked with tears and sobs, how her youngest born, her pride and darling, only nineteen years old, a brakeman on a western railroad, had fallen under the wheels of a moving train, and lay uncared for on the floor of a station-house for five hours; conscious till death ended his suffering; and how she might have reached him in time to pillow his dying head on his mother's breast. But he was "only a brakeman," and no word was sent her.

Only a brakeman killed!  
Lay him down over there  
On the floor, no matter where,  
Crushed, broken and bruised;  
But the traffic for gain  
Stops never for sorrow or pain.  
Put another in his place,  
Speed onward the train—  
On, through the blood of the slain!

Only a brakeman killed!  
Strong young limbs twisted and broken,  
Life crushed out—no farewell spoken!  
Only a brakeman gone,  
Gone, like many another;  
But, God! who shall tell his mother?  
We have no time to spare!  
Wealth cares not for its slave,  
Get him a box, dig him a grave!

Only a brakeman killed,  
Only Charlie, our handsome boy,  
His sisters' pride and his mother's joy.  
Only, in a desolate home,  
An old woman's breaking heart,  
Only one "hand" less in labor's mart!  
Only a bright young life  
Crushed out by the wheels to-day!  
Only our Charlie, so bright and gay.

"Only one of the hands."  
But braver lad ne'er turned a brake,  
And for his old mother's sake,  
We will smooth his dark hair,  
And whisper a prayer,  
That somewhere, *over there*,  
The Good Father will care  
For "one of the hands."

*Hattie Hoag Kohlman, in John Swinton's paper.*

## ON THE CHIMNEY.

'Twas when I was courting Kate  
that the accident I am going to tell you  
about happened. But for that same  
accident I don't think Katie an' I  
would be man and wife this day, for  
you see my father was set agin' the  
match, Katie being only a laborer's  
daughter, while he himself was foreman

in the mills, getting good wages and  
thought a deal of by his employers.  
An' if it wasn't for Katie, I don't  
think I'd be here now to tell you about  
it, for 'twas she that saved my life  
through hitting upon a plan that  
never once came into the heads of me  
or my comrades—ay, or of those that  
you'd have thought would know better  
than any of us.

I was brought up to my father's  
trade, having been taken, when young,  
by a brother of my mother's, a master  
bricklayer living in the town. When  
my uncle died I came to Lisgarven, for  
a bit, just to see my father, and, find-  
ing that they were at work on the new  
buildings at the mills, I looked for em-  
ployment there an' got it at once. Lis-  
garven mill is a flour mill, and a pretty  
place it was in those days, with the  
river running just by the old red brick  
buildings, an' the big water wheel  
always going round an' round. The  
river falls into a larger one a little  
down an' the tide comes up as far as  
the mill, so 'tis in boats that most of  
the corn is brought in an' the flour  
carried away. 'Tisn't half so pretty a  
place now; there are big whitewashed  
buildings alongside of the old brick  
ones, the big wheel is stopped, an' you  
hear the whirl of the engine instead of  
the sound of the water. But they  
make a power of money there, an' give  
a deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as a  
bricklayer. Katie's father was work-  
ing there, too, an' I used to see her  
bringing him his dinner, and after a  
bit I began to think I'd like to have  
her bring mine, too. She was as pretty  
a girl then as you'd see anywhere—she's  
good-looking to this day—an' I soon

became that fond of her that I'd have done anything a'most to get her. She herself was willing enough; 'twas my father that made the difficulty. He was a proud man, as proud in his way as any gentleman, an' he was downright mad at the notion of my wanting to marry a laborer's daughter. To be sure, I was earning good wages, an' might have married without asking anyone's leave if I'd been so minded, but I didn't like to go agin' the old man that had always been good to me. Besides, Katie was just as proud as himself, and would have nothing to say to me unless he was satisfied. I got the master to speak to him, but sure 'twasn't a bit of use. "How would you like, sir," he says to the master, "if I had a daughter to have Master Philip take up with her, and wouldn't that be the same thing?" I believe that the master didn't think it would be at all the same thing, but my father wouldn't hear reason from him any more than from me; so Katie and I had just nothing for it but to wait in the hope of his coming 'round, and very little hope we had of that same.

As we were putting up a steam engine in the mill, we had, of course, to have a big chimney, 'an we got a man from town to build it—one of them chaps that builds chimneys an' nothin' else, an' thinks nobody knows anything about it but theirselves. I was working along with him, and, indeed, 'twas I that built the most of it, an' a right good job it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas—ten years ago this Christmas coming on—all but the lightning conductor, and that was not put up, owing to the master's wanting to make inquiries when he'd go to London an' see for himself what would be the best kind to use. The master was a scientific sort of gentleman, an' had ideas of his own—sometimes they'd be better than other people's, sometimes maybe not so good. At any rate there was a delay about the conductor, an' in the meantime the engineers were at work an' the big chimney was smoking away

like blazes. Mr. Brown, the strange workman, had gone away, saying very condescending like that he was sure Jim Forde (that was me) would be able to fasten the rod to the chimney as well as he could do it himself. He took all of his scaffolding with him, but before he went away he fixed a beam with a pulley to it to the top of the chimney an' left a long rope hanging through it so that a man could be hoisted up at any time; an' there the rope hung dangling, week after week, until the master came, bringing the rod along with him.

Once it had come there was no good losing any more time in fixing it, so one Saturday afternoon in January up I went on a plank, slung securely at the end of the rope, my tools along with me, an' settled myself astride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather late in the day, but the morning had been too wet an' stormy to work, an' the master was as impatient to get the job done as if it hadn't been himself that was hindering it all this time. I was as much at home atop of the chimney as I was on the ground, an' I worked on without once looking down, until my job was finished an' I was puttin up my tools. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a ratling noise, an' looking over I see the plank going down very fast. I called out; "Hullo, there! send that up again, will you?" but the only answer I got was a loud laugh, for all the world like silly Jerry, the natural's, and sure enough there he was, standing by the windlass, jumping an' clapping his hands. I looked about for the man whose business it was to manage the windlass, but not a sign of him was there, an' in a minute I heard the rattle of the pulley again, and saw that the rope was running through it in the wrong direction. I made a grab for it, but 'twas jerked out of my hand, an' before I could catch it again, the end had slipped through, and there I was more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, an' Jerry dancing



an' capering below, calling out : "Come down and thrash me now, Mr. Forde, won't you?" Then I remembered that a few days before I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seems that he had remembered the blow and took this way of being revenged.

"Well, at first I was scarcely frightened, expecting somehow that, once the people below knew the fix I was in, they'd find some way or other of getting me out of it. But when I come to think of it, deuce a bit of a way could I hit on myself, an' sure I knew more about chimneys than anyone else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too; there wouldn't be much more than another half hour of daylight, an' the wind was rising, I could hear it whistling through the trees. By this time people knew what had happened and a crowd was collecting; I could see them coming from all parts, for of course I had a view all about. I saw a boy go up to the door of the counting house, an' presently Master Philip came out running as if for his life. When he came he took the command like, an' began giving directions, an' the people who had only stared at first, now ran here an' there as he sent them. First they brought out a long ladder an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney. I could have told them that 'was too short, knowing as I did the length of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine: it seemed as if the voices went up like smoke. Then there was a great delay, while they went for a longer ladder; and this, too, didn't reach half way. A man climbed up, however, an' called out to know if I had a piece of string in my pocket that I could let down. Not a bit could I find. I had a big ball only the day before, but I had taken it out of my pocket an' put it on the shelf at home. I took off my braces an' fastened them an' my handkerchief

together, but they did not near reach the top of the ladder, so that plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising, an' I was getting numb with the cold, an' stiff an' cramped from being so long in the one position. There was a big clock right over the gateway just opposite, an' I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes to five; it would be nearly dark at five, an' once the darkness set in what little hope I had would be gone.

Master Philip seemed to have gone away by this time, but there was my father among the crowd, an' who should I see standing next to him an' holding on by his arm but Katie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, an' he seemed to be talkin' to her an' comforting her. After a bit I saw Master Philip again; he had a big thing in his hand looking like pocket handkerchiefs stretched over a frame, an' I saw that it was a kite, an' that they meant to send a string up to me in that way. But you never in all your life saw such an unmanageable kite. First 'twas too heavy an' then 'twas too light, an' then the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it. I heard after that part of that same tail was made of bank-notes Master Philip took out of his pocket when he could get nothing else quick enough. He got them back later, for not a man, woman, or child in the place would have touched one of them when they saw him using them in that way.

When the kite did go up at last the wind was so high that they could not manage it properly. It came very near me once, an' I made a snatch at the string, nearly overreaching myself in doing so, but I missed it, an' just then there came a terrible gust of wind, the string broke, an' the kite was carried away, an' stuck fast in the branches of a big tree behind the master's house. I looked over at the clock to see how much time was left me, an' I found I could not see the hands any longer;

the darkness had come on in the last few minutes. Then I gave up all hope, for I knew I never could hold on till morning. I tried to think of death an' to make myself ready for it, but I couldn't—not a prayer nor a good word could I call to mind, only going over an' over again in my head the way it would all happen—how the people would go away, one by one, how I'd be left alone in the dark an' the howling wind, an' how at last I'd not be able to hang on any longer, an' fall, an' be found in the morning all crushed out of shape. The people below seemed to have given up all thought of helping now, an' were standing quite quiet. 'Twas so dark by this time that I could not distinguish the faces of all; I could just make out Master Philip in his dark suit among the mill men, an' poor Katie. She was crouching down on the ground now, an' her apron over her head. All of a sudden I saw her leap up with a great cry an' clap her hands an' call out something. Then there was a confused sort of shout, as if every one in the crowd was saying the same thing at the same time, an' then Master Philip, making a sign to silence them, put his two hands up to his mouth an' sang out in a voice that came to me above the noise of the wind:

"Take off your stocking and ravel it; the thread will reach the ground."

At first I didn't understand him, being dazed like, but then the meaning came on me like a message from heaven. I got off one of my socks with some trouble—nice, new ones they were too, of Katie's own knitting, that she had given me for a Christmas box—an' with the help of my teeth I loosened one end of the thread. It gave readily enough after that, an' when I had a good piece of it ripped I tied my knife to make it heavy, an' let it drop, ripping more and more of the sock as it went down. Then I felt it stop, and presently there came a shout telling me to wind it up again. Very slowly and carefully I did it, fearing the string would break, an' when the

last bit of it came up there was a piece of strong twine tied to the end of it. The twine in its turn brought the rope I had gone up by, an' then I felt that I was safe. I managed somehow to put it through the pulley, an' as soon as they had fastened the other end to the windlass below they gave me the word to come down. I was so numb an' stiff that I could not fix myself on the plank, but I managed somehow to cling to the rope with my hands. Down, down I came, every turn of the windlass making the voices below seem nearer and nearer, and when I was within a few feet of the ground there were a dozen pairs of arms ready to catch me, an' a hundred voices to welcome me. An' there was my father waiting for me, an' Master Philip saying: "But for the girl he'd have been up there still. Not one of the rest of us would have thought of the stocking; t'was the brightest idea I've come across this many a day. She has saved his life, Forde, and you can't refuse your consent any longer." But when I looked round for Kate she was nowhere to be seen. She must have slipped off as soon as she saw I was safe.

Master Philip hurried my father an' me away. I didn't quite know where, I was so dazed, but in a minute or two I found myself in a warm, lighted dining room at the master's house, an' Master Philip pouring out a glass of brandy for me an' shaking hands with my father. I was glad to get the brandy, for I was worn out with fright and cold; but as soon as I could I made my escape, and went down to Katie's cottage. I had been there five minutes when there was a knock at the door and in walks my father. He went straight up to Katie, holding out his hand.

"Katie, my girl," he said, "I've come to ask your pardon for anything I've ever said or done against you, an' if you an' Jim are still of the same mind I won't hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you who have the best right to him, for you've saved his life."

"An' 'tis proud an' glad I am that I was able to do that same, Mr. Forde," said Kate.

"And you'll marry him, won't you, my dear?"

"If you're satisfied, sir."

"I am, my dear, quite satisfied," and with that he kissed her, and from that day to this he and Katie have been the best of friends. He lived with us for the last year or so, for he was getting past his work, and the master pensioned him off. He is very happy with us, an' he is never tired of telling the children the story of the way that their mother's cleverness saved my life.

#### SELFISHNESS.

Greed is not entirely confined to animals of the porcine breed. There are various breeds of human hogs which, in point of selfishness, are far ahead of those unfortunate creatures that are mentioned in the New Testament as having run violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the billows.

Greed, or avarice, strictly speaking, is not a penal offense. Byron remarks cynically: "For a good old gentlemanly vice I think I'll take up with avarice." And yet there is very little fun in hoarding up money. It is almost impossible to take any of it with us when we die and go to heaven. "Shrouds," to use the impressive words of some preacher, whose name we have forgotten—"Shrouds have no pockets." This is a fact, we presume, although we have never critically examined many shrouds to see if they had pockets or not. It would hardly be in good form for a person who is invited to a funeral to monkey around the remains searching for a pocket in the shroud merely to gratify idle curiosity. Such a person would not be invited a second time to a funeral. Now that we come to think we fail to perceive why a shroud should have a pocket.

But we have drifted away from our text, which was avarice or greed.

There is such a thing as mistaken avarice, where a man, in an effort to save a dime, loses a dollar. An illustration of this is to be found in the case of the negro during slave times, who, having bought a hat, put it under his coat to prevent it being rained on. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied: "De hat's mine; bought it wid my own money. Head belongs to massa; let him take keer of his own property."

This logic was very good, so far as it went, but when the selfish negro caught cold in his head from exposure and died of neuralgia in great agony, he regretted his narrow-minded selfish policy.

The man who occupies several seats in a crowded railroad-car comes under the head of dressed pork.

Another form of selfishness from Vermont: A couple put off applying for a divorce one term of court so they could profit by their tin wedding.

Boys are supposed to be selfish, but occasionally a boy shows symptoms of liberality. A Texas boy, after eating three whole water-melons, pointed triumphantly to the seeds as proof that he didn't eat whole ones. He had left the seeds.—*Texas Siftings*.

#### A MORAL OBLIQUITY,

There is this one great and noticeable peculiarity pertaining to the evil called gambling. Those who engage in it, and, also, many who deplore it for various reasons, seldom or never regard it from a strictly ethical point of view. All men, the guilty as well as the innocent, are usually conscious, in some degree, of the actual sin in murder, theft, forgery, and even in the less clearly defined transgressions involved in such crimes as breach of trust.

But there is probably no exaggeration in the assumption that a professional gambler does not consider an unfair game very wicked, while he, no doubt, looks upon a fair game as a morally legitimate stroke of business.

And it is equally true that unprofessional gamblers, so far as the moral or immoral element in the practice itself is concerned, differ little, or not at all, from an amazingly large number of other people who never gamble. A fierce opposition to gambling saloons is commonly based upon economy, respectability, and a secondary immoral influence. Such saloons are kept, and to a great extent frequented, by low and vicious men; they offer most alluring temptations to young men, leading them to waste their own money, to risk that of others, and to acquire idle, intemperate or other vicious habits. These deplorable results naturally arouse opposition and furnish reasons enough to affect public opinion, and to make gambling universally, or technically so-called, illegal in most places; but in spite of this illegality, any moral transgression in the act, it may be repeated, is not universally recognized. A proof of this statement lies in the fact that forms of gambling, still legal, are more numerous, if anything, than those which have been pronounced illegal. It is this failure of the majority to realize the essential principle of wrong, in all appeals to chance, which makes the question so difficult to deal with, and why the efforts of reformers in this direction often seem of so little avail.

One, perhaps the chief cause of this moral obliquity, is not difficult to find. Men or women who gamble take the risk, and thus, if they lose, share in the crime, though they do not call it a crime against themselves. If they win they obtain what others have risked knowingly with the hope of the same gain, and they thus naturally regard themselves simply as the favorites of chance. Clearly connected with the first is a second reason for this moral obliquity. A strong element in human nature is superstition, and, although this element is the offspring of ignorance, few or none are entirely free from it. Mystery has an almost universal fascination. Uncertainty is ever excit-

ing and stimulating. Personal responsibility for every act is not only a troublesome burden, but its most conscientious acceptance does not always exert a ruling, or even a perceptibly swaying effect in matters of life. A tendency to fatalism seems to be thus encouraged, even in most decidedly moral efforts. Time and again men have felt and said, life is a lottery. Is it any wonder, therefore, that in the dark ages appeals to chance, or judgments of God as they were termed, legally decided a man's guilt or innocence? Is it any wonder that even now, when civilization is still so imperfect, men should look to operations of chance for profit as well as for pleasurable excitement? If life is only a lottery, what can be more natural than trusting to chance for a living?

In by-gone ages, when might was supposed to make right, and all submitted to such a law as to a just decree, the strongest man was master, lord of all. An advance in thought, in civilization, in religion, and, it may be also a chance discovery of the power resting in the combined strength of a majority of the weaker over the stronger, led to a feeble recognition of the rights of the weak, and of each man as an individual. And when feebleness thus ceased to be looked upon as a legitimate cause for oppression, a good step was made in that moral quality which may be broadly called either honesty or justice. Perhaps from that time must be dated the existence of honesty as an intuitive sense.

It is a strange fact that moral ideas are, or seem to be, built upon acts, or it may be better to say, the moral sense is aroused and cultivated by moral deeds. A good deed done from a selfish motive, and persisted in, becomes, after a time, actuated by love. A wrong, avoided from policy or even from an intellectual appreciation of it as a wrong, will in time be left undone, because it has grown abhorrent. In this way most intuitive perceptions of good and evil seem to originate. But

it is an encouraging fact that these intuitions become hereditary tendencies, and, as such, contribute more than all else to the world's continuous progress in morals.

A heartfelt aversion to the sin of gambling, as well as that felt toward all bad practices, is without doubt either an acquired aversion or an inherent intuition. But intuition in this case, as in most others, is supported by a definite principle; that is, the wrong in gambling may be specified, and to a great extent clearly explained. It is capable of intellectual as well of intuitive appreciation.

Stated in the plainest terms, to gamble is to violate the divine command, "Thou shalt not steal." It is a violation of this command, because it is an appropriation to oneself of that which belongs to another or others, without returning an equivalent. It is getting something, not a free gift, without pay, and at the expense or through the sufferings of others. The man who gains a fortune at the gaming-table, by means of a lottery, or through stock and grain speculation, has no moral right to his money, because through its possession he has defrauded others, in that he has not compensated them for what he has taken from their unwilling hands. And the dishonesty of the acquisition is made none the less so through the participation of the sufferers in the chance. Robbery is taking from another without pay that which is given up unwillingly, or without deliberate intent. A free gift is the surrender of possessions gladly, or freely and unconditionally, without hope or desire for any return. Legitimate trade is equal, or what is supposed to be equal exchange. It follows, therefore, that whatever is obtained, not as a free gift or an exchange, is robbery.

The principle underlying this broad statement is less easily explained in treating of legitimate forms of gambling, where the purpose is partly pleasure or benevolence, and in which no real suffering is entailed upon losers.

The sin here must be felt, rather than understood.

Therefore it is undoubtedly true that great numbers of conscientious and otherwise thoroughly good people, those in particular who engage in what are called minor forms of gambling, are simply the unconscious victims of a moral obliquity. They do not merit the severe censure and the fierce judgments often put upon them. They need general moral enlightenment and a realizing sense, or rather an actual knowledge of the fact that this moral obliquity is a something which links them to the bad, and which the best people, judged by moral and spiritual standards, do not possess.

A more frequent recognition of the existence of this moral obliquity, would doubtless be followed by more successful efforts to check the apparently increasing evil of gambling. Such a recognition would inspire ministers of the gospel, and other reformers, to act with more patience, as well as more zeal and judgment in their endeavors for this reform; knowing the depths, they would strive more especially to get at the root of the matter, and while continuing persistent in their condemnation of all forms of the evil itself, they would be guided first of all, and above all, by the following rule: Teach men to be thoroughly honest, and they will have no desire to gamble.—*Mary E. Cardwill, in Current.*

It is easy to ask a conundrum, but it is not always so easy to give the exact answer when your hearers "give it up." Some years since, at a dinner party in Maine, Judge Shepley asked: "Why is woman like the ivy?" Into everybody's mind came Irving's beautiful comparison, but no one seemed able to put it into words. The answer, "The greater the ruin the closer she clings," is certainly a creditable sentiment, but the judge unfortunately got things mixed, and in his confusion said, "The closer she clings, the greater the ruin," which set the table in a roar.

## HUMOROUS.

How to keep down taxes—sit on the tax collector.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"After you, sir," as the policeman politely said to the pickpocket.—*Judge.*

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No."  
"How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son."

The Japanese prince is handsome. But, girls, he is married. Same here. All of us handsome men are married.—*Washington Post.*

No gentleman should smoke when walking with ladies, nor should a lady smoke when walking with a gentleman.—*New Haven News.*

"I will now quit fooling," said the physician as he wrote out a prescription, "and proceed to business." Then he made out his bill.—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is said that Wall street brokers are fond of molasses candy. Perhaps that is the reason everything they get hold of sticks to their hands.—*Boston Post.*

The meanest girl in the world lives in Philadelphia. "Pa," she said, "I do wish you would lend me your lovely red nose to paint my cheeks with."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bob Ingersoll has so much law business on his hands nowadays that his old client, the devil, will have to be looking around for new counsel, or else plead guilty.—*Boston Herald.*

The boundary line between Connecticut and Rhode Island has been fixed at last. Rhode Island gained about two feet and a half, and now wants another member of congress.—*Washington Post.*

A resident of Danbury, Conn., was out walking with a young lady the other evening, and thinking to amuse her, touched his finger to an electric light wire. The lady was the first to pick herself up, and after straightening

her bangs and smoothing her skirts, turned to the assistance of her escort. It was some hours before he recovered, and now he walks around the block, rather than pass the wire.

Young husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young wife—I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.—*Texas Siftings.*

A New York doctor says that men who have the headache are the most sympathetic. If there was ever a man with the headache who cared a copper how soon the whole world stubbed its toe and broke its nose he ought to be put on exhibition.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fair customer—"Have you the 'Lady's Companion?'"

Clerk—"Eh?"

"I am going out into the country and I want a 'Lady's Companion' to take with me."

"You do, eh? Well, what's the matter with me?"—*Texas Siftings.*

'Tis the last fly of summer comes buzzing along;  
All his youthful companions have packed up and gone.

No fly of his kindred, no buzzer is there.  
To wade in the butter and make a man swear.  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine and to fret  
For thy chums who made haste to get out of the wet.

But kindly accomplish thy hasty decease  
And settle me down to sweet visions of peace.  
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Johnson—"Do you know young Jones?" O'Kelly—"Yis, sir; I know him." Johnson—"Can a person believe what he says?" Pat—"Faith, an' it's jist this way: Whin he tells ye the truth ye can belave ivery word he says, but whin he lies to yez, ye betther have no confidence in him at all."

"Papa has got his appetite back again, hasn't he, mamma?" asked a Leavitt street five-year-old the other day.

"I'm afraid not, my child," replied the good mother. "He didn't eat anything to day. But why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard him tell Mr. Brown

that he came home fuller'n a goat last night. I didn't know but——"

"Run along into the next room like a good little girl. I think I hear your papa coming now, and mamma wishes to speak to him."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Drug Clerk (to customer)—Twenty grains o' quinine? Yes, sir. Shall I give you something to take away the taste of it?

Customer (eyes bulging with astonishment)—Take away what?

Drug Clerk—The taste of the quinine, sir.

Customer (solemnly)—Young man, quinine is bread, butter an' pie to me. It's parients, relatives, fren's; it's my washin', ironin', clothin', an' a place to sleep in. Take-away—the-taste—of—it! I'm a Wabash Valley man, and I'm a good mind to comb ye down.

#### RAFFERTY TESTS THE ELECTRIC "FLOOD."

Having supped elaborately at his residence in Harlem last evening, says the *New York Times*, Mr. Daniel Rafferty proceeded to settle his nerves and warm his nose, both which feats he satisfactorily and simultaneously accomplished by inserting the stubby stem of his black clay pipe in the vacancy left by a departed incisor, and puffings clouds from shavings of plug tobacco therein. Enjoying these twin luxuries in full, Mr. Rafferty sat on the doorsill overlooking the stepladder that ran down the cliff, and dreamily surveyed the gambols of the little Raffertys, who were trying to breed trouble between the goat next door and the pig, by the simple but ingenious process of tying the former's left horn, by a bit of twine, to the latter's tail. At first the goat hung back while the pig pulled and ran his entire gamut of emotional discords, greatly to the little Raffertys' satisfaction; then the goat rose to the situation and his hind legs, and, throwing his whole soul into one supreme effort, butted both the pig and himself neatly over the scarp, whence they described

a complicated series of somersaults to the roadway below. At this juncture the goat's owner, Mr. Mulcahey, appeared at the door of his mansion, and although secretly pleased, Mr. Rafferty thought it but neighborly to rebuke his heirs for their levity; so he gave the red-headed boy a slap that set him howling, and bestowed upon the cross-eyed girl a scowl as black as a thunder-cloud in Jersey. But Mr. Mulcahey was not the least bit angry.

"Dom th' billy," he said, "he can take care uv any pig in Harlem. Luk at that now," he added, as the goat, having assured himself that no bones were broken, was entering into hostilities with renewed zest. "Tin ter wan agin ther pig!" Here the goat landed a ferocious butt where it would do most good and least harm, and the desperate porker made a lunge regardless of consequences, breaking the string and getting away. Then Mr. Mulcahey, proud that his goat had acquitted himself with honor, stepped over the two rails which divided the estates and sat down for a friendly chat. Mr. Rafferty had been in this country but a trifle over a year and the proximity of their dwellings and the goodness of his heart inclined Mr. Mulcahey to act as his mentor in affairs social, political and scientific.

"An phwat's thim diggings you're ather in the Sixth avinyoo trench?" inquired Mr. Rafferty after Mr. Mulcahey had succeeded in borrowing a light.

"Thim's fer the conduit."

"An' phwat's that?"

"For the tailygraph wires ordthether undther ground by the kemmissioners. Kemmissioner Flower purwides th' trench and Kemmissioner Moses th' conduit, an' the Western Union is puttin' up th' objectin'."

"An' phwy not lay th' wires naked?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"Bekas th' flood vud lake an' spill th' messages," explained Mr. Mulcahey. Then he went into an elaborate description of the telegraph and its work-

ing, not omitting to state its principle depended upon the "floods" being kept within bounds, for if a wire sprung a leak a message designed for San Francisco might go to Boston or Hoboken and make trouble. Mr. Mulcahey had seen the ups and downs of metropolitan life for many years, having been a hod carrier and had acquired of late a vast store of electrical knowledge from his co-laborers in the conduit trench, all of which he imparted freeley to Mr. Rafferty before they parted. Among the facts thus given Mr. Rafferty gathered that the flood's other name was "lectristry," and that it was originally discovered by the Western Union Telegraph Company in cats, from which useful animals it had been boiled out in great quantities, and was kept in an immense number of jars in the corporation's building on Broadway, whence it was supplied to Philadelphia, Chicago, Weehawken and other great cities as their necessity demanded.

After meditating a while on these great truths, Mr. Rafferty bethought him it would be interesting to stroll up to the next corner and study the poles and wires himself. Just as he reached the place and listened with bated breath to the humming within the pole, which Mr. Mulcahey had told him was caused by the friction of the messages as they rushed by, two linemen came up to straighten out a "cross" between two wires overhead, and after hearing Mr. Rafferty's desire to acquire more electrical knowledge, cordially offered to give him a closer insight, and even allow him to carry away some of the fluid for experimental purposes if he would provide a bottle for the purpose. Mr. Rafferty sped away for the bottle and the linemen climbed the pole. It became necessary, in order to straighten the "cross," to cut one of the wires, and this had just been accomplished when Mr. Rafferty returned with a jug he had brought with him from Limerick.

"The bottle's ready," he yelled to the linemen. "Dhrop th' wire and

Oi'll fill it up." The lineman dropped the wire. It happened to be a Boston "quad" and was charged with a stub and twist current of tremendous power. Mr. Rafferty ran, jug in hand, and grabbed it. The battery in Boston was putting in its best licks at that moment, and Mr. Rafferty began a series of evolutions and emitted a succession of curdling yells which delighted the linemen beyond measure.

"Howly St. Pether, but it's hot, it is! Jayses, phat's the matther? Oi hev palsy, so Oi hev! Whoop! Oi can't let go!"

"Put yer feet in the water," counseled the lineman. Mr. Rafferty struggled to reach the gutter. "It's paroloised I am!" he shrieked.

"Soak your boots!" yelled the linemen. By a superhuman effort Mr. Rafferty managed his contortions so as to bring the water within reach and plunge one foot in it. Now it was, as the wicked lineman knew, that the current got in its finest work, and Limerick was in eminent danger of losing one of her brightest sons, when Mr. Mulcahey, who had heard the shrieks and laughter, arrived and tore the wire from the Rafferty grip.

"Murther! it's kilt Oi am," moaned the helpless Rafferty, breathless from his rough and tumble.

"An' phy did ye monkey wid th' flood?" inquired Mr. Mulcahey.

Mr. Rafferty explained matters, and referred him to his friends, the linemen, who were now cautiously descending, seeing signs of a squall. Mr. Mulcahey jumped up and knocked his heels together.

"Whoop!" said he, "Thim blagards tould ye tu hold on th' woire an' soak yer boots? Kim down! Git up, Danny, an' we'll polish 'em. Whoop!" And Mr. Mulcahey began a war dance about the pole, in which Mr. Rafferty, upon whom a light was beginning to dawn, cheerfully joined. The linemen retreated to their place of safety among the wires and opened a parley, but all overtures tending to peace were re-



jected, and the prospect of business being resumed on the "quad" was rapidly growing fainter, when a policeman happened along, and, after hearing both sides, decided to make it fair for both sides—the linemen should repair the line at once, and take Messrs. Rafferty and Mulcahey and himself to the corner above, where the red lantern hung, and there set 'em up. This was done. Then Mr. Rafferty set 'em up, and after him Mr. Mulcahey did the honors, and the five parted, full of scientific good feeling and Harlem rye. After Mulcahey had assisted Mr. Rafferty up the cliff and propped him tenderly against the door of his dwelling, the latter said:

"Dinnis, av moi Billy cud dhrink a gill av that flood! Oid back 'im ter but the hind quarthers off John L. Sullivan. Begorra, Oi didn't get the full av Biddy's thimble, and it filled me with ache to the throttle. Lay 'em in the conduit, Dinnis, an' lay 'em gintle an' aisy, an' don't munky, or there'll be crape on th' dure of widdy Mulcahey. Lay 'em dape, Dinnis."

#### THE SEASONS.

Weather is one of those things which we all abuse, but which we can not well do without.

Spring and summer are now over, but it may not be amiss to make a few seasonable remarks on these topics.

The most unfailling harbinger of spring is the hand-organ with Italian count and monkey attachment. Bullfrogs croak in early spring, and the time arrives to put in garden seed. Spring is the proper time to purchase thermometers, for afterward they will be higher. Very economical people wait until winter, when they are very low.

After spring we usually take summer next. The hot weather soon begins to arrive in unbroken packages, although, at first, the weather is variable. A man wears an overcoat one day, and

goes about without any stockings the next. The day after, he anoints himself with porous plasters and covereth himself with cursing, as with a garment, on account of rheumatism. On the fourth day he reveleth in a doctor's bill.

However, it finally becomes very sultry, and the fat man wishes that he was a dog, so that he could go about wearing nothing but pants and collar.

Hay fever, which is said to be caused by too frequent visits to a jug in the hay-mow, becomes epidemic, and the man who doesn't wear a sponge in the top of his hat is liable to be gathered to his fathers by too much sunstroke.

Next comes autumn. This is the season when the fond wife begins to hint for a sealskin sack. Autumn leaves about the time when the ice-man begins to take off his hat to the plumber. Autumn leaves in the book of nature are like *Texas Siftings*, generally read, and they, the leaves, make their appearance some time before autumn leaves.

After autumn gets through then we have winter for a change. The plumber smiles, and so does the hardware merchant, when the prohibitionists stroll in and buy cans for heating water for hot whiskey punches.

As the mercury goes down the spirits of the plumber go up, and the father who walks with the sleepless infant wonders why oilcloth is so cold. Unidentified remains are discovered in the highways. They belong to men who have asked, "Is this cold enough for you?" Out in Dakota they have to run steam-pipes up their liberty poles to keep the old flag from freezing.

The smart man puts on ear-muffs and he don't hear so much about the cold weather as the rest of us. The cold weather suits Mose Schaumburg and all the other clothing dealers, and the dealers suit the customers—if they have cash. Now is the time to catch pneumonia. The school-boy who compares the adjective cold thus, "positive, cold; comparative, cough;

superlative, coffin," sizes things up about right. Thank Heaven, the mosquitos are not so numerous, but the small boy with the Christmas drum and the New-Year's fife will not allow us to miss the other plagues.—*Texas Siftings*.

#### SQUIRE HOBBS' FILOSOFY.

Luv ani de kee tu de human hart.

Hipokrisy am de favorit kloke ob satan.

He hoo am de fust ter kondem am de las' ter forgib.

Envy am a row ob hooks tu hang up grudges on.

It am peculiyere dat de oldes' settler nebber die.

An irate mudder an' an ole slipper make er spankin' team.

Ambishun am de sepulker ob de odder pashuns ob man.

De bes' way tu git rid ob bad habit am nebber tu fo'm wun.

Anger hides us frum ourselves, but exposes us tu odders.

Liberality makes frens of enemies, but pride maks enemies of frens.

Yo' koodn' 'spek' ter fin' enyting but er small sole in a narry-minded man.

Aberice am de fodder ob moah chil'en dan Priam, an', like him, surwibes dem all.

Dar am menny er man hoos tung mite govern multitooods, ef he kood only govern hiz tung.

De liah will nebber become exterminated az long az siklones, fish, an' hoss-trades am in stile.

It am bettah to lib alone in er little log kabin dan wid er skoldin' 'oman in er big, fine manshun.

A koket am er rose frum which ebery luver pluks er leef; the thorn remains fut de futur husban'.

A boy am er kombinashun ob konundrums. De mos' poten' one am, "Wot am he goin' ter do nex'?"

We admiah a gurl fo' her buty, respek her fo' her wirtu, esteem her fo' her understandin', an' luv her kase we kan't help it.

I put it az a rule dat de man hoo

neber slanders his nabor, am er good man. Kan az much be sed ob de balans ob humanity?

A grate menny people am bawn intu dis worl' who lib a while, wundah why dey war bawn, den dy widout eber solbin de problem.

Dar am tu tings dat we orter nebbah grumble erbout; de fust am dat wich we kan't help, an' de odder dat wich we kan help.

De obstinate man duz not hold opinyuns, but dey hold him. Hiz min am so narro dat an opinyun ain' got room ter turn roun'.

Gamblin' am de greates' tief ob humanity. It not only robs er man ob hiz munny, but ob hiz good karakter, an' sumtimes eben ob hiz lif.

Wot a dampah it wood be tro ober gossip ef yo' wood stop ter refek' dat de pusson ho tells yo' de falts ob odders intends to tell odders ob yo' falts.

An English 'oman marrys fo' rank, a French 'oman fo' a husban', a Spanish 'oman fo' luv, but de Amerikan 'oman marrys er man fo' hiz munny.

Luv am only er part ob man's lif, it am 'oman's hole existence. Man kin fo'git disappointed luv in odder pursutes, but er 'oman crossed in luv am bankrupt in biznis.—*Chicago Ledger*.

#### THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

The base-ball season is about over, although we read in a Chicago paper that in some of the Western cities the excitement is kept up during the winter by theoretical base-ball, whatever that may be. We should think winter would be a good season to play the game on skates. The players could strike out so easily on skates. They would also be much quicker in reaching a base.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the usefulness and healthfulness of base-ball, so much so that occasionally an attempt is made to ridicule the national game. We have been informed, for instance, that in Georgia a man is training monkeys to play base-

ball. The advantage of a monkey baseball player is that if he muffs a ball with his first pair of hands, he can clutch it with his second. This is an advantage very few professional baseball players possess.

The base-ballist gets such a good salary that the Rev. Sam Jones felt impelled to remark not long since that there must be something radically wrong when a preacher gets \$400 a year and a base-ball pitcher gets \$5,000. It would so appear.

However, the first base-ballist was somewhat of a preacher himself. At least Noah was the first pitcher, for we read in the book of Genesis that Noah "pitched the ark within and without." The game was called on account of the inclemency of the weather.

There is also a reference to base-ball in the 17th chapter of St. Luke, in which is asked the question, "Where are the nine?" In this connection we may remark that the Roman emperor, Domitian, spent much of his time catching flies.

The umpire, according to all accounts, has a harder time of it than the players. When a player is killed, his name is mentioned in the papers, but nobody seems to keep tally of the umpires that are slain.

Speaking of base-ball pitchers we are reminded of the fact that they vary in capacity. Some of them will hold a quart and a half or two quarts, according to the strength of the whisky.

Base-ball is very much cultivated at our colleges and other institutions of learning. At Harvard the compulsory prayers have been abandoned in order to enable the students to devote more time to base-ball.

There is no indication that the interest in base-ball is decreasing. It is true that it is played out, but that is because there is no building large enough to play it in.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE tyrants from whose yoke it is hardest to free ourselves are words.  
*John Swinton's Paper.*

## INDIAN SUMMER.

All Saints' day ushered in the most peculiar and charming phase of our northern climate, the Indian summer. Not every year brings to these regions this exquisite season, but now, after one of those "latter rains," whose promise is perpetual in holy writ—a rain six days in duration, wherein the sun was not seen—the new moon and the west wind have conspired together, the spell is wrought of woven air and sunshine, and all the earth lies like a gracious dream of beauty beneath skies as soft as summer and more reposeful and intimate. Sounds echo through the sleepy air with curious, sweet and mellow tones, and every aspect and impression of nature is harmonized within a brooding haze that, with all its likeness to that which "hushes the heavens and wraps the ground" in August or September, has yet a new and strange enchantment.

The Indian summer crowns a long season of rare and marvelous perfection. It is an example of the mysterious contradictions of nature that, notwithstanding the record of the year, comprises all the most violent and exceptional phenomena in our wide country—the cyclone, the hurricane, high tides, and the most destructive and wide-reaching earthquake known in its historic period—the process of the seasons has been equable and beautiful. The year 1877 was nearly its parallel, but so far 1886 has exceeded it in its typical temperance of movement from season to season. The spring was not marked by the usual extreme reactions of cold in April, or untimely tropical days in May; all the growth of fields and forests advanced steadily in gentle gradation from winter to summer; nor was the summer filled with cruel "heated terms," in which the vital air is burned to parching fervor. The fall has been a constant and delightful ripening of nature, with the glory of the glowing forests and the tempered visitation of the frosts. Let us be grateful that so wonderful a succession

of months has been vouchsafed us, in what we are so often tempted to call the intemperate zone; and let us be ready and content for the sure approach of the healthful, zestful winter.

This Indian summer is known to other northern lands than ours, to Norway and Brittany, for instance, and it is one of the charms that countries nearer the sun can never share. The summer of St. Martin, it is called in Northern France, being somewhat later than with us; here it is not Martinus, the 11th of November that fixes its date, but the two great church feasts of All Saints and All Souls. After all there is nothing for it but to quote once more — and lines so true and melodious well bear repeating — the one sufficient description from “*Evangeline* :—

Then followed that beautiful season  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All Saints!  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
 and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love;  
 and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him.

— *Springfield Republican*.

#### STARVING WITH \$100 IN HIS POCKET.

“Did you ever think that a man could starve to death in New York with \$100 in his pocket?” asked a retired business man of a group of persons gathered around a table in an up-town art gallery the other evening. “That is, if he is a stranger and his \$100 is in the shape of a check or draft. If he was the best man that ever lived, and personally known to every man, woman and child in Podunk, he couldn’t get a cent on his paper here. The chilly young men who stand behind the bank counters and tell him they

don’t know him, might contribute to his relief from their own means rather than see him perish of want, but they never would break the first and dearest rule of every bank, by cashing anything for a stranger.

“A rather curious illustration of this occurred here last week in the experience of my friend, Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, a clergyman well known and greatly respected in the Methodist conference of his state, and a clever and estimable gentleman. Mr. Powers came east about a month ago to spend a short vacation in Massachusetts. He took with him, when he left home, what he thought was a sufficient supply of money, but the pleasures of the autumnal resorts come a little high for nearly everybody, and when his vacation was nearly over, Mr. Powers discovered that he hadn’t money enough to pay his bills and get him home, too; so he wrote to one of his deacons to send him \$100 to this city, and came here himself, having little more than enough to pay his fare, and trusting to his deacon for relief. In the due course of time, the deacon responded with the \$100 in the shape of a check on a Wall street bank, and Mr. Powers smiled all over and took it to the bank to have it cashed. The paying teller took the check, eyed it all over from end to end, studied the indorsement, straightened it out in his fingers and said:

“‘We don’t know you, Mr. Powers.’  
 “‘I know you don’t, but I am Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Kentucky.’

“A gleam of suspicion glittered in the eye of the natty teller.

“‘You’ll have to get some one we know to identify you,’ he said, and waved the dominie brusquely aside. Mr. Powers was in a painful dilemma. I was the only person in New York he knew, and I was out of town. He had never been here but once before in his life, and his knowledge of worldly ways was small. He went back to his hotel in sad perplexity. His wife sug-

gested that he try to get the hotel proprietor to cash the check for him. When the matter was broached to the clerk, however, that elegant functionary merely smiled grimly, and pointed the guest to the notice on the wall, which declared that no checks would be cashed, bills changed, or money loaned. The dominie stood for a moment in utter bewilderment, and then a miracle happened then and there. The heart of the hotel clerk softened. He asked to see the check. When the situation had been fully explained, he said :

"Now, what you will have to do is to find some Methodist business man who will either cash or indorse that for you. Go over there on Fourteenth street to Mr. Blake, and see what he can do for you."

"Mr. Blake (that isn't his name, but it will serve) is a prominent Methodist, and received Mr. Powers affably. He chilled distinctly, however, when Mr. Powers produced the check. 'To tell the truth,' he said, 'I have been taken in this way so often that I have made a rule not to do it again. Of course, now, if you're really in want—'

"But the dominie bowed himself out and didn't hear the rest. He related this experience not long after to the clerk. That official smiled patronizingly and said that he mustn't mind little things like that; and if he'd come around tomorrow he'd see what could be done for him. So the dominie, beset by a terrible fear of being sent to jail for beating his hotel bill, of walking all the way to Bowling Green, and of many other horrible things, passed a very uneasy night. On the morrow, having succeeded in recalling his identity and the history of his case to the clerk, that obliging young man took the check, scrawled his name just under Mr. Powers' indorsement, and said:

"Take that to Mr. Barnes in Wall street, and ask him to cash it for you."

"I can't do that," said Mr. Barnes, an hour later, 'because I have made a rule against it. But on the strength of

my friend's indorsement I will also indorse it. Then take it to my bank and they will probably pay it.'

"Five minutes later, the dominie, red-faced and perturbed, but hopeful, stood in the awful presence of another paying teller.

"What's this?" said the official, sharply, as he scrutinized the check after the fashion of bank tellers. 'We don't know you, Mr. Powers.'

"I know; but can't you pay it on Mr. Barnes' indorsement?"

"If Mr. Barnes wants that check paid he'll have to come here and identify you. I should think he'd have more sense than to send a stranger here with a check on another bank, anyhow."

"Back to Mr. Barnes, but that gentleman had gone to Hoboken for the day. In despair Mr. Powers tried half a dozen banks in succession, being turned from each with nothing but cold looks and colder refusals for his pains. His last cent had been spent two days before. He walked three miles back to his hotel, and for a college man and a clergyman felt remarkably like a tramp. Strangely enough, the clerk knew him this time, and remembered about the check. When he heard of the dominie's hard plight, he surprised the cashier of the house by laughing a little in a real two-for-a-quarter way, and thought for a moment deeply. Then he dashed abruptly through a side door, and pretty soon emerged with a large, portly man, red-faced, elegantly attired, and plug-hatted. They sat down for a minute with the minister and asked him a few questions. Then the minister passed over the check, and the red-faced man pulled out a roll of bills as big as a saw-log and tossed him two fifties for it. Three minutes later, a much-relieved minister fired a \$50 note at the hotel cashier for his bill, dashed wildly after a Broadway car, with a long train of wife and baggage swinging in his wake, and twenty minutes later was crossing the North river, heading straight for Bowling Green, Ky. He

closes the letter, in which he details these experiences, by a remarkably emphatic promise to stay there hereafter. Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Ky., does not know that the man who relieved his necessities is one of the most notorious gamblers in New York, and that the money that paid his fare home had been won the night before in a long drawn-out game of faro. I don't intend to tell him so, either. He's a clergyman, you know, and I don't want to shake his faith in humanity."—*N. Y. Mail*.

#### SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard common sense than a man. Because she makes less bluster about her rights and quietly maintains them better than a man. Because she won't give \$1.50 for an article that she knows very well that she can get for 75 cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord \$2 for her dinner, and then pay the head waiter \$1 to send her a waiter who will bring it to her for 50 cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good little right hand for two hours until she gets first a receipt for it from a fellow who made her husband pay the same bill five times last year. Not any "just give you credit for it" for her. Because one day a Pullman porter complained to me, "No money on this trip; too many women aboard. Don't never get nothin' out of a woman 'ceptin' her regular fare." I had just paid him twenty-five cents for blacking one of my boots and losing the other. And when he said that—when I saw for myself the heroic firmness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare, and refusing to pay the salaries of the employés of a wealthy corporation, I said: "These women have a right

to vote. To vote? By all that is brave and self-reliant and sensible, they have a right to run the government."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle*.

#### BEAUREGARD AT GRANT'S TOMB.

A pretty picture, with a world of meaning in it, was presented in Riverside Park. A gray mustached man of medium height, dressed in dark and genteel clothes, was standing in front of Gen. Grant's tomb. He looked for several minutes at the plain brick tomb, the only monument New York can afford for the great dead, and then spoke to the policeman who stands guard in place of the soldiers who have been withdrawn.

The visitor carried a small bunch of violets in his hand, and wore a small rosebud in the lapel of his coat. The policeman granted him the privilege to walk up to the tomb, and the stranger tenderly placed his violets on the grave.

He turned to walk away, but stopped, and, removing the rosebud, bent his head over it and placed it with the violets.

It was an incident which occurs every day, but the story it told is one of buried enmity, of forgetfulness, of peace and brotherly love. The stranger was Gen. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana. The ex-Confederate commander gave his tribute of respect and love to his conqueror, and with moist eyes walked away.

ONE may see in the windows of a Fourth avenue confectioner, "Pies Open All Night." A Broadway placard reads, "Home-made Dining-Rooms, Family Oysters." A West Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-made Pies, Pastry and Oysters." An East Broadway caterer retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Lager Beer." A Sixth avenue barber hangs out a sign reading "Boots Blacked Inside." On another street the following catches the eye: "Washin Ironin and Goin Out by the Day Done Here."—*Christian at Work*.

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SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE C. M. & St. P. boys were paid the 25th, which augmented their happiness.

It is estimated that there are about 815,000 freight cars now in use in the United States.

THE pay-car swooped down upon the boys in Chicago, of the Wisconsin Central, on the 26th.

BROTHER WILLIAM MOORE was recently severely hurt at Denver, Col., by being knocked off a car by a guy-rope.

BROTHER R. BURNS, of Denver, was recently presented with a little 12½ pound switchman. Mother and son doing well.

OUR Chicago readers will be surprised to learn that Carter Harrison is now pulling pins in the Denver, Col., switch yards.

CHARLIE DEEN, of the C., St. L. & P. road, was recently severely "struck." It was a bouncing big boy—weight 12½

pounds. Mother and boy doing well, and Charlie out of danger.

THE irrepressible James Slattery, otherwise the "wild Irishman," has again pitched his tent in our midst. He has a fresh and inexhaustible stock of stories. Ask him for one.

WE have often heard of wonderful cases of self-sacrificing, but a New Jersey woman eclipses them all. She eloped with the hired man to keep him from killing her husband.

THE SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL will each month publish the assessments ordered by the Grand Lodge. There are three this month; the names, etc., will be found in another column.

FRANK MARTELL, a member of Lodge 1, lost the thumb on his right hand, and severely injured the wrist, while coupling cars at the Fourteenth street yards of the C. & G. T. road, October 21.

WM. D. MORRIS, formerly a member of Clinton Lodge, No. 12, but now a member of Lodge No. 1, and working on the Galena Division of the C. & N.-W., at the Wood street yards, had two fingers on the left hand broken the other day.

BROTHER CYRUS A. AKERS, of Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, called on us Nov. 30. Brother Akers was on his way home, having been visiting friends in the east. He looks hearty and happy and reports No. 4 in excellent condition.

ED. F. O'SHEA, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the B. of R. R. B., looked

in upon us November 10. Ed. was on his way home from the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the B. of R. R. B., and says San Antonio entertained the brakemen royally.

S. E. WILKINSON, Grand Master of the B. of R. R. B., of Galesburg, Ill., called upon us November 10. Brother Wilkinson looks none the worse for his long service in the interest of the Railway Brakemen. He is an earnest advocate of their interests, and believes "that right wrongs no one."

JAMES C. DENNEY, working at Taylor street on the C., R. I. & P. road, lost a hand on the 13th of November. Mr. Denney is well and favorably known among switchmen, who very much regret his misfortune. He had been proposed and accepted by Lodge No. 1, but had not yet been initiated.

WE are under obligations to Enterprise Lodge No. 27, B. of R. R. B., of Peoria, for an invitation to attend their third annual ball, which was held on the evening of November 23. We are sorry we were unable to attend, but have been assured that it was a great success both financially and socially.

JAMES BURK has returned again to his first love at the Fourteenth street yards of the C. & G. T. road. Mr. Burk is one of Chicago's oldest switchmen, and was hurt some seven months ago. It was thought at the time his injuries would prove fatal, but the JOURNAL is glad to see him at the old stand again.

WE are requested to publish the following addressed to brother J. J. Mc-

Williams, of Lodge No. 28, Duluth, Minn.: "Query.—I would like to know how J. J. McWilliams' DeWitt movement is running, as I am interested in watches, and would like to get onto the fastest traveling watch—Dead Eye Dick."

THOMAS LYNCH, an active member of Detroit Lodge No. 13, can again be found hustling the Stock Yards engine of the M. C. R. R., at the junction yards, Fridays and Saturdays. Tom is not only a "dandy" switchman, but an earnest worker in the interest of the S. M. A. A. "Shake," Tom, until we get better acquainted.

BROTHER WILLIAM GAMBOLD, of Lodge No. 21, Indianapolis, was blown into the city by the snow-storm Dec. 1, and of course, as he should, he called to see us. We asked him to allow us to examine one of those "Indianapolis Sunday Pocket Pistols," but the rascal said he forgot to bring one along. We will excuse you this time, Billy, but don't do it again.

WE hear Mr. E. E. Johnson, of Duluth Lodge No. 28 is an expert at hunting, and a dead shot (with an ax). It is said he recently succeeded in killing, with the aforesaid weapon, a bear weighing about 500 pounds, within 300 yards of Superior street, Duluth. While we envy your skill as a marksman, Ed., next time don't forget that editors eat bear.

JOSEPH D. HOOSIC, a member of Lodge No. 1, is back to the city again, and working on the Wisconsin Central. Joe has been sojourning for a time at Evansville, Ind., and says the only



fault he found with the people in that city was that when he felt like indulging in his characteristic oratory, they did not seem to appreciate his efforts. Of course the people were to blame.

MEMPHIS Lodge No. 27 will be found on our roll this month. Brother William A. Simmons organized them on November 18. He reports the switchmen of Memphis enthusiastic, and says No. 27 promises to rival older and much larger Lodges in efficiency and intelligence. He was favorably impressed with the interest displayed by the switchmen of Memphis.

AND now comes Duluth, Minn., and asks to be numbered 28, under the jurisdiction of the S. M. A. A., of N. A. Grand Organizer and Instructor Drury organized them on November 21. He reports the switchmen of Duluth as being of the stuff that make good, consistent and conservative members. Peregrinating committees from other cities will do well to steer clear of the Duluth boys, as they feel confident of taking care of their own business.

THE freight employes on the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad recently made a demand for an advance in wages. The company, after considering the matter for some time, posted at Cleveland, Wellsville and Bellaire, on November 22, the following schedule: Freight conductors who have received \$2.60 per trip will receive \$2.90; brakemen to be raised from \$1.70 to \$1.90, and an allowance for overtime in excess of twelve hours. While this is not up to the amounts asked by the men, the press dispatches say that in

all probability it will be accepted by them.

BROTHER DAN WATERS, a member of Lodge 1, who has been working on the North-Western at Harvard, Ill., met with a peculiar accident recently. He was hanging on the side of a car, and had his feet caught between the bottom step and a switch handle, that did not clear the car more than two inches, badly bruising both feet. There being no light on the target, he was unable to see the switch before he was struck by it. He will be laid up for some time.

MR. PETER DUMAS, working on the G. T., has arrived at the conclusion that it would be much more pleasant to face the ups and downs of this life trotting in double harness, than pulling the old cart around alone. Peter, this is a bright idea. Follow it up; there is "millions in it." Don't look back. Remember Lot's wife. She became a little too fresh, and undertook to engage in a little flirtation with the "dudes" left behind, and was salted. Take our advice in this matter, and if you are not satisfied after a twenty years' trial, send in the bill to us and we will foot it.

THE switchmen of Cincinnati were duly organized into a lodge of the S. M. A. A., by William A. Simmons, on November 10. By letters received by the Grand Lodge, we are informed that they have, since their organization, admitted forty more members—making a total of sixty-five. This is an excellent showing for a new lodge, and Brother Simmons assures us that the material of the lodge is of an excellent

quality, and their earnestness and energy is indisputable. We welcome Cincinnati to our ranks and congratulate them upon their good showing, and hope to always hear of good deeds from them.

At Springfield, Ill., November 10th, the Chicago, Kansas & Western Railroad filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, the capital stock being \$10,000,000. It is proposed to build one line to extend from a point in Hancock county, northeasterly to Chicago; one from a point opposite Fort Madison, Iowa, to Chicago; one from a point in Knox county on the first line, running southeasterly to the east boundary of Illinois; one from a point on the second line in Peoria county, to run northwesterly to a point near the boundary of Mercer and Rock Island counties; then by separate lines to Rock Island, and a point on the Mississippi opposite Muscatine, Iowa, and a line from a point on the boundary of Knox and Warren counties on the second line, northwesterly to a point on the Mississippi river, in Henderson county.

W. S. CONDON, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, assumed the duties of his office November 8. We welcome Mr. Condon to his new position, and feel that we voice the sentiments of the Association when we say that each individual member of the Association will gladly give him that support and encouragement that he is entitled to. The Grand Lodge, at its last session, ordained that one good and true man should supersede another. In severing our official relations with Brother Joseph D. Hill we do so with the kindest

feelings toward him. He, by his energy, earnestness, intelligence and unquestionable honesty, won a high position in the counsels of the Grand Lodge, and we give him our unqualified indorsement, and earnestly hope that ever in the future his "lines may be cast in pleasant places."

On Thanksgiving eve, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Burlington, Iowa, Mr. John Anglin, employed in the master mechanic's office of the B. & O. road at South Chicago, was married to Miss Mary Shields, sister of Howard and Robert Shields, two of Lodge No. 1's best members. Howard and Robert, accompanied by Mr. Thomas McClain of Lodge No. 1, attended the ceremony at Burlington. The presents were numerous and beautiful. The ceremony was performed by Father O'Brien, at St. Patrick's church. The happy pair left over the C., B. & Q. road on a short wedding tour, stopping to visit friends and relatives at Quincy, Peoria, etc. The father of the bride is an old and much respected citizen of Burlington, and is of good old Irish stock.

FRED. BENHAM, while switching cars at Western avenue for the C. M. & St. P. road, on the night of November 25th, met with a very narrow escape from instant death. Mr. Benham was in the act of cutting off several cars, and had reached in to pull the pin, when his foot struck the end of a "stub switch," and he was thrown across the rail. Before the train could be stopped, one car passed over his right heel, and, catching his pantaloons under the tread of the wheel, he was held like a vise,

while each revolution of the wheel caught an additional hold on his clothing. In this manner the wheels passed the entire length of his body, running over his shoulder. It is difficult to tell whether he will recover or not. Mr. Benham is a single man, and had expressed his intention of joining the S. M. A. A. as soon as he had been in the city long enough.

SWITCH engine No. 102, and crew, of the C. & N.-W. road, on Nov. 20, was delivering cars to the L. S. & M. S. yards at Forty-third street. They also had quite a number of cars to deliver to the C. R. I. & P. yards at Fifty-first. This necessitated the C. & N.-W. train crossing from the L. S. & M. S. yards through the connection between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets, to the south-bound main track, in order to reach the C. R. I. & P. yard on Fifty-first street. The C. & N.-W. having the right-of-way, was crossing the L. S. & M. S. main track, when L. S. & M. S. engine No. 485, with a train coming north, run into the side of the C. & N.-W. train, damaging the Lake Shore engine to the extent of several thousand dollars, besides demolishing several cars of the C. & N.-W. The engineer of the C. & N.-W., by extraordinary effort and good judgment succeeded in saving his engine. The accident is attributed to the carelessness of the crew of the Lake Shore train, they all being in the engine toasting their toes, instead of being in their proper positions on the train. It was a miracle that there was nobody killed or seriously injured, as the Lake Shore train was running at about thirty miles an hour. The accident caused quite a blockade.

WE are pained to chronicle the death of Brother Edward M. Kehoe, of Lodge No. 13, Detroit, Mich. At about 2 o'clock on the morning of November 11th, as he was working switching a train, he undertook to get on between two flat cars loaded with lumber, and catching hold of the ends of the cars he undertook to throw himself upon the cars. As he did so one of his hands slipped from the end of the car and he fell across the rail, the cars passing over both of his legs, cutting them off — one above the knee and the other below the knee. He was taken in an ambulance to St. Mary's Hospital, where the surgeon decided not to amputate the limbs, as the operation would instantly be followed by death. He lingered until 11 a. m. the same date, when death put an end to his suffering. Lodge No. 13 has lost a good and true member in the death of Brother Kehoe, and his sad taking-off has cast a gloom over the lodge. He was an earnest member of the association, and will be sorely missed in its councils. We publish this month in another column, resolutions of respect adopted by Lodge No. 13.

SINCE the publication of our premium lists, we have had notices served upon us from members of nearly every lodge, and in the larger lodges by quite a number of members, that they propose to capture our first prize. The field is large, and members of the smaller lodges have no reason for not competing, owing to the fact that the larger ones will have quite a number of competitors, thereby reducing their field. The outlook for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL was never brighter,

and we feel safe in assuring the members of the association that by the end of the first volume the JOURNAL will be able to turn in a handsome revenue to the treasury of the Grand Lodge.

In this connection we desire to remind our readers that Christmas will soon be here, and many of them will evidently desire to make presents to wives, daughters, sweethearts, etc. Our facilities for furnishing watches and books are unsurpassed. The fact in itself that the watches we propose to furnish are from the well-known house of Giles Bros., and the books from Belford, Clarke & Co., is a sufficient guarantee that they will be first-class, and we can furnish them for prices below any retail house in the country. Read our offers to single subscribers in the back pages of the JOURNAL. These are only a few of the many we have to offer. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of these offers can do so by addressing the Secretary-Treasurer.

WE acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to attend the marriage reception of Miss Annie Marion and Mr. David M. Pascoe, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Typographical Union. In our limited knowledge of the International law of the printers' union, we are unable to understand how the secretary-treasurer of that body received authority to issue a charter for the formation of a union wherein two constitutes a quorum for the transaction of such business as will *naturally* come up for consideration. If President Amison has been prevailed upon to issue a special dispensation, we fear his good intentions have been imposed upon, and in this connec-

tion we seem to recognize the cunning hand of the chief organizer, Mr. David P. Boyer. We *know* the chief organizer has, for lo! these many years! been using all his persuasive powers to establish a precedent for such a procedure, purely on *personal* grounds. In fact he has "laid-awake-o'-nights" so much, thinking over the matter, that the "golden threads" that nature bestowed so generously upon his "thinking bump," have become so "tired of the idle waking," that they have stolen "away from the scenes of happier days" to such an extent that the remaining ones are so "few and far between" that they are now forced to communicate by telephone. Our bachelor editor, on reading the invitation, shook his head and looked wise. He seemed to anticipate strikes, arbitration, lockouts, etc., etc., but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Accept our congratulations, David, and we are sorry to tender our regrets at not being able to attend. And may the new union soon have sufficient membership (7) to hold a charter.

A SENSATION was caused at Painted Woods, Dakota, sixteen miles north of Bismarck, the other evening by the appearance of a herd of buffaloes stampeding before the storm. This is the first herd of buffaloes seen in that country for over two years, and they must have been driven over one hundred miles by the storm. They were going in a southwesterly direction and crossed the Missouri river about ten miles north of Bismarck. It is estimated that the herd numbered over three hundred, and many of the animals were exhausted.

## THE BLACKLIST AGAIN.

We have, on several occasions, expressed ourselves quite freely on the blacklist question. We have also been equally as free in expressing our condemnation of the boycott; but so long as the blacklist continues to be petted and nurtured by employers there can be no hope of the boycott being stamped out. Of the two great evils, the boycott is the lesser. An open enemy who stands up courageously and openly fights you, is worthy of far more respect than the villainous assassin who does all his work secretly and stabs you in the back.

But as we have frequently discussed this question, our only object at this time, is to point out two distinct cases where the blacklist has but recently been brought into use, and call attention to the dangers of such proceedings.

At the time of the late freight-handlers' strike in Chicago, there had been working in one of the railroad offices in Chicago, as a clerk, a young man who had been in the said railroad's employ for some ten or twelve years. He had hired to the company as a clerk, and by faithfulness and his natural ability had been advanced to a prominent clerkship. He was physically unable to stand heavy work of any character. When the freight-handlers went out on a strike, he was ordered by the man at the head of his department to go into the freight house to wheel trucks and help handle freight. He declined to do so for two reasons: he was physically unable to do so, and he had hired to the company as a clerk, and not to handle freight. He was not a member of any labor organization. He was instantly dis-

charged. He thought it was not just the proper way to use an old employé, but said nothing, and accepted his discharge without asking any questions. He sought, and secured employment in the office of another company. He had been at work less than two weeks, when he was peremptorily discharged again. This he thought a little strange, as he knew he was capable of all the duties assigned him, and had been faithful in discharging them. He sought employment with another company, and was again employed, but with similar experience. This occurred to him in four different places. He could not imagine what was wrong. But when he received his last discharge he asked for the reason, and was told he was on the blacklist. He had never read or heard of such a thing, and did not know what it meant until explained to him. Fortunately he was a man of considerable ability and energy, and soon secured employment at other business. It is a strange commentary on justice, however, that a man who had devoted twelve of the best years of his life in perfecting himself for his life-work, was forced, owing to having differed with one employer, to leave that work and virtually begin life anew.

There is another case of blacklisting equally unwarranted, and deserving the condemnation of all men of honor. When the strike occurred on the Lake Shore road, many of the men that quit work were not members of any organization, nor did they go near, nor have they ever been near the Lake Shore tracks. They simply quit work. A right everybody grants them. They took no other part in the strike, nor can they be charged of having ever en-

deavored to even embarrass the company, otherwise than quitting its employ. They sought employment with other companies, and, owing to their well-known efficiency and reliability, were engaged. Now it turns out that the Lake Shore company, having black-listed these men for no other offense than that they had left their employ, and is systematically and persistently following them and having them discharged. Many of these men, it can be proven, have been asked to work for the Lake Shore company, and declined to do so. And the Lake Shore company have *now* in their employ at least four of the most open and enthusiastic advocates of the late strike. Men, too, who during the strike did not hesitate to advocate and encourage violence and the destruction of property. Why these men are petted, and some of them given better positions than they ever held in their lives before—and better far than they are competent of filling—while other good men, who have no desire to work for the Lake Shore company, are prevented from working for other companies, we would like that company to explain. And it might not be amiss to ask other railroad companies of Chicago if they propose to be parties to such a conspiracy, or permit the Lake Shore company to use them for such a purpose. We are not attempting to apologize for or fight the battles of men who were guilty of unlawful acts in connection with the Lake Shore strike. But we desire to here call the attention of the other railroad companies who are now applied to by the Lake Shore company to do their dirty work, that instead of proscribing these men they should be under a debt of gratitude to them.

For had it not been for these very men, and others with an equal sense of justice, that instead of the Lake Shore road only being “tied up” last June, every railroad running into Chicago would have been in a similar condition. And is this to be their reward? Let the other companies investigate this matter, is all we ask. And we believe the switchmen of Chicago are entitled to this much consideration.

#### FOSTER MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1886.

*To the Labor Organizations of the United States and Dominion of Canada, Greeting:*

At a meeting of the Foster Memorial Association, held October 31st, at 607 Walnut street, it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to draft an appeal to all bodies of organized labor throughout the United States and Canada, calling upon them to contribute to the erection of a monument to William H. Foster, late Secretary of the National Federation of Trades.

Mr. Foster was well known everywhere as an earnest and devoted worker in the cause of labor, having been prominently connected with the International Typographical Union, Philadelphia and Cincinnati Typographical Unions, the Central Labor Unions of the two cities named, and L. A. 3879 and D. A. 1, K. of L.; and to him, as much as to any, organized labor owes the advanced position which it occupies today. His exertions in the cause were ever untiring, and to the over-taxation of his strength in this respect is principally due his demise at the early age of thirty-eight.

All contributions should be sent to the secretary of the association, E. H. Madden, *Evening Star* office, 32 South Seventh street, at the same time notifying the President, David M. Pascoe, *Tocsin* office, 728 Filbert street, of the amount contributed.

We gladly give place to the above, and hope our readers will respond liberally. The writer of this was an old-time friend of “Billy’s” (as we were accustomed to call him) and served through four national conventions with him. If there ever was a life consecrated to the best interests of workingmen, that life was Billy Foster’s. Earnest, conservative, always ready to

give a helping hand for his fellow man. His name was never heralded at a nabob's feast, but many, many working-men have not only listened, but wisely heeded his honest, earnest advice, and would unquestionably be glad to contribute their mite for the purpose of marking his last resting place. Yes, by all means let the monument be erected. Those who knew him but to love him would like to at least say over his grave, for future generations to read, "*Sit tibi terra levis.*"

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relating to railways have been issued since last month, as reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624 F street, Washington, D. C.

Automatic Brake Adjuster—J. B. Burns, Indianapolis, Ind.

Automatic Car Brake—H. A. Wahlert, St. Louis, Mo.

Automatic Car Coupling—J. D. Majors, Bragg's, Ala.

Automatic Car Brake—W. J. Lynd, Yreka, Cal.

Brake Rod Handle—J. H. Brill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brake for Car—J. S. Connelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Car Coupling—W. V. Reed, Lowville, N. Y.

Car Brake—John Morrow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Car Brake and Starter—J. F. Morell and C. Tilton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Electro-Magnetic Car Brake—H. S. Park, Henderson, Ky.

Steam Car Brake—A. S. Nadow, Springfield, Mass.

Switch Stand—F. C. Weir, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### MARRIAGE BELLS.

Mr. Mike Heney, of the C. M. & St. Paul road, can be classed no longer as an old bachelor. While many of the girls have tried their charms on Mike, and endeavored to lead him to the altar,

it was left for Miss Ellen Nash to accomplish that feat. And it was surprising to Mike's many friends how easily and gracefully she accomplished the task. He met his fate manfully, and "died game." The ceremony was performed at a Catholic church on the evening of November 27th, after which a reception was given at the residence of Mr. J. T. Norton, No. 81 Seymour street, where an elegant wedding dinner was served, and the many friends of the bride and groom were entertained with excellent music, etc., until a late hour. The presents were numerous and very handsome and valuable. Mr. and Mrs. Heney are tendered the best wishes of the JOURNAL.

#### A FAVORITE.

One cold night last winter I jumped on the platform of a Fourth avenue car at Eighteenth street. The driver was half dead and trying to blow a little warmth into his fast numbing fingers. I passed the time of the night with him, and somehow we got into conversation.

"Been long on the road?" says I.

"Fifteen years," says he.

"You must be a favorite of the company," says I.

"Yes, I am," says he; "you see that old gray horse—that nigh one there?"

"I do," says I.

"I am a favorite of the company," says he; "last winter the old gray fell sick. So did I. The company sent for a doctor for the horse, and sent me a notice to quit. I'm a h—ll of a favorite."—*Ex.*

MUSCULAR Christianity has lately received a new illustration at the hands of a lady resident of a Kennebec town, who used her bible over the head of a ruffian who attempted to stop her on her way to church the other evening, putting him hors de combat with one blow.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

## In Memoriam.



DETROIT, November 15, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The following resolutions were adopted unanimously by Lodge No. 13, and ordered published in the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL:

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our brother member, Edward M. Kehoe, who has been identified with our order since its organization; and

WHEREAS, We deem it a just recognition to a faithful member to express the esteem in which he has been held by his fellow members; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we have heard with deep regret of the death of our respected brother;

*Resolved*, That we extend to his parents our profound sympathy in their sad bereavement;

*Resolved*, That the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our order, and a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and also published in the official organ of our order.

W. H. SPERRY,  
THOS. F. LYNCH,  
G. J. BEST,  
Committee.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., October 30.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

At a meeting of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, Lodge No. 21,

the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our late friend and brother, F. S. MacIntire, who, on the night of October 26, 1886, met his death by accident; and

WHEREAS, During the time he has been associated with us he has endeared himself to all by his upright and manly disposition; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, while we accept with resignation the will of Him who doeth all things for the best, we cannot refrain from expressing our regrets for his untimely death, and offer our sympathy to his bereaved mother and brothers;

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented his bereaved family, and published in the Indianapolis *News* and SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL of Chicago.

L. L. DARNALL,  
J. F. DATID,  
J. M. MADDEN,  
Committee.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## DEATH OF OTTA I. NEWFER.

KANSAS CITY, November 19.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

On Saturday, Nov. 6, "that low green tent whose curtain never outward swings," opened to receive Otta I., the only child of W. C. and Carrie Newfer, of Kansas City, Mo., a bright little daughter of eight years, who died of tonsilitis, on Wednesday, Nov. 3.

Otta Newfer dead! It could not be! None could realize that the gentle spirit of the sprightly little being who seemed to live only that she might shed the light of her genial presence over all she knew, had returned to the God who gave it. Generous, affectionate, and possessed of an intelligence beyond her years, all who knew her



loved her. Otta is gone, never to return again, and while her sorrowing parents mourn her death with deep grief, she is with Him whom angels worship, and to whose mandates arch-angels say, "Amen." While they mourn, she is happy, singing songs of praise on the banks of the "beautiful river that flows by the throne of God." They question not the goodness and mercy of Him who "doeth all things well," but live in the hope that they will one day meet their only loved one on the other shore, where she will be waiting to greet them with her face wreathed in smiles, and the "light of heaven thereon."

"Gathered 'round a narrow casket,  
Stand a lonely funeral train;  
While for her redeemed thus early,  
Tears are falling now like rain.

"Hopes are crushed and hearts are bleeding,  
Drear the fireside now and lone—  
Otta, only and beloved one,  
Far away to heaven has flown.

"Long, long will they miss you, Otta,  
Long, long days for you they'll weep,  
And through many nights of sorrow  
Memory will her vigil keep."

M. E. W.

JOLIET, Nov. 23, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I see a letter from "Duke, the Switchman," in your last issue, giving an account of all our single members that have been unfortunate enough "to tie a knot with their tongues which they cannot untie with their teeth." He ("Duke") states that the boys of No. 3 have donated a beautiful chamber set to all of the members that have entered into the state of matrimony since the formation of No. 3. In this statement I wish to contradict "Duke," as I know for a certainty that brother R. Davison has not received any such donation—for what reason I am not at

present prepared to say. But I am pretty near safe, and also sure, when I say that "Duke" is not a success as a manipulator of links and pins in Joliet. Take no offense, "Duke," we will meet again. "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you." I am,

XERXES.

JOLIET, Nov. 25, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I wish to inform the readers of the JOURNAL that we are making preparations for a grand ball on Christmas eve, December 24, to be given in Werner Hall, on North Chicago street. All members of the S. M. A. A., as well as the public in general, are cordially invited to attend; and I will guarantee that the boys of No. 3 will do all in their power to insure a good time. Floor managers reserve the right to eject any and all objectionable characters. Come one, come all.

When I have a little spare time, I will try and give you a little information, with figures, in regard to No. 3 since its organization, which I think will be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

I am, yours fraternally,

W. R. DAVISON.

C. M. & ST. P. YARDS, }  
CHICAGO, November 25. }

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I have promised myself for some time that I would contribute a few lines for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, but it seems as though I can never find the time, owing to my troubles and cares in the yard and duties at home.

I am on the day shift, but to an outsider it would appear as though I was working a greater portion of both shifts.

I am called for the early stock train, which should leave about 5 a. m., and get home at from 8 to 9 o'clock. The call-boy sometimes calls me at 3 a. m., and probably the next time it will be 3:30. One morning last week he came rushing in to my bed-chamber at 2:40 a. m., threw a greasy lamp up in my face, and says: "Square yourself for the first 5 o'clock stock." I asked him why he called me two hours before I was wanted. He just placed his arm through the bale of his lamp, catching it by the bottom, brought it up against his right lung, at the same time cocking his hat on the side of his head and rolling a quid of tobacco under his tongue, answered me in a sarcastic manner that he had twenty-seven men to call and he was not going to run his "dang" feet off to call them all in thirty minutes. Says he: "I have just got twenty-eight miles to walk in one hour and thirty-two minutes, in order to call all on my list this morning, and I must be off." Most likely some of you would like to know if I got up and "squared myself for the 5 o'clock stock" then. That is about what I did, for I am a man who don't take any chances, especially when I know I am going to get ten days lay off if I should oversleep and not show up until after the stock leaves. I have made up my mind that the first time I have I will start a petition to have a half-dozen more call-boys put on the force. But I don't think it will be advisable to spring any more petitions until after Christmas, as we are already overrun with them.

Tom Burns' cows are minding the gates at the boulevards. Tom Welch has left the service of the company and

gone to work for the city again. Frank Armstrong has dissolved partnership with Fred and Tom Tomie at the stock yards. Mr. F. S. Atkins has about got over nursing his tender foot. George Adair laid off ten days last month, and it was not on account of rheumatism, either. Pete Bemmer is still carrying the punch. Fattie Carroll and Frank McGraw have been over on Goose Island among the geese and goats for the past two months.

Business is booming and the assistant yardmasters are going to ask that their salaries be increased to at least \$225 per month. But if the company does not feel perfectly willing to grant the raise, rather than have any hard feelings in the matter, will work for just an even \$100.

We have had several serious accidents in the yard this last month, but as you have an account of them I will not give them.

Among some of the old foremen in charge of engines are Ed. Frazier, Ed. Goodwin, Ed. Strong, Frank McGraw, Tom Gorman, Frank Armstrong, W. H. Streater, P. Bemmer, James Martin, George Hale, Tom Burns, George Burlingham, Ike Creighton and John Costello. This constitutes the day foremen at Western avenue.

HOMO.

ENGLEWOOD, Nov. 25.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Not seeing anything in the columns of the JOURNAL of late as to how the yardmen at this place amuse themselves, I take the liberty of writing you the particulars of one of the events of the season. I refer to the grand Thanksgiving ball, given under the auspices of Division No. 30, Y. M. M.

B. A. The ball was held at Tillotson's Hall, on Thanksgiving eve, and was a decided success, both socially and financially. The music was furnished by Prof. Neeley's famous orchestra, that fact alone being a guarantee that the music was all that could be desired by those who are fond of "tripping the light fantastic." The following is a list of the gentlemen on the various committees: Officers—W. C. Hurley, President; M. McMasters, first Vice-president; P. Maher, second Vice-president; W. D. Fitch, Secretary, and James Kidd, Treasurer. Reception Committee—M. McMasters, W. D. Fitch, James Kidd, R. Dougan, W. C. Hurley, C. Fudrow, Wm. Wells, F. B. Hines, Thos. Burns, P. Maher, John Powers, John Riley, J. D. Waterman and John Welch. Floor Committee—M. McNiel, Chief; P. Casey, Assistant Chief; Chas. Hurley, L. H. Pender, S. Appleton, B. Murphy, M. McMahon, Jas. Cannon, J. A. Hume, E. N. Jordan, F. Dow, C. Upham, M. J. Cowan and P. Fitzpatrick. I would say that a more gentlemanly set of men would be hard to find. And they left nothing undone that would contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of their guests. Mrs. W. D. Fitch had charge of the ladies' cloak room, which is equivalent to saying that the guests all found their wearing apparel in "apple pie order." Mr. M. J. Woods looked after the "Cadies and Benjamins" for the gentlemen. The programme consisted of twenty-four numbers, and it was not too short, nor yet too long, but just right, and reflects much credit on the persons compiling it. One of the numbers was dedicated to the S. M. A. A. The ball opened at precisely nine-

o'clock with a grand march, nearly one hundred couples participating. The dance continued until twelve o'clock, everybody seeming to enjoy themselves, when an intermission was declared, and the dancers repaired to Mr. Ed. White's restaurant, where a bountiful spread awaited them. It is needless to say that they all enjoyed that feature of the entertainment as well as the other. Afterward the company returned to the hall, and the enticing music and happy voices could be heard until the "wee small hours." The ball certainly reflects much credit on Division No. 30, and when it comes to an affair of this kind, they can always be found at the top.

We noticed several familiar faces in the hall among which were Phil Casey, Joe Waterman, John W. Drury, Joseph D. Hill, "Big Sandy" (C. Fudrow), "Billy the Kid" (Wm. A. Simmons), Mike Shine and Thos. Griffin, who seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. There were a great many more, but as I am afraid that I have already occupied too much space in your valuable journal, I will now "cry quits" and send the engine to the house.

HELPER.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, November 17.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I noticed an article in your last issue from this place giving a full account of all the employes in the B., C. R. & N. yards. It failed to mention any of the boys working in the other yards. Now I object to this, as it looks rather selfish on the part of your correspondent to exclude these men, and it would lead one to infer that the Burlington is the only road in the energetic and thriving city of Cedar Rapids. But I

am here to inform your many readers that we are in town, and we have come to stay. We can also talk upon matters of importance and interest pertaining to, and for the good of the Association. We feel perfectly confident of being fully able to write upon subjects of material benefit to the order, and discuss all matters of vital importance. You must not think by this that we are angry, but we want it understood that we are here.

I must congratulate Lodge No. 17 on this occasion as possessing a fine class of boys. They are generous to those in need, genial and warm-hearted to strangers out of employment, courteous and pleasant to all their associates and obedient and diligent in their daily labors. In fact they have all the requisites that go to make up the man.

Now, if I am permitted, I will say a kind word in favor of the C. & N.-W. yardmen. The general yardmaster is a member of our Lodge—Mr. J. J. Tisher—he is a perfect gentleman, and has quite a large number of friends in this place. Not being personally acquainted with his men I will not take time to mention them. Now comes next on the docket the good old solid road, the C., M. & St. Paul. This yard has for its yardmaster, J. S. Seymour, who is well known to all of the old switchmen in Chicago, and, boys, I will say that he is a star. We want you all to distinctly understand that he is also our worthy master. He is a man of good stuff, and true as steel. Next is W. F. Wilson, assistant manager of engine 92—some call it foreman—I could dwell very long on this subject, but as time and space won't permit. I

will next introduce our financial secretary, W. J. Henry, my worthy helpmate. He is a dandy in his business. I tell you we make a full team, wagon, driver and all. Our engineer is a stingy little fellow, not much larger than a pint of milk.

Now, I am not selfish in my views. I try and see what kind of manly stuff the boys in the B. & C. R. are. "Blockade Jerry," some call him, but I will address him by his proper name—George Spratford, is foreman of the South End engine. I will say in conclusion that the B. & C. R. switchmen are as a general rule a fine class of men—full of fun and business. I will not attempt to write any more this time, but I will in the near future try and tell you all about the officers in general.

Our Lodge is doing nicely and grows rapidly. It is built up with good men. Applications for membership are numerous at this writing. I wish to say to all the delegates of the late convention that the Daniel Webster of that grand old gathering is still alive and doing well, and working for the interests of the order. With many kind wishes to all brothers, I again bid you good-by. Yours fraternally,

W. F. WILSON.

STONY ISLAND, NOV. 24.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Everything is lovely on the Nickle road, as the boys are all making good money, while the distinguished gentleman (Billie Bow-legs) is losing no time in making himself conspicuous among the ladies in the vicinity. "Take a tumble to yourself," Billie, and do not act the swine. Stick to the widow and let well-enough alone.

Do not allow the young ladies to make sport of you any longer. You are now a laughing-stock for the whole community.

#### GRAND CROSSING.

Roy Fanning, the little three-year-old son of brother James Fanning, of the Nickle Plate, September last, while playing in the yard, was bitten by a dog, producing a slight wound on the back of the hand. The child's mother at the time was sick, and little attention was paid to the wound. On October 28th, just forty-one days after the child was bitten, the mother discovered the child slightly ill. The little fellow would continually beg for water and could not drink it. On the following day the child, being no better, the family physician was called in, and after a close examination Dr. Chapman pronounced him suffering from a severe case of hydrophobia, and that there was no help for the little fellow. He continued to grow worse, and on the evening of the 30th went into spasms, and had them at intervals of about twenty-five minutes until death came to his relief. He would beg for water but could not drink it. And the moment a person would open the hydrant, if he could hear the sound of the water, a shudder would pass through his whole frame, and he would immediately go into spasms. After thirty-six hours of this horrible suffering the little fellow passed away.

All alone, no Roy is with us,  
We will miss him every day,  
For he's gone to dwell with Jesus,  
Who has washed his sins away.  
—By his Mother.

Dennis Cull (better known among Pullman and Kensington switchmen as "Cap" Cull) has joined the birds and

gone south to remain all winter. A great many of his friends will be pleased to see him come back in the spring well staked, while more of them would be better pleased if he didn't come back at all.

Brother Gilbert, of the Nickle Plate, recently met with a painful but not serious accident. While coupling cars the link broke, and a part of it came in contact with the side of his face, loosening some of his teeth, and causing him to lose a few days' time. He is now able to be out and perform his duties again, which the boys are all pleased to see.

You will allow me to call your attention to another of the many little events that the readers of our JOURNAL find each month in its columns. This time it is the marriage of brother Ed. Sullivan to Miss Carrie Seibold, of Grand Crossing. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Shell avenue and Seventy-sixth street. It was a quiet affair, none but intimate friends being present. Consequently everyone was taken by surprise. The presents were numerous as well as costly. Friend Ed.—May every year of your married life find you happier than the last; and may Mrs. Sullivan find you as loyal a husband as you have been a friend. SWITCHMAN.

GRAND CROSSING, Nov. 20.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I have gathered in my perambulations a few items that you may use as you see fit.

The Pullman Palace Car Company recently built a private official's car for the C., M. & St. P. road that cost \$30,000. It is supposed to be one of the

finest constructed coaches that ever left their works. It is equipped with all the necessities for traveling life, and may be called "Hotel Wisconsin," as that is the name of the coach.

The Pullman Car Company are going to build an addition of 250 feet to their freight car construction shops this fall. When this is completed the works will have a capacity of 160 cars under construction at one time.

The switchmen of Chicago, as a general rule, know but little about the Pullman railroad and switch yards. So I will try and give them an idea of how things are working. The railroad part of the question does not amount to much, therefore, I will say nothing about it. But the yard and the link and pin manipulators are as much as any switchman has to brag of—

For the work is grief without relief,  
And never a moment's leisure.

We are doing a rushing business at present, as we are working three engines, and the prospects are good for the fourth, which Superintendent Elward ordered some time ago, and it is daily expected. Brother Carney conducts the transfer train, with the two popular and efficient hustlers, known as "Doc" Grogan and "Gondola Bill," helping him, while Brothers Klinge and Lee are doing the short work.

As you see we are working three engines with three men to an engine—all association men but one—I desire to call your attention to the fact that *thirteen* copies of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL circulate in our yard monthly, and the prospects are good for more, as Brother Melbourn is talking JOURNAL to every one. Who can beat this showing?

SUNSHINE.

## A SUGGESTION TO LODGE NO. 1.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

It is the history of all legislative bodies, be they national, local or secret, that when they become too large, important questions do not receive that careful consideration that their gravity demands. It is impossible to take up a question and discuss it from all sides where a large majority have no desire to look at it but from one standpoint. The congress of the United States, owing to its large representation, has, by its noisy sessions and disposition to hurry through questions of great moment, earned the name of the "National Beer Garden." However, it was considered wise by the founders of the Republic, who foresaw the dangers that would naturally arise by relegating to such a large body the legislation of the government, to have a check upon hasty legislation. Hence, a senate was created, which can never become a large body, who review all legislation in the lower house.

The same state of affairs will also arise in bodies composed of workingmen, banded together for no matter how noble a purpose. In fact, it has a more serious character. Their success depends largely upon the harmony they are able to preserve. There can be no harmony unless each individual is allowed the privilege of at least stating his objection to a proposition. It is utterly impossible to do this in a large body. Hence, large bodies have a tendency to destroy harmony; and when harmony is destroyed, it is only a question of time when the society itself will be destroyed.

With a membership of almost a thousand, it is quite clear that some-

thing must be done to expedite the business of Lodge No. 1, as well as to promote harmony, and make its mandates so satisfactory to all that there will be no hesitancy or quibbling over the matter. Besides, we have about 120 members coming from Pullman, South Chicago, Grand Crossing, Auburn Junction and Kensington alone, not counting innumerable other places quite a distance from our place of meeting. It is a great trial upon these members to come to our meetings, or attend to keeping their dues and assessments paid. It is almost impossible for them to get a train after 10 o'clock at night to take them home. Hence, they are forced to remain in the city over night, and oftentimes cannot reach their work in time in the morning. It will be thus seen that if these members do succeed in reaching their homes, they lose almost a full night's rest. If they do not, they generally lose a day's work. I venture the assertion that every member living at the places above named who attends the meetings of Lodge No. 1 loses at least a day's work each meeting he attends; and there are, I might say, hundreds, for the reasons before stated, that do not attend the meetings at all, which will naturally breed discontent and lack of interest in our Association.

The suggestion I have to make is this: That Lodge No. 1 be divided into four lodges; one to meet say at Grand Crossing; one at Thirty-ninth and State streets; one on Halsted near Sixteenth street, and one on North Halsted near Indiana street—the meetings to be held on different nights, so that the members of one lodge could visit the others.

If the suggestions I offer were adopted, I believe it would be the means of materially improving the status of our Association. The business would be conducted in a more expeditious and satisfactory manner; the members would have a closer supervision over each other, and it would also be the means of having each member continue financial, and cause a greater individual interest in the good and welfare of the Association. It would be a great stride toward harmony and good-fellowship. A larger attendance would unquestionably be the result.

Trusting that the foregoing suggestion will be discussed, and a thorough understanding arrived at in the near future, I am, fraternally,

M. J. KEEGAN.

#### THE BALL AT EAST SAGINAW.

EAST SAGINAW, November 10.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The following is an account of the first annual ball of East Saginaw Lodge No. 24, which took place at the Armory Hall, Saginaw City, November 3:

The dancing commenced with the grand march, over 250 couples participating. The floor committee acquitted themselves in a creditable manner, and thanks, in a measure, are due to brother T. Bowles, the chief. And, by the way, the ladies were quite impressed with brother Bowles, he having no less than three in charge. But never mind, brother Bowles, come again. Brother John Newbold, our recording secretary, was present, accompanied by his estimable wife; but I am sorry brothers Keiler and Shaw were under the disadvantage of having

to come alone. Too bad if all the girls in the Saginaws have gone back on them. Our worthy Master, John A. Anderson and wife, accompanied by a lady friend attended. Brother Anderson is very quiet when out in company, but did very well that evening. Brothers Sharkey and Wightman, as door-keepers, discharged their duties faithfully. Quite a number were in attendance from Bay City and Flint, and they all expressed their satisfaction at the evening's enjoyment. I am proud to say that the ball was a grand success, both financially and socially. Our next ball will be held at Bay City in a short time.

I will give a little information in regard to Lodge No. 24. We were organized here on July 25th with sixteen members, and now we have twenty-eight, and prospects of more. Brothers Picard and Crackel have taken withdrawal cards and left for better quarters. Hope you will have good luck, brothers.

Hoping this communication is not too long, I remain,

SWITCHMAN'S WIFE.

#### LINKS.

Yes; slewed is the past tense of s'loon.—*Washington Post*.

A telegraph office has been established at Manilla, Iowa, in a box car.

Railroad sleepers of cast glass, by the Siemen's method, are a possibility of the near future.

Justice and mercy should go hand in hand, but he who has justice on his side need not make overtures to mercy.

Many a man who thinks he is going to set the world afire finds to his sorrow somebody has turned the hose on him.—*New Haven News*.

A mule, old-fashioned sort, that was struck by a West Jersey railroad freight engine Tuesday, at Salem, gathered himself up, kicked the cylinder head out of the engine and ran away.

Merit alone should be the guide in selecting employes for promotion. The officer who loses sight of this fact and is influenced by favoritism, commits a grievous wrong against a worthy subordinate and his company.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

Over-working employes is a practice which cannot be too severely condemned. The destruction of life and property which may be traced to this prolific source of evil forms an appalling record of blood and expense.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

Railway churches are to be attached to the trains in South Russia. Owing to the long distances traveled and the constant work, the officials claim that they have no chance of attending divine service, so carriages fitted up as churches will run on Sundays and fete days.

A railway train overtook a dog on the Illinois & St. Louis road near Belleville. The dog would not get out of the way, and it was finally run down. At the next station the engineer was astonished to see the dog crawl out of the ash-pan of the engine and run off unharmed.

"Name something which we export," said a teacher in a public school in Baltimore the other day.

"Beef," yelled one of the boys.

"Yes, we export beef. Now, name something which we import."

"Pauper labor," shouted the same lad, and he went to the head of the class without being told.—*Wall Street News*.

The Western Union telegraph office in Easton has probably the oldest "messenger boy" in the service delivering telegrams that can be found in the world. Mr. Richard T. Eaton, who does this work at the Easton office, will



be 88 years old on his next birthday. Age is pressing upon him, but he performs his duties with alacrity and unusual quickness, and can expeditiously climb several flights of stairs several times a day to deliver telegrams.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The railway returns just issued in England show that at the close of 1885 there were 19,169 miles of railway in Great Britain opened for traffic, on which the amount of paid up capital was £815,858,955. The total number of persons killed during the year was: Passengers, 102; employes, 451. Of those injured, 1,129 were passengers and 2,117 employes. The total number of passenger journeys, other than those on season tickets, was 697,212,031, so that the passengers killed were about one in 6,835,421, and those injured about one in 617,549.

Justice Fritchey yesterday decided twenty-nine cases brought by employes against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company to recover assessments paid into the Baltimore & Ohio Employes' Relief Association. The defense was that they were a mutual insurance association, and therefore not required to make the deposit required of other insurance associations. The court found that the association was not a mutual body, but simply an internal affair of the railroad company, in which the employes have no voice or control. Judgment was therefore given for the plaintiffs. The railroad company will appeal the cases.—*Ohio State Journal*.

"If you don't think it takes sand to run a passenger train such nights as Tuesday and Wednesday," says Engineer Phil Pickering, of the North-Western, "you ought to try it once. In the first place, an engineer goes bucking along as fast as he can turn the wheels in the face of a blinding snow that renders an object a train length ahead of him invisible. The snow and steam freeze to the cab windows, and when he wants to see ahead he must open the window and peer out into the storm,

the wind and snow cutting into his eyes like a knife. He can't see how far to run his train when he reaches a station and he can't see when the conductor gives the signal to pull out. Both he and the conductor have to act by instinct and run a good deal by guess and experience."—*Railroad Reporter*.

"The recent accident at Rio," said a railroad officer, "has been a lesson to a good many of us. On all of the railroads in the West there are just such spots as that—switches in close proximity to curves, one end being on a gradient, and no other precautions against accident than the ordinary switch lights. Of course, we expect that such switches will always be closed when they are expected to be closed, and we go along for years with everything all right. Suddenly some employe fails for a moment to perform his duty and an accident ensues. The true principle of railway operation is to leave as little responsibility as possible to the fidelity of men and to put as much as we can upon mechanical appliances. A man beats a machine any time, and at every such siding as that at Rio there should be a signal showing 500 yards away, its lights to change color with the turning of the switch. The sum that accident will cost the St. Paul folks before they get through with it would have furnished every dangerous switch on that road with safety signals."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### FAST TIME IN RUSSIA.

The capacity of the iron horse for covering space has just been successfully tested, the occasion being an incident in connection with the visit of Prince William of Prussia to the Czar during the present maneuvers in Poland. The day before the arrival of the prince, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Czar Alexander, who had already arrived at Brest-Litovsk, ordered his valet to get his Prussian uniform ready for the next day. "But, your majesty," the valet replied, tremblingly,

"we have no Prussian uniform here; your majesty ordered me to leave it behind at St. Petersburg." "Most vexing misunderstanding," the emperor exclaimed, and called the aide-de-camp on duty. "My Prussian uniform must be here at seven tomorrow morning," was the peremptory order of the czar. The adjutant bowed and retired. Two minutes later he sent a telegram to the imperial wardrobe office at St. Petersburg, and another to the Warsaw railway. At six o'clock in the evening a locomotive was ready to start from St. Petersburg. An imperial courier with a trunk containing the uniform mounted the engine and the race against time began. Relay locomotives were held in readiness at Danuburg and Wilna, to take up the courier and continue the run, as no single engine could have made a continuous run of such a length. The iron horses accomplished the task assigned to them, and to use a sporting phrase, "came up smiling," or rather puffing. At seven o'clock in the morning the uniform was at Brest-Litovsk. The courier had performed 589 miles in thirteen hours, or 45½ miles an hour, without rest. At eight o'clock prince William arrived at Brest-Litovsk, and the czar received him in his Prussian uniform.—*Iron*.

#### AN APE AS A SWITCHMAN.

Two years ago when I was in South Africa I was informed that eight miles up the railroad which runs from Capetown north there was a trained ape which acted as a switchman and drew a regular salary for his master. I stopped at a little station and was directed to a small switch house. The switchtender was sitting outside the door, and by his side stood, or rather crouched, an enormous African ape, which was fully five feet high when erect. As the switchtender rose to answer my inquiry I noticed that he was armless. I asked him whether it was true that his ape performed the duties of switchman and was told to

watch for five minutes and see for myself. A few minutes later the rumbling of an approaching train was heard. As the noise increased the ape jumped from his crouching position and accompanied the switchman to the place where the white arm of the switch stood thrown to the left.

At a signal from the switchman the ape jumped forward, seized the key, unlocked the padlock which held the switch in position, and, grasping the lever with his muscular arm, threw it to the right. The train dashed over the switch to the side track of the station, and in a second the switch was thrown back into position, and the ape again took his seat by his master to wait for further orders.

It was certainly a wonderful performance and I would not have believed it unless I had seen it. The man informed me that he had lost his arms in a railroad accident while employed by the company as a switchtender. During the five years previous to the accident he had trained the ape more as a matter of recreation and to employ his leisure time while stationed at that lonely outpost of the Capetown railway. The work of amusement turned him in good stead when he was able to satisfy the company that without arms he could as fully protect his interests as when he was in possession of those limbs. For more than two years the ape had performed the duties of switchman, and had never made a mistake. More than this, the ape was trained to feed his master, as well as to dress and undress him, when necessary.—*Ex*.

DURING a severe thunderstorm at Wellsville, Mo., last August, a vivid flash of lightning photographed on the smooth white ceiling of the Methodist church the face of an old man with long flowing hair and beard. It is described as a weird and shadowy portrait, and the superstitious say that it is the photograph of the storm king.

### "THE OLD MAN."

No, boys, the average "old man" is not a cruel, hard-hearted tyrant who takes delight in punishing you and firing you for the smallest faults or for misfortunes that you cannot avoid. That he sometimes does so is possible, but you must remember that while he bosses you, he too has his bosses; and then, also, he is often hampered by systems that are unjust and cruel, but which, strengthened by long years of practice and precedent, are too strong to be broken down by even the "old man," no matter with what authority he is invested.

Generally the "old man" of today was years ago one of the boys. The chances are that in the long ago, abreast the howling winter storms, facing the wind, the rain, the snow and the ice, he wrestled with brakes on the top of a box car, and strove as heroically to do his duty then as you are striving to do your duty today. Perhaps, too, in those unforgotten days, misfortune came to him, or his memory failed him at the critical moment, or that he was guilty of some minor offense, for which his "old man" fired him. He don't talk to you of those things now, and it is well for the discipline of the service, perhaps, that he should not. But do you suppose that when he calls you up on the carpet and lectures you in a fatherly way, and tells you that you must do better, and to make his advice impressive, lays you off, or even passes a more severe sentence, that the memory of his own experiences and hard trials, similar to your own, is not still fresh, and that his heart does not go out in sympathy to you? Are you sure that your own troubles have not been even a source of greater trouble to the "old man?" Is it certain that his head, night after night, does not toss upon a sleepless pillow, in his efforts to find a way to deal justly by the boys, and at the same time do his duty by the company, and retain a position upon which his own bread and that of his family is dependent?

The editor of the *Railway Service Gazette*, as was his duty, has sometimes talked very plainly to the "old man," when he has dealt quite hardly by the boys, and on more than one occasion, when the extreme limit of cruelty and oppression has been reached, we have given efficient aid in having him fired from the position he disgraced; but on the whole, when we remember his many trials, and the difficulties by which he is surrounded, we are convinced that generally the "old man" is more deserving of the sympathy than the censure of the boys.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

### WORSE THAN NEGRO SLAVERY.

The Boston *Herald* devotes a column and a half to the exposure of the impositions and abuses practiced by a contractor named Henry Schroder upon laborers employed in blasting and building operations at Hyde Park, Mass. The barracks of the men consist of a broken-roofed one-story 25x12 foot structure of rough boards, divided into two apartments, one containing a cot and a few articles of rude furniture, the other a greasy cooking stove, table, benches, etc. In this hovel as many as eighteen men are at times compelled to sleep. According to the statement of one of their number the men's couch is the cold, damp floor, where frequently the water during the night rises around them. Their bed clothes are rough, and their food is of the vilest quality. On one occasion a cow which had died was cut up for the men, many of whom fell sick after eating of the meat. The local board of health was notified of the facts and an inspection was made, and the remains of the carcass were ordered to be buried.

The pay for ordinary workmen is \$10 a month and found. Fine mechanics receive from \$2 to \$5 more. The *Herald's* informant asserted that it is Schroder's practice to withhold wages until his men are forced to compromise upon a part payment of their dues. The gangs are continually being super-

seded by others which Schroder hires at Castle Garden, New York. With the present party came a young man and his wife. He had been a clerk in a Berlin bank, and both he and his wife in their dress and deportment gave evidences of good breeding. Lodgings were assigned the couple in the kitchen of the barracks, but the woman refused to pass a night in the loathsome place, and during the four days of their stay they slept upon leaves and boughs in the other room in the midst of eight or ten men. Even in the long days of the summer the men were compelled to work from sunrise to sunset. The writer concludes as follows:

"From all that could be learned of Schroder's method of obtaining his help at Castle Garden, some one employed at the place must be cognizant of the fact that nearly every month he put in an appearance for a new supply, which would naturally lead to the conclusion that something was wrong. But as yet he goes through the Garden as often as he pleases, and unmolested, he entraps the new-comers from foreign lands and brings them to his den in Hyde Park."

#### BOB BURDETTE ON ANARCHY.

Herr Most was not the first man who broke the laws and taught other men to do so in the East.

If we begin in New York to hang men who hate the law, and defy it, and break it, we will run out of rope long before we get to Lake Michigan.

When a financier runs off to Canada with a million, the man whose little deposit of \$75 went to make up the million becomes an anarchist and wants to throw a bomb at somebody.

When a hungry man with a hungry wife and children is sent to jail for stealing a sack of flour, while the defaulting cashier is permitted to go free with one-half his stealings if he will give up the other half, the convict makes up his mind to set fire to a house as soon as he gets out.

When a merchant promises to pay \$100 for his goods, and then fails and is let

off by paying thirty cents, but makes his tenants pay full rent or get out, the evicted tenants feel like sand-bagging somebody.

When a railroad company counts its yearly earnings by the millions, and works its employes seven days in the week at starvation wages, it is nursing a brood of anarchists.

Hang the anarchists? I'm afraid the last would have to commit suicide or go unchanged.

The bomb that exploded in Chicago may have been thrown by the eight condemned men, but they did not make it.

Hard, sordid, grasping, pitiless, greedy hands spent a good many years making that bomb. Its well enough to hang the anarchists, my boy, but I am afraid we are hanging the wrong men.

#### SOME RAILROAD YARNS.

Superintendent Judson of the Chicago & Iowa road tells of a section boss who several years ago sent in a report which made a by-word for the boys about the general office, that is in use today. Section bosses are provided with blanks, on which they are required to report all cases of animals killed by trains. The blanks have spaces for telling where, when and how the animal is killed; and what disposition is made of the carcass, whether it is buried or sold.

One day a cow was killed out on the Rochelle section, and a section boss who had been recently promoted went out to make the report. He told in the proper spaces what train killed the animal and under what conditions it was done. Then he came to the line:

"Disposition....."

"Well," said he, scratching his head, "I'll be danged if I'm sure about that, but being's she was a cow, I think I can guess at it." So he filled out the line, which, when it reached the general office, read:

"Disposition, kind and gentle."

"One of the funniest incidents of

any railroad wreck that I ever saw — and there are always funny things that one remembers about a railroad disaster long after the sad thoughts have passed from mind — was that of a man who was on my train when it ran through a miss-placed switch at River-side and collided with a freight train standing on the side track." The speaker was an old train-hand on the Burlington road. Continuing, he said :

"It was a terrible smash-up. I never saw cars pilled up worse. Amos McDaniels, the engineer, saved his life by jumping from his engine before it struck the freight train, but Andy McGlenn, the fireman was caught between the tank and the boiler-head of the engine, where he was held fast, alive, but with his legs both crushed and cooked. As soon as the passengers found that not one of them was hurt, they swarmed out and began helping to get poor Andy out of his terrible prison, and by the way, I shall never forget how bravely the poor boy said that if there was anybody else to save we had better not waste any time on him, as he was no better than a dead man anyway, and then, when he learned that everybody else was out of the wreck, how he gave all the directions for the work of releasing him, as if he were a disinterested spectator.

"But to return to my story, I noticed one passenger who worked like a hero, lifting and pulling and straining to get Andy out, yet all the time using one hand as if it were crippled. I noticed it several times, and paid a good deal more heed to it than you would expect a man to under such circumstances, but, don't you know, under the most intensely exciting conditions a man's mind will hit upon some such little thing and never let go of it. Well, I noticed that man never opened his hand to take hold of whatever he was going to lift, but put his wrist under it and kept his thumb and fingers together.

"After we had got Andy out and they had carried him to the depot, I

stood talking with this passenger, who was as white as a sheet and so much excited that he could hardly put words together.

"Is your hand crippled? I asked.

"No," said he, quite astonished, and, holding it up where I could see it, he betrayed the fact that all this time he had been clinging with his thumb and first finger to a pin with which he was just fastening his necktie down when the collision occurred. And one of the funniest parts of the whole performance was the fact, that as soon as he held up his hand and saw the pin he went right on pinning the necktie down as if nothing had happened."

"I live at Naperville, twenty-nine miles from Chicago," said a passenger on a suburban train yesterday morning, "and, I ride back and forth between the the two cities every day. Some times I used to feel that perhaps I was taking a good deal of risk riding on the cars so much — it seems so slight a jar would send a car off the track. Of course I said nothing about this half-fear that I felt, but one day my wife spoke to me of a similar fear that she felt. I was so situated that I could not very well remove to the city, so I set about to quiet at least her fears, and I did quiet them and my own into the bargain when on investigation I found that since the road was built, almost twenty-two years ago, just one passenger on a passenger train had been killed between Naperville and Chicago."—*Chicago News*.

#### THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

For more than a week timid and superstitious people throughout Scranton, Pa., have been kept in a constant state of trepidation by the appearance, in various places and at unseasonable hours, of an uncanny figure that is now quite generally spoken of as "The Woman in Black." The weird visitor first made her appearance in the Pine Brook portion of the city, and was seen by two young women who were on their way home from a Saturday night

"hop." At a short distance from their homes, where the street is spanned by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's track, the young women were stopped by the woman in black, who said nothing, but assumed a menacing attitude toward them. The girls were terrified and started to run, but the woman in black overtook one of them and hugged her until she almost fainted. The other girl returned with help just in time, and the specter then disappeared like a flash. Since then the woman in black has made her appearance in various parts of the city—mostly in the outskirts and in the early hours of evening. Some of those who have seen her declare that she fired at them, and this having been reported to the police they are keeping a sharp lookout for the nocturnal disturber.

A few evenings ago a workman employed near the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company's blast furnace ran up to a group of his fellow-workmen and reported to them with bated breath and bulging eyes that he had just seen the woman in black, and that she was at that moment hiding in a lumber pile a short way from the bank of Roaring Brook. Immediately there was a rush in that direction, and although it was rather dark several declared that they saw a female figure dressed in black emerging from the lumber pile and running toward the river. Thinking they would be able to capture it some of the men followed in close pursuit, but when they were near the river bank the woman in black sprang over a precipice and disappeared in the cave of an abandoned mine. Then lamps were procured and some of the men ventured into the cave and made diligent search, but could not find anybody hiding there. While this exciting chase was going on a large crowd of persons assembled on the bridge which crosses Roaring Brook at that point, and the pursuers of the woman in black were urged not to desist until they had hunted down their game.

The girls employed in the silk mill have, it is said, been frequently frightened within the past few days by this twilight visitor, whose queer antics have produced something like a panic in some portions of the city. It is believed by some that the woman in black is a crazy individual at large, who is taking this method of indulging a wild fancy, while the more superstitious are of the opinion that it is a veritable ghost. There are yet others who suppose that the "woman in black" is some evil-minded man who is masquerading in female attire for the purpose of frightening timid persons. Some men whose friends have been frightened by the specter are looking for the woman in black with revolvers, and will not hesitate to shoot in case they see anything like the apparition that has been described to them. A mischievous young man named Farber tried to frighten a few of his friends in an alley in the Hyde Park portion of the city the other night by personating the woman in black, but he was promptly arrested by the police and held to bail for appearance at court. He confessed that it was his first appearance in the character, but he is rather fortunate that the police were first to find him, or he might have been the principal character in a funeral.

The woman in black was seen again on Sunday night near the silk mill by a number of girls, who were chased for some distance by her. Whether the figure be a myth or a reality, it has caused a genuine sensation throughout the city, and there are hundreds of persons who fear to venture out of their homes after dark lest they should meet the woman in black.

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THE Buddhists claim that if a woman behaves herself she will become a man; but there is no record of the male census being increased that way, and the inference is blamed plain.—*Railroader.*

## HE BROUGHT IN THE GAME.

There was a wedding in Brooklyn recently which was attended by a crowd of people, the bride being a famous belle, the bridegroom a late army officer. There is a story about him that was received with great effect at the wedding. He was in the western frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away from the camp a few hours when his voice was heard faintly in the distance exclaiming:

"H-e-r-e we come!"

In a little time the same cry was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder, when finally the bold captain emerged from a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without hat, cap, or gun. In he came to camp shouting:

"Here we come!"

"Here who comes?" inquired a brother officer.

"Why, me and the game," gasped the officer, pointing to a big black bear which showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a long look at the camp, and then, with a growl at missing his expected meal off the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"What's the use in shooting your game," said the captain, testily, "when you can bring it alive, as I did?"

The story got home before the captain did, and was in everybody's mouth. The other night, as the old captain led his intended bride into the church, with the pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery:

"H-e-r-e we come."

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as the old church never heard before.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

LOVERS of dogs will be interested in the following true story: A lady was visiting friends at the seaside where there was a fine dog whose master was in the habit of giving him money every

day to buy meat for his dinner from the butcher's cart. The lady, admiring the handsome, intelligent animal, called him to her as she sat at breakfast, and fed him from her plate. The dog at once went to his master, and, standing on his hind legs, pawed and scratched at the gentleman's breast pocket. At first the master failed to understand, and ordered him away, but, the creature persisting, he finally said: "Well, I do believe he wants his money," and offered him a coin, which the dog instantly took, and, trotting up to the friendly visitor, deposited it in her lap with a wag of his tail and a look which seemed to say, "I always pay the butcher, and why not you?"—*Boston Gazette*.

## CALLED BY HER DEAD LOVER.

A few days ago we chronicled the death of Miss Athaliah Gilbert, of South Cottonwood, says the *Salt Lake Herald*. At the time of the announcement there were reports current that some events out of the ordinary were connected with her decease, but at that time there were no means of ascertaining the particulars. Yesterday, however, Mr. James Gilbert, the young lady's father, and several other Cottonwood people were in the city, and from them a reporter learned the facts which follow. All the names mentioned are those of responsible and well-known citizens, and unreal as the narration sounds there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

The young lady was sixteen years old at the time of her death, and appears to have been possessed of one of those warm, lovable, bright, even-tempered dispositions which endear the owner to every one with whom she comes in contact. Though so young, she took a busy part in all church duties, and in improvement associations and the Sunday-school her name always had a prominent place. Some three or four years ago she formed an intimacy with a youth named John Cunliffe, the son

of a neighbor, and, despite the tender years of both, they became strongly attached to each other, and provoked no end of comment at their old-fashioned devotion and steadfast affection for one another. This state of affairs continued until the girl was fifteen years old, when the association was rudely broken by the death of young Cunliffe. He lost his life from the kick of a wild horse about a year ago. When the intelligence was brought to Miss Gilbert, her father says, it gave her a shock from which she never recovered. She almost sank beneath the blow, and at his funeral her paroxysms of grief were so violent that it was feared her reason would depart. In time, however, she resumed her accustomed duties, but it was evident that the blow she had sustained had sunk deep into her life. She seldom roused herself from a deep lethargy of sadness, and day by day her color and strength and the freshness of her youth seemed to be ebbing away. A few months ago she alarmed her sister by telling her that "John" had visited her chamber and had told her that she must prepare to come to him. She manifested no fear, but, according to her sister, had told him she could not leave her parents, but he had only said again that she must come. Once again, later, she told her sister that he had come to her with the same message, and she had now evidently given up desiring to remain, as she told her sister how she wished to be dressed at her burial and whom she wished to dress her. Soon after that young Cunliffe's father came to Mr. Gilbert, sorely disturbed, and told him that one morning as he was lying down his son had come to him and stood at the foot of his bed. His father had asked him what it was he desired, and he replied: "I came to see you, father. I am staying at Gilbert's, and I am going back there now. I have been there ever since I left you. Where else should I be?" Mr. Gilbert attempted to reason the old gentleman out of his notion, but he insisted that it was no dream or vision, but that his son had

actually visited and spoken to him, and that in broad daylight. In the meantime Miss Gilbert continued to maintain that her last day was approaching, and no amount of persuasion seemed to shake her belief. One week ago last evening she and her parents were attending a birthday party at a neighbor's. Miss Gilbert was sitting at the lunch table chatting with some companions, when, without a word of warning, she fell to the floor motionless. Her father and mother raised her, and both said her heart had ceased to beat. Their cries and lamentations and their frenzied attempts to rouse her, they state, rallied her for a few moments, and she was hurriedly conveyed home, where she expired shortly afterward, leaving her friends almost stupefied with grief. Her funeral was one of the largest convocations of mourners ever seen in that locality.

#### A MARBLE AND GOLD ROADBED.

The Marietta and North Georgia railroad, which is reached *via* the Western and Atlantic railroad at Marietta, is probably the only railroad in America which, in addition to being ballasted a portion of the way with marble, also has its bridge piers made of white marble. Quite a "daisy" line, one would say. It is also the only railroad in America, probably, which runs right through a gold mine.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

ONE fine day a Scrigglesville man came to town with a painful of clams, which he sold. Then washing out the pail carefully he had a gallon of molasses poured into it and started for home. Feeling the weight of his burden he put a stick through the bail and hung the pail over his shoulder. Presently, jogging along in an abstracted fashion, the Scrigglesville man espied a pin in the road, and being of a frugal turn he stooped over to pick it up. This seemed to the molasses to be as good a chance as it could find, and it promptly



stepped out of the pail and walked all over the back of the Scrigglesville man's neck. "Good heavens!" gasped the Scrigglesville man, as he struggled to his feet and viewed the devastation wrought upon the scenery, "a gallon of molasses for a pin." This teaches us never to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

#### AN EXECUTION FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Lucius Manlius Sargent gave in his book, published several years ago, a quaint illustration of the customs which obtained here in Boston within the past forty or fifty years. He said that as there were very few inexpensive amusements in Boston besides the Thursday lecture, hangings were especially attractive. While riding out of the city in a chaise he was compelled to halt and remain at rest for twenty minutes on Washington street, near Pleasant, while an immense mass of men, women and children rushed by on their way to the execution of an Irishman, which took place at the gallows near the graveyard on the Neck. The prisoner was in an open barouche, and this publicity, taken in connection with the way in which he was dressed, showed how desirable a parade was thought to be in connection with an execution. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, drab breeches, and white-top boots, and his hair was powdered. He was accompanied by Mr. Larrassy, the Catholic priest, and the physician of the prison.—*Boston Post*.

#### HADN'T BEEN INTRODUCED.

A good natured newspaper chap was at a rustic picnic and rashly spoke to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. He happened to see a great fat caterpillar crawling on her lace collar and jumping toward her said:

"Madam, permit me to—"

But the young lady waved him off

with an imperious and insulting gesture and said: "How dare you speak to me without an introduction. You are certainly no gentleman, sir!"

Here the caterpillar overbalanced itself and fell down into her neck.

"Youch! Oh! Help! Take it off. Oh please do take it off somebody!" screamed the fair one. The newspaper man was the only "somebody" around and he said: "I couldn't think of it, madam; I have'n't been introduced to the caterpillar."—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### POINTS ON PALMISTRY.

Long-handed persons are analytical.

A close hand goes with a close heart.

Small-handed persons prefer things on a colossal scale.

A hand that opens with difficulty expresses avarice.

The shortness of the fingers when carried to excess betokens cruelty.

A hollow palm as a rule goes with a worrying and unhappy disposition.

Thick fingers indicate a fondness for luxury which might be extended to sensuality.

A long hand shows a preference for details, a tendency to a minute examination of a subject.

A short hand is the expression of a nature quick and impulsive, synthetical in its mental operations.

Smoothly-formed fingers indicate the possession of tact, while knotty fingers indicate taste born of experience rather than a natural inheritance.

THERE is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggins' coming earthquake. "Go 'long, chile," she said, "go 'long, wid yer nonsense! God-amity don't go and tell anybody what he's gwine ter do; he jes' go 'long and do it."

OVER four thousand acres of land in the town of Karlin, Jackson county, Minn., have been sold to Bohemians.

GRAND LODGE  
OF THE  
SWITCHMEN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION  
OF NORTH AMERICA.

*November Assessment Notice.*

No. 16, 17 AND 18—\$1.50.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER.  
CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 1, 1886.

*To Subordinate Lodges:*

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS,—You are hereby notified of the following claims:

16. Brother John W. Shea, of Lodge No. 4, died of consumption, October 23, 1886.

17. Brother Frank S. McIntyre, of Lodge No. 21, killed October 26, 1886.

18. Brother Edward M. Kehoe, of Lodge No. 13, killed November 13, 1886.

The amount of \$1.50 is due on the above claims from all members in good standing in November, 1886, and is to be paid according to the laws of the Association. The treasurer is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before February 15. Lodges failing to make payment as above provided will stand suspended from all benefits of the Association.

Fraternally,

WALTER S. CONDON,  
*Grand Secretary and Treasurer.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A MINNEAPOLIS man is building a \$20,000 log house right in the heart of the town.

CONTENTMENT is better than money, and just about as scarce.—*Altoona Sunday Morning.*

SOME Americans are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get rusted.—*Boston Post.*

DURING a smart snow storm at Modoc, Cal., a rancher was in town trying to sell a load of watermelons.

A ROLLING-MILL out in Detroit has had to suspend payment. It looks as if a rolling mill gathers no moss.—*Life.*

A TRAMP who was jailed in Indiana the other day had three scars from bullets, two bruises from clubs, seven fresh dog bites, and a black eye, and yet he kicked vigorously about being put into

a warm room where he would have plenty to eat and find perfect rest for the next sixty days.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IF hanging was the penalty for corruption in office, the hangman would be about the only man who wouldn't be hung.—*Puck.*

THE fact that a man has not cut his hair for ten or twelve years need not necessarily imply that he is eccentric. He may be bald.—*Peoria Call.*

EARTHQUAKES will be reached and mastered in time. The future American mother will utilize them in rocking her babies.—*Courier-Journal.*

I HAVE it on good authority that one of the candidates on a Hennepin county ticket in the late campaign had to mortgage his home in order to meet his assessment. But that is nothing. The candidate who cut the leading figure in the campaign is reported to have left his family in an actually destitute condition in order that he might prosecute his campaign properly. They had to call on neighbors for assistance.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

"INDIAN GEORGE," a Cherokee Indian, who has resided for many years in Oregon, was found dead recently on the Klaskanine. He had been out hunting with his pack of hounds and evidently had fallen dead from heart disease. His hounds guarded his body and refused to let any one touch it for several days. When the body was placed in the coffin one of the faithful dogs came up, licked his dead master's face, and then with a low moan laid down and died.

AN eminent lawyer was on a visit to Minto, in the lifetime of the second earl of that name, and a day or two before the hearing of an important case in which he had been retained as counsel. He had brought with him a bundle of papers connected with the suit in question, and these he took with him to his bedroom. On the following day

the packet could nowhere be found. Careful search was of course made, but quite in vain, and eventually the advocate had to go into court without it. Years passed without any tidings of the missing bundle, till the same gentleman chanced to be once more the guest at Minto and occupying the same bedroom. The morning after his arrival he awoke to see the long-lost papers lying on his dressing table. The presumption is, according to Miss Cobbe, that on the first occasion he hid them in his sleep, and on the second visit he found them in his sleep, but where he hid and found them has never been discovered.—*St. James' Gazette*.

## Are You Going to New Orleans or Florida?

If so you can go via the MONON ROUTE via Louisville or Cincinnati, and see the Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Blount Springs, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and the Gulf coast for the same money that will take you through the dreary uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select a line to the South enjoying half the advantages that are possessed by the MONON ROUTE and its Southern connections.

No one should think of going South without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this world-famous wonder, that it is impossible to say anything new in regard to it—it cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest natural curiosity—Niagara not excepted—and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottos must either be a fool or a demigod. From Mobile to New Orleans (141 miles) the ride along the Gulf coast is alone worth the entire cost of the whole trip. In full sight of the Gulf all the way, past Ocean Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, and Beauvoir, the home of Jeff Davis.

When you decide to go South make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the MONON ROUTE, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville and the Cincinnati Southern Railways, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches, double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full information, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address E. O. McCORMICK, General Northern Passenger Agent, Monon Route, 73 Clark street, or Wm. S. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent, 183 Dearborn street, Chicago.

## GRAND LODGE.

### OFFICERS.

James L. Monaghan.....	Grand Master.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
Alexander Ewart.....	Vice Grand Master.
Milwaukee, Wis.	
John W. Drury.....	Grand Organizer and Instructor.
3633 Wentworth av., Chicago, Ill.	
Walter S. Condon.....	Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

James A. Kelly.....	Chicago, Ill.
W. A. Simmons.....	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas F. White.....	Chicago, Ill.
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## SUBORDINATE LODGES.

### 1. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at Plasterer's Hall, cor. Lake and LaSalle sts.	
James L. Monaghan.....	Master
Thomas F. White.....	Vice Master
James A. Healey.....	Recording Secretary
880 Thirty-fourth court.	
William A. Simmons.....	Financial Secretary
John Downey.....	Treasurer

### 2. ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.

Meets 1st and 4th Sundays, at cor. Nineteenth st. and Second av., third floor.	
James O. Logan.....	Master
John Pender.....	Vice Master
Thomas Christopher.....	Recording Secretary
P. O. box 723, Rock Island, Ill.	
Thomas Pender.....	Financial Secretary
Frank Weigand.....	Treasurer

### 3. JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at 122 Jefferson st., third floor, over Joliet City Bank.	
Byron R. Pierce.....	Master
L. A. Kennedy.....	Vice Master
John Kirk.....	Recording Secretary
735 South Owata st.	
George Durston.....	Financial Secretary
John H. Clark.....	Treasurer

### 4. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings, at Forest- ers' Hall, West Ninth st.	
J. W. Larkin.....	Master
Charles Greeg.....	Vice Master
James Manning.....	Recording Secretary
Argentine, Kas.	
John Corbett.....	Financial Secretary
John B. Snyder.....	Treasurer

### 5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at cor. Reed and Lake sts.	
George Smith.....	Master
Alexander Ewart.....	Vice Master
Christ Freese.....	Recording Secretary
549 Scott st.	
F. W. Archibald.....	Financial Secretary
Mat. L. Johann.....	Treasurer

### 6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U. W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.	
William Nevius.....	Master
E. Straine.....	Vice Master
William Owens.....	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
Robert Devoe.....	Financial Secretary
Edward Collier.....	Treasurer

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets at Hibernian Hall, on Market st., between Semantha and Main sts.  
 Robert E. Workman ..... Master  
 Tim. Crowley ..... Vice Master  
 W. A. Brown ..... Recording Secretary  
 494 Ransom st., South Ottumwa.  
 S. G. Cogswell ..... Financial Secretary  
 F. G. Baxton ..... Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W. hall, 186 Kansas av.  
 J. I. Reece ..... Master  
 William McAllister ..... Vice Master  
 H. D. Fuller ..... Recording Secretary  
 79 Adams st.  
 L. G. Hammond ..... Financial Secretary  
 John Nelson ..... Treasurer

**9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and Angeline sts.  
 Charles Chowning ..... Master  
 James T. Main ..... Vice Master  
 William McNichols ..... Recording Secretary  
 513 Mitchell av.  
 Joseph Smith ..... Financial Secretary  
 Michael Fitzgerald ..... Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sunday evenings in the month.  
 John Mahoney ..... Master  
 James Coleman ..... Vice Master  
 James H. Rogers ..... Recording Secretary  
 806 Ottawa st.  
 Charles R. Parish ..... Financial Secretary  
 James Melvin ..... Treasurer

**11. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

J. J. Kennedy ..... Master  
 Ben F. Miller ..... Vice Master  
 William M. Buchanan ..... Recording Secretary  
 623 Pierce st.  
 Patrick H. Meehan ..... Financial Secretary  
 William Hall ..... Treasurer

**12. CLINTON, IOWA.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. of L. E. hall, Fourth st.  
 William Green ..... Master  
 Edward Kilduff ..... Vice Master  
 John F. Quinn ..... Recording Secretary  
 532 Ninth av.  
 Nicholas Cootey ..... Financial Secretary  
 Stephen Quinn ..... Treasurer

**13. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**

David Collins ..... Master  
 Thomas McDermott ..... Vice Master  
 M. J. Curran ..... Rec. Secretary and Treasurer.  
 303 Twelfth st.  
 George J. Best ..... Financial Secretary

**14. TOLEDO, OHIO.**

J. D. O'Shea ..... Master  
 Matthias Mannes ..... Vice Master  
 Chas. H. McDowell ..... Recording Secretary  
 734 Ontario st.  
 E. R. Freeman ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. Winslow ..... Treasurer

**15. DENVER, COLORADO.**

Meets first and third Sundays.  
 Edwin Smith ..... Master  
 T. O. Sebrree ..... Vice Master  
 J. R. Williams ..... Recording Secretary  
 Lindle Hotel.  
 E. O. Downing ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. J. Fishbaugh ..... Treasurer

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. L. F. hall, corner Third and Commercial sts.  
 Joseph J. McGee ..... Master  
 D. H. Padgett ..... Vice Master  
 Henry P. Ming ..... Recording Secretary  
 1400 Main st.  
 John W. Lee ..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Danforth ..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

J. S. Seymour ..... Master  
 J. J. McNamair ..... Vice Master  
 W. F. Wilson ..... Recording Secretary  
 17 South Fourth Street.  
 W. J. Henry ..... Financial Secretary  
 G. H. Rohrbach ..... Treasurer  
 W. E. Burns ..... Journal Agent

**18. QUINCY, ILLINOIS.**

W. G. Burk ..... Master  
 A. C. Joseph ..... Vice Master  
 J. F. Coughlin ..... Recording Secretary  
 212 Spring st.  
 N. L. Stewart ..... Financial Secretary  
 P. Hines ..... Treasurer

**19. FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

Meets first and third Thursdays, at 27 Calhoun street.  
 F. T. Boyd ..... Master  
 T. O. Black ..... Vice Master  
 J. C. Lonagan ..... Recording Secretary  
 198 Hanna street.  
 N. W. Lancaster ..... Financial Secretary  
 L. N. Brockeman ..... Treasurer

**20. SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.**

Albert Montgomery ..... Master  
 William O. Dodd ..... Vice Master  
 T. B. Curran ..... Recording Secretary  
 Savanna, Carroll Co., Ill.  
 John Hummel ..... Financial Secretary  
 Jesse Ritchey ..... Treasurer

**21. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.**

S. D. Nelson ..... Master  
 L. L. Darnall ..... Vice Master  
 J. F. David ..... Recording Secretary  
 131 Huron st.  
 W. J. Blizzard ..... Financial Secretary  
 J. L. Cravens ..... Treasurer

**22. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

George K. Browman ..... Master  
 Henry Spiers ..... Vice Master  
 James Taylor ..... Recording Secretary  
 162 North Third st.  
 Theodore H. Hampson ..... Financial Secretary  
 S. H. B. Chamberlain ..... Treasurer

**23. CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

Meets second Sunday afternoon in the month at 1 p.m., and last Sunday in month at 8 p.m.  
 P. J. McManus ..... Master  
 Lewis J. Millus ..... Vice Master  
 W. J. McCue ..... Recording Secretary  
 598 Broadway st.  
 J. W. Reed ..... Financial Secretary  
 H. A. Heller ..... Treasurer

**24. EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.**

John A. Anderson ..... Master  
 E. P. Sweet ..... Vice Master  
 John Newbold ..... Recording Secretary  
 621 Kirk st.  
 J. W. Smith ..... Financial Secretary  
 Ira A. Shaw ..... Treasurer

**25. PEORIA, ILLINOIS.**

Pat C. Ryan ..... Master  
 L. Frank Huff ..... Vice Master  
 James S. Lee ..... Recording Secretary  
 230 Eaton st.  
 Fred Heath ..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Brown ..... Treasurer  
 L. Frank Huff ..... Journal Agent

**26. CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

Meets 1st and 4th Sundays, at the A. O. U. W. hall, corner Fifth street and Central avenue.  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Master  
 Richard Ryan..... Vice Master  
 Wm. Schachleiter..... Recording Secretary  
 32 Culvert street.  
 William Lusby..... Financial Secretary  
 Jacob Bressler..... Treasurer  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Journal Agent

**27. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.**

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at Fireman's hall, corner Second and Adams streets.  
 John K. Black..... Master  
 Wm. M. Singleton..... Vice Master  
 Dave J. Donelson..... Recording Secretary  
 Corner Seventh and Carolina streets.  
 J. S. Warren..... Financial Secretary  
 James Hunter..... Treasurer  
 Chas. E. Moore..... Journal Agent

**28. DULUTH, MINNESOTA.**

Henry Stang..... Master  
 Henry Gephart..... Vice Master  
 E. E. Johnson..... Recording Secretary  
 518 Superior street, East.  
 Frank Maxfield..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles L. Avery..... Treasurer  
 George Penman..... Journal Agent

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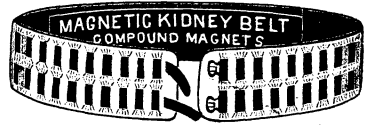
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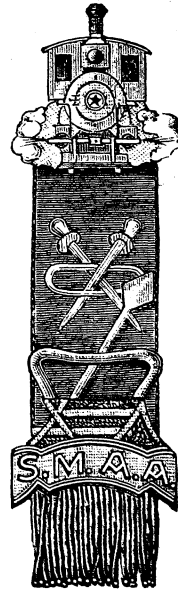


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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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No. 9.

## WOMAN'S TEARS.

The fountain of a woman's tears  
Lies closer to her heart than man's.  
She lives by moments, he by years;  
She pities where he looks askance.

First she to act the Christian part.  
Keener to feel for grief and pain;  
Perchance it is because her heart  
Is less a stranger to her brain.

Howbeit—'tis womanly to weep,  
And her sweet, sudden tears oft shame  
Our better selves from torpid sleep  
To win a purer, nobler name.

Dear, tender, tear-dimmed woman eyes!  
How oft your tender, pitying tears  
Have lifted from us, garment-wise,  
The pent-up bitterness of years!

How oft your tears in some dark day.  
Down dropping, sweet as scented thyme,  
On our rough hearts, have kissed away  
The stain of some intended crime!

—Robert Ogden Fowler in *Brooklyn Magazine*.

## MY FIRST PATIENT.

And may I beg you to visit us in your private rather than in your professional capacity? Since my dear wife has been failing thus sadly she has evinced a great dread of medical men; and were she to guess you other than an ordinary guest, I tremble for the consequences! The carriage will meet you at Blackburne station at whatever hour you name. Yours, very truly,

ARTHUR CRAWFORD.

This is an extract from a letter that I received the 10th of June, 1870, and being but a young fellow of twenty-six I was very much elated thereby. The great drawback to being what is called a specialist, is that the generality of people—for what reason I have never been able to discover—are afraid to employ you until you are well on in years, and consequently, this Mrs. Crawford, for whom my services had been enlisted, was my first private

patient. My specialty was madness; and, tiring equally of hospital work and of idling in my own rooms, I was heartily thankful for the good luck that had befallen me. In a previous letter Mr. Crawford had given me a detailed account of his wife's symptoms; and now all arrangements were completed and I was due at his Berkshire home the following day.

When the train steamed into the little country station I found a carriage and a pair ready to meet me. Evidently, to judge by the general get-up of the whole thing, the Crawfords were wealthy folks; and this impression was confirmed when we reached the house, which was standing in the midst of a lovely park. In true country fashion, the hall doors were standing open, and my host met me on the threshold with outstretched hands.

"This is exceedingly kind of you," he said genially, "for I know you have come at your very earliest convenience. Journey from town pleasant? Yes? That's right. James, take Mr. Lennox's things to his room. Lunch in the morning-room, hey? Come along, my dear sir; you must be half famished." So saying, he preceded me down a long corridor, whence I caught distant glimpses of a beautiful garden at the back of the house, and into a snug little room where luncheon was laid. While I discussed a cold chicken Mr. Crawford went on chatting; and ere I went to my room for a wash and brush up before presenting myself to his wife, we were excellent friends. I do not think I ever met a man who so much charmed me at first sight; nay, he more than charmed, he captivated me. He was about thirty, and exceedingly hand-

some, with fair curly hair, and bright blue eyes. He had a bronzed complexion and a hearty laugh, and was altogether a most attractive specimen of a young Englishman. When I had finished luncheon his manner changed abruptly as he began speaking of his young wife.

"I did not like to enter upon the subject before you were rested," he began courteously; "but I am intensely anxious you should see her. For some months past she has been suffering from intense melancholia, and lately she has taken a deep distrust of those around her, more particularly of me." He stopped abruptly and bit his lip. "Doctor, I simply worship her," he went on passionately. "When I married her, five years ago, she was the blithest, merriest girl in all the shire; and now to see her like this—why, it breaks my heart!" and he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands."

There was an awkward pause, for in those days I was too inexperienced to be much of a hand at consolation, and then I stepped nearer to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Come, come," I said cheerily, "there is no need to despair like this. We must hope for the best. How does she show her distrust of you?"

He raised his head to answer me. "By keeping the boy from me, for one thing. She will hardly let me touch him."

"The boy? A son of yours?"

"Our only child," he answered—"a dear little fellow of nearly four; and she betrays a terrible fear whenever I have him with me."

"Does she eat well?"

"Hardly at all."

"Sleep at night?"

He shook his head; and then followed a string of various professional questions. Our conversation at an end, I requested to be shown to my room, promising to be in the drawing-room for 5 o'clock tea, when I should be introduced to Mrs. Crawford.

"As Mr. Lennox, if you please," sug-

gested her husband as we crossed the hall. "You remember that I asked you to drop the doctor, and seem an ordinary visitor?"

Of course I agreed; and then he told me he had spoken to her of me as an old college friend; and finally he left me to myself.

When I descended to the drawing-room I found both Crawford and his wife waiting for me. He was standing by the open window playing with the climbing roses that were nodding by its sill; he was talking merrily as I entered, and looked the personification of life and good spirits. A girl was standing by the mantle-shelf with her back toward me, and I had barely time to admire the slight figure and graceful pose before Crawford's voice rang out in hearty cordiality.

"Ah, there you are at last! Let me introduce you to my wife—Beatrice, this is Mr. John Lennox."

She had half turned when he began speaking, but as he said my name she gave a sudden gasp and confronted me with large, startled eyes. I have seen the eyes of a snared bird and those of a hunted stag, but I have never seen such a look of piteous fear as dwelt in hers then. For one moment she seemed half mad with terror; but the next it fled as quickly as it came, and she held out her hand in greeting. As she did so an ugly scar on the smooth white wrist caught my eye. It looked to me like an unskillful but intentional cut from a knife, and while we were exchanging commonplaces as to my journey, etc., I was wondering as to whether she had ever attempted her own life. She was in the first flush of her womanhood; and her glorious blue eyes and coil of auburn hair would alone have sufficed to stamp her as a beautiful woman, had it not been that the curious expression of her face outweighed every other fascination. She gave me the impression of being literally consumed by a terrible dread, to the nature of which I of course as yet held no clew; and with this dread an equally



strong desire to suppress all outward indication of it. Add to this the fact that her face was entirely colorless, and that the hand she had given me, in spite of the June sunshine, was as cold as ice, and it will be seen that my first case promised to be full of interest.

She poured out the tea silently, while her husband and I went on chatting, and she did not speak again until he proposed to ring the nursery bell.

"We have not seen Bertie all day," he added, "and I know you would like to show him off to Lennox."

"He is having his tea," she rejoined quickly. "Show him off in the morning, Arthur; I don't think we want him now."

"O, fie! There is an unkind mamma! I wonder what Bertie would say to you? He can finish his tea here, dear. I'll fetch him."

"No, no; I'll go." She ran out of the room as she spoke; and Crawford turned to me with a weary-looking smile.

"You see, Lennox? I generally give way; but I am afraid of it growing upon her, if I never see the child. He is such a splendid fellow!" As he spoke his wife returned with the boy in her arms.

"I met him in the hall," she explained; "he was just coming in from his walk. No, Arthur, don't take him; he is not at all heavy." This last to her husband, who had advanced with outstretched hands. "Look here, Bertie, darling. Who likes cake?" She seated herself on a low chair, still keeping a jealous arm around the child, and went on talking, this time to me. "Arthur and I quarrel over this small boy." She laughed a little, but it sounded very mirthless. "The last cause of dissension is his health. I think he is growing delicate and wants change, and papa doesn't agree. Does he, my beauty?"

The boy laughed as she held him yet more closely to her, and looking at his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, it seemed to me that there could not be a healthier youngster.

"I am afraid I must take papa's side," I said. "You must not alarm yourself unnecessarily, dear Mrs. Crawford, for I think ——" I stopped abruptly, alarmed at the expression on her face. I was new at my work, be it remembered; but I think that older men than I would have been frightened. Bertie had rebelled against the detaining arm, and, sliding onto the floor, had run to his father and climbed into his arms.

A fine game of romps now ensued, and the mother sat and watched them. Sitting there facing her, I, too, was watching. In my student days I had kept a tame lizard, and by whistling to it had been able to direct its movements at will, and now I was reminded of my whilom pet by watching Beatrice Crawford's eyes. Every motion of her husband, as he ran round the room tossing the laughing boy in his arms, appeared to hold a fascination for her, and her gaze never left him but once. That once was when she walked swiftly to a further table and possessed herself of a paper-knife, which she handed to me, commenting on its curious make. It was of steel and sharply pointed, and I handed it back again with the remark that it would make a nasty weapon if needed. She took it without glancing at me again; but her husband had caught her words, and now came up to us breathless and laughing, with Bertie clinging round his neck.

"Don't hold that thing, my darling," he said tenderly. "I hate to see such an ugly knife in your dear little hands."

"Give it to Bertie, mamma," cried the child, stretching dimpled hands for the coveted treasure; and his father, with an injunction to be careful, was taking it from her to give to him, when with a muffled cry she snatched the knife back and dashed it through the open window into the garden beyond.

"You shan't have it!—you shan't have it!" she cried excitedly, while a bright red spot burned on either cheek. "You would ——" With marvelous self-control she stopped dead short; and

after an almost imperceptible pause she added in her usual quiet tones: "Pray forgive me, Arthur; I am so afraid of Bertie hurting himself. Go up to the nursery, dear. Mamma will come to you."

Awestruck at her late passion the child went gently out of the room, and his mother following him I was left alone with Crawford. It went to my heart to see the pained, drawn look on his face; but the scene had at all events put one thing beyond a doubt: Mrs. Crawford was not merely failing in brain-power—she was mad.

A couple of days went by, and I became fairly puzzled. All the ordinary verbal tests when applied to my patient proved complete failures. Her memory was excellent, and indeed in this respect she was far better than her husband, who was constantly forgetting things. As to her judgment, it struck me as above the average, for she was a widely-read woman, and we had a stiff argument one night as to the merits of our favorite authors. She managed her own housekeeping, and capably she did it too; and, in fact—not to exhaust the reader's patience by entering into details—the only visible outcome of her mental aberration was this extreme terror in which she lived, and for which I could find no reason. (I may remark parenthetically that the mad undoubtedly have rules of their own by which they are influenced. Experience thus teaching me that Mrs. Crawford had some reason for this to us inexplicable dread—even though it might be but a fear of her own shadow—it became my business to solve this reason.) What baffled me most was the fact that, while it was Crawford himself who primarially excited this terror, she was undeniably fond of him. Indeed, the word "fond" is hardly suitable, for she simply adored him. I never heard him express the slightest wish as to the household arrangements but it was instantly fulfilled, while every whim—and he was the most whimsical of men—was implicitly obey-

ed. In fact, at the end of a week I was precisely in the same state as when I first entered the house. But that my *amour propre* was piqued, and I felt angry at my non-success, I should have been paying a very enjoyable visit. Arthur Crawford made a capital host, and although, as I have already said, he was a very whimsical man, and was subject to unaccountable fits of depression, he and I got on excellently together.

At the end of the week something happened which had the double effect of lowering me several inches in my own estimation and of placing matters in a totally different light. It was an exceedingly hot night, and after we had all gone to bed I was tempted to leave my room, and, seating myself by the open window in the corridor, to indulge in an extra cigar. The fact that it was a fine moonlight night, and that while the corridor window boasted a lovely view, that of my own room looked into the stables, amply justified my choice of a seat. I had been there for perhaps an hour, when I heard the Crawfords talking in their room, which was on a level with my own. The tones were excited and eager; and, fearing that Mrs. Crawford might be lashing herself into a fury, and that her husband might be ignorantly increasing it, I stole down to their door and stood listening.

"Arthur, dear, give it to me. You don't want it tonight. Why not wait until the morning?"

These were the first words I caught spoken in Mrs. Crawford's usually gentle tones.

"Give it to you? No, not I! I know a trick worth two of that. Ah, you think I don't know that you and that confounded mealy-mouthed doctor are in league against me."

Crawford's voice, shrill and mocking, but undoubtedly his. Good heavens! was the man drunk? There was a moment's pause, and then he began again, this time more gently.

"Come, come, Beatrice. Drop this

stupid joking. I only want to have a little cut at Bertie, just a little cut; and look! the knife is so bright and sharp it cannot hurt him much."

The wall seemed to reel around me as I leaned against it for support. In a flash of revelation that nearly blinded me, as I realized the full horror of the situation, I understood for the first time how matters actually stood. Crawford himself was the madman, and the devoted wife, whom I had been taught to look upon as insane, had known the truth all this time; and, knowing it, for some inscrutable woman's reason, had shielded him, perhaps at the cost of her very life. In a moment the meaning of his many whims, his loss of memory, his fits of depression, were made clear to me; and as I thought of the martyrdom through which his girl-wife had passed I cursed myself for the readiness with which I had been duped.

While these thoughts were rushing through my brain I had noiselessly opened the outer door, and now stood in the dressing-room, peering into the bedroom beyond. The door between the two was standing open; but a heavy curtain hung in the aperture, and by making a little slit in it by means of my pen-knife I was enabled to command a view of the interior. At the farther end of the apartment lay Bertie asleep in his cot. Standing before him, clad in a long white wrapper, and with her auburn hair flowing over her shoulders, was the young mother herself; while at some paces from her stood Crawford, still in evening dress, and balancing in his fingers a long glittering dagger, that I recognized as the one that usually hung in the library below. By this time he had dropped his angry tones, and was speaking in his accustomed pleasant fashion. "You know, dear," he was saying, "it is really necessary that we both drink some. Half a glassful of young and innocent blood, and we both shall keep young and happy forever."

"Won't my blood do?" asked the

girl desperately. She stretched her bare arms towards him and forced a smile to her poor quivering lips. "You are much fonder of me, aren't you, dear? I shall do much better."

He laughed softly. "No, no, my darling; not you. I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold of all the Indies." He stopped suddenly, as if struck by his own words. "Gold?" he repeated. "Ah! yes, of course, I must have gold. Where did I put it now?"

He retreated a few steps, looking uneasily from side to side.

"Perhaps you left it in the library. Ring for James. Or go to Mr. Lennox, Arthur; he will help you find it."

He laughed again—a low, monotonous laugh, to which my hospital work had but too well accustomed me, and then he moved nearer her, still balancing the dagger in his long, nervous fingers. That terrible knife! If he had only put it down for a moment I could have rushed in and secured it before turning to him; but, as matters were, cruel experience taught me that the instant he caught sight of me he would rush to the child to carry his dreadful purpose into effect, and that the mother in all probability would fall the victim. On the other hand, I dared not quit my post to summon assistance, and so leave Beatrice entirely at his mercy. I glanced round the dressing-room and the window-cord caught my eye. It was new and strong. I cut it as high as I could reach, and crept back to my hole at the curtain. Crawford was growing rapidly angry.

"Give me that boy!" he cried roughly. "Get out of the way, Beatrice, and let me have him;" and he caught her by the arm and dragged her from the cot.

"Arthur, Arthur! husband, sweetheart!" She clasped both arms around his neck, and raised imploring eyes to his; but the sight of the thin white face only moved him to greater wrath.

"It is all your fault I have not made you strong long ago," he exclaimed ir-

ritably. "You never laugh now, and can't sing, and you won't dance."

"Dance? O yes, I can. Look, Arthur!" She drew rapidly back towards the cot, speaking in her ordinary quiet voice. "You shall do what you like with Bertie; I was only joking. Only we must have our dance first, you know."

With a sudden movement she stooped and lifted the sleeping child from the bed, talking all the time in an arch merry voice, that still retained its old power over the poor madman. He nodded approvingly as she began rocking to and fro with the boy in her arms, and he moved a chair or two to give her more space.

"Dance, Beatrice!" and he began whistling a then fashionable valse, beating time to the air with the dagger, of which he never relinquished his hold.

"Very well," she responded cheerily. "Stand by the mantelpiece and give us plenty of room. Now, then, my baby boy; one, two, and off we go."

My life has shown me instances of self-devotion in plenty; I have seen proofs of ready wit, and more of indomitable pluck; but I have never seen them so marvelously combined as that terrible June night. Instinct taught me what she meant to do. She had persuaded her husband to stand at the end of the room farthest from the curtain that hid her one means of escape, and now she intended to hazard her only chance, dash through it, lock the door on the other side, and then go for help. Backward and forward, round and round she circled, a weird enough figure in her white draperies. The little white feet were bare, and it taxed her utmost strength to hold the heavy boy in her arms; but, with a sublime heroism of which I should never have believed her capable, she never once paused for breath. A miracle alone kept the child asleep; but when I saw the poor mother's lips move dumbly between the snatches of the gay valse she was humming I felt that she was praying God he might not waken.

Nearer and nearer the curtain she came; but, to my horror, I perceived that Crawford was growing uneasy and advancing slowly in the rear.

"Mrs. Crawford! Quick!"

There was not a minute to be lost. I tore the curtain aside and she rushed toward me; but ere I could fasten the heavy door her husband was upon us. With a yell of baffled rage he was tearing after her through the open doorway, and in another moment would have reached her with uplifted knife, when I tripped him up, and he fell headlong to the floor. He was stunned by his fall; and while I fastened his hands and feet by means of the cut window-cord his wife went back to the inner room and rang loudly for assistance.

Ere he came to himself, Arthur Crawford was safely secured in my own room. Leaving him there under charge of the men-servants I went back to seek Mrs. Crawford. She was lying on the bedroom floor with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep. He was kissing the paling lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them.

"Poor mamma is fast asleep," he whispered. "And she is so cold!"

She was not dead. The long and frightful mental strain through which she had passed brought on brain-fever, and for some days we despaired of her life, but she came through it bravely, and ere the summer waned I had the satisfaction of installing both mother and son in a seaside cottage far enough away from her Berkshire home.

Crawford, poor fellow, only lived a few months, for a dangerous fall in the asylum grounds put a merciful termination to his confinement. During those few months I visited him occasionally, and he always spoke most tenderly of his wife, whom he imagined to be dead.

When he died, I went to break the news to his young widow; and, while staying in her pretty Devonshire cot-

tage, I solved much that had puzzled me. Her terror at my first introduction to her had been occasioned by the fact that she had at once recognized me as Lennox the mad doctor. I had been pointed out to her in the park the season before. She dreaded Arthur's incipient madness, being known to any one; for she had a blind terror of a lunatic asylum in connection with her idolized husband, and hoped that a quiet country life, free from trouble and contradiction, might in time restore him. But had he never broken out before? I asked, for it seemed to me incomprehensible that so slight a frame should be capable of such courage. Once, she said, only once, and then he had been bent on killing himself. In struggling with him for the possession of the knife, he had accidentally cut her wrist, and so occasioned the ugly scar that disfigured it. As for Bertie's presence that fatal night, she told me he had always been accustomed to sleep in their room; and as I had refused to second her theory that the child wanted change of air, and so aid in sending him out of the house, she could devise no other means of getting rid of him.

And then I took my leave, and I have never seen Mrs. Crawford from that day to this; but still, in spite of a certain pair of sweet brown eyes which make the sunshine of my home, I am forced to admit that there is no woman on earth for whom I have such a boundless admiration as for that unfortunate lady of whom I at one time thought as my First Patient.—*Chambers' Journal*.

#### MATERNAL LOVE.

A mother's love is deep, abiding and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up into her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives, as it were, a part of herself. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savage as well as civilized people. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman

who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and, taking in her arms the pretty baby, lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child, when the poor Indian gathered up her blankets as one would a sick child, and, after clasping it in her arms, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks as the white mother put her babe into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came again, bringing a peck of ripe, wild plums, and the next time two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed, and never came again.

#### MAKING A HOME.

At a reception in Washington lately a woman, famous in the last generation, fell under the discussion of a coterie of her old friends, one of whom spoke of her wit and fine conversational powers, another of her charity, a third of her keen instinct in reading character.

"To me," said Gen. P., "she was most remarkable for her ability to make a home. Put her—as I have seen done in the West—in a log cabin, with nothing but some wooden chairs, a piece of muslin, an open fire, and the odds and ends which she had stored in her trunk, and she would turn it in a few hours into a charming dwelling place. Of all her gifts that was to me the most attractive and womanly."

An American who saw in his youth an Englishwoman, famed at that time for her learning and genius, was questioned as to his impression of her. "She overwhelmed me with her knowledge; her broad, liberal views and her philanthropy opened a new world to me. Yet the most distinct recollection I have of the visit is the torn and dirty tablecloth, the greasy carpet and the ashes strewn half way across the floor."

Carlyle, who had been used to coarse surroundings in his early home, was deeply impressed by the refinement, the pretty "bits of plenishing," the gentlehood, in the home of the woman he afterward married; and the most pathetic part of his wife's history is her heroic effort to give this dainty charm to the rough, unhomelike dwelling in which he placed her.

There is no trait in the Englishman stronger than his love of home, and hence he is apt to value in a woman the quality of making a home above all others. The sailor's wife makes the hearth clean to show her joy at his return. It is the "household motions" of Wordsworth's ideal women that are "light and free," and all Shakespeare's lovable heroines are domestic women.

"Let me see your home, and I will tell you what you are," the Russian Paulovitch says to his countrywomen. Our American girls, in their zeal for music, art, or it may be authorship, are sometimes apt to forget this. They leave the oversight and the details of housekeeping to servants, forgetting that the soiled tablecloth and greasy carpet tell a tale of character as loudly and emphatically as do neatness and taste. They forget, too, that while their picture or song or story may prove a failure, a dainty, cheerful home is a poem which any woman may give to the world, and one which all men can understand and will certainly take to heart.—*Waverly Magazine*.

#### EIGHTY YEARS OF COMPANIONSHIP.

Aaron Ward, of Princess Anne county, Md., died a few days ago aged eighty-eight years. He was born, lived through his long life and died in the same place. He leaves many descendants. There is quite a remarkable and interesting coincidence connected with the life, as well as the death, of this venerable old man and that of Hon. Benjamin Lankford, who died two weeks ago in the same locality. Mr. Lankford was born in November, 1797,

and Mr. Ward in February, 1798, making only about three months' difference in their ages. Both were born in the eighteenth century, and both lived through the greater part of the nineteenth century—facts of which few men who are living to-day can boast. They were born within two miles of each other, and for forty-eight years continued to reside within two miles of each other. During all this time they have continued to reside so close together they have been on the most intimate and friendly relations, having attended the same church and Sabbath school in their childhood, having been educated within the same schoolhouse walls and played on the same schoolhouse grounds in their youth, having associated together in their manhood and sympathized with each other in their old age. Both voted for the first time at the same polls in 1819, and voted the same ticket and continued to vote at the same polls and vote the same ticket for sixty-seven years, and until the death of them both. Mr. Lankford was a candidate ten times for office within the gift of the people of this county, and every time was supported by his old playmate and companion, Mr. Ward. It is probable that there is no other instance of this character in the state, and perhaps none in the country.

GREAT and good thoughts are true wealth. They are fountains of living water. They are gems that always shine. They are impenetrable shields to protect the character. They are goodly apparel for the mind; they are right noble companions. They are fair angels of light. They are flowers of rich beauty and sweet fragrance. They are seeds of noble actions and noble institutions. They are moulds in which exalted characters are formed. They make good and great men. They are a nation's mightiest bulwarks. A great and good thought is a grand legacy to bequeath to the world.

## AMID THE RUINS OF POLAND.

*Difficile est criticam non scribere* when one takes up the pen to write about the present condition of Poland. The situation is deplorable, so deplorable indeed that, in the presence of the persecutions to which the nation is subjected you are led to ask: "Is not this civilization that humanity prides itself on an evil devoid of all reason?" The partition of Poland was pronounced a crime. Today it is perceived that it was not only a crime but also a fault, a grave blunder by which Europe lost one of the elements of its political balance that held in check Russia, Prussia and Austria. Among the consequences of the destruction of Poland was the colossal growth of the Russian empire. Prussia succeeded in vanquishing France and securing her present preponderant position because Poland had ceased to exist as an independent state. It is due to the absence of Poland from the family of nations that militarism has been developed to such an alarming extent, and Europe kept in condition of continual uneasiness. It has been found necessary to replace, by artificial means, one of the natural factors in the arrangement of continental politics. The proceeding has cost Europe dearly, and the result is a ceaseless menace to public tranquility. We are living in a state of armed peace which threatens to terminate sooner or later in a general war—a calamity that would be impossible if Poland existed and held the balance between Russia, Germany and Austria. She would act as a geographical barrier between the great powers that are now contiguous and inciting each other to warlike measures by their very proximity.

The suppression of Poland was, therefore, a fault; and this fault is evident to anybody who will examine with attention and without prejudice the present situation of Europe. Every nation suffers today in consequence of this lamentable act, and, above all, the Poles themselves. Their state has been destroyed, and, at this moment, a vigor-

ous effort is being made to annihilate their nationality; first Poland, and now the Poles. Two of the co-partitioners of Poland—Prussia and Russia—are particularly active in this shameful task, so contrary to the true interests of civilization. To describe the position of the Polish subjects of those two states is to enumerate a long list of exceptional laws to which they are amenable, and to tell of persecutions and sharp practices without end that they have to undergo. There is, however, one difference in the sad lot of these two fractions of the Polish nation. As there exists, in Prussia, at least the shadow of a representative system of government, "the powers that be" are somewhat embarrassed when they try to enforce exceptional measures: they must justify their acts. But this is not a difficult task, especially after Herr Von Hartmann, as a philosopher, and Prince Von Bismarck as a statesman, have declared that the Polish element, hostile to the chief interests of the German people, ought to be extirpated from Teutonic soil. It was only natural, after this, that a decree was signed, expelling from the country thirty thousand Polish families, and that the Berlin parliament voted the appropriations necessary to colonize these depopulated provinces of the former kingdom of Poland with native Germans. Besides this the Polish language has been shut out of all the state schools in the Polish provinces, and German alone is permitted in the courts, in the administrative offices, in the police department, etc. All the vexations attending the differences with the pope, *culturkampf*, have been removed in the German provinces, but retained in the Polish provinces, and German names have been substituted for those of Polish origin in the case of towns. Such are a few of the thousand and one petty annoyances and galling insults that Polish Germans are forced to endure. It must be admitted, however, that the wronged may make a complaint, they may defend themselves

up to a certain point, appeal to public opinion, and organize themselves so as to defend within legal limits, their imperilled interests. Such action has just been witnessed in that portion of Prussia, formerly known as the Grand Duchy of Posen. The wealthy Poles of the province have established a bank, with a capital of 30,000,000 marks for the purpose of furnishing the means to counteract the plan of colonizing the country with native Germans; and the Berlin government is forced to take up the gauntlet thus thrown at its feet by these indignant and patriotic sons of old Poland.

Nothing of this kind is possible here in Russia. It may be said that all the laws that affect the Poles in this empire are exceptional; and—what is not the least of the evil—these laws are executed by subordinates who have no account to render to anybody, and are enacted by the czar, whose greatest weakness is his hatred of all things Polish. The emperor of Austria loves the Poles; Prince Bismarck and the emperor of Russia hate them. This personal animosity of Alexander III. exercises an enormous influence on the conditions of the Polish nationality, which, as has just been seen is protected to a certain degree in Prussia on account of the representative system, but which in Russia, where autocracy flourishes in all its strength, is left to the hard mercy of a single man, and he a declared foe, and is exposed to persecution which knows no check. A complaint, even the idea of attempting a defense, is considered a crime, which, though not formally judged, is strictly punished by means of what are called “administrative measures.” The governor of a province has the power to deport whomsoever he pleases without having to give the reasons for his act to anybody but the emperor. The newspapers announce the fact, that is all. They don't venture to comment upon it. Then there are the legal prescriptions, the ukases, which form a long list of regulations affecting Poles

alone. For instance, they may not acquire titles to land in the Lithuanian and Ruthenian provinces of the former kingdom of Poland, nor speak their national language there, and nowhere in the czar's dominions may they aspire to public office. In the schools the teaching is all done in Russian, and in Lithuania and Ruthenia the number of Polish children allowed in the schools may not exceed ten per cent. Poles may not form financial, commercial or agricultural societies; they may not secure land by lease for a period longer than twelve years, they may not make a will nor sell their property. Russian landlords may not engage Poles as workmen. The Polish press is gagged and dare not protest against such a state of things, while the Russian press does not cease to insult and denounce the Polish population. To complete this dark picture, you must add to all these hardships, the tolerant persecution by the Catholic church and the implacable persecution of the Greek church. It is not an exaggeration to say, that under such conditions as these the Polish subjects of Russia are in an intolerable position. The situation is eminently Slavonic, and yet it is oppressed by a sovereign who proclaims himself to all the world to be the defender of the Slavonic race. Forced to struggle for its very existence, although disarmed and trodden upon, the Polish people keep up the good fight passively but firmly.—*Porcupine, in Omaha Bee.*

YEARS ago, Will Visscher, the lecturer, used to be the protégé of George D. Prentice, the famous poet-journalist of Louisville. Tiring of newspaper work, Visscher applied to the government for a job, and was appointed postal clerk on the old North Missouri railroad. His run lay between Kansas City and St. Louis. One day Visscher was hauled up before his superiors and asked to account for a money package which was missing. Although the



young postal clerk was known to be innocent of any wrong-doing, it was thought that perhaps the loss of the package was due to his negligence, and it might be just as well to arrest him and lug him up to Kansas City. This was done more for the purpose of frightening him than anything else. After passing several hours of torture in the little Missouri city, Visscher was told to go back to his car and be more careful in future. Things ran along smoothly until one day the train jumped the track and started across the prairie as if to make up lost time. This little eccentricity on the part of the locomotive made Visscher's hair fall out. It was the worst scare he had ever experienced. When he returned to St. Louis he wrote a letter to the postmaster-general in which he thanked him very kindly for the many courtesies shown him, but declaring that he was thoroughly sick of a job that thrust one of his legs into the penitentiary and the other in the grave. He closed the letter by penning his resignation over a big, round signature.—*Chicago Herald*.

#### THE IDEAL SLEEPING-ROOM.

The "ideal sleeping-room" will face the east. It will be not less than fifteen feet square, with windows on two sides for light and ventilation. For further ventilation it will have an open fireplace. The walls will be hard-finished and tinted a color that will be restful to the eye. The wood-work will be finished in its natural color, paint not being admitted. The floor will be of hard, polished wood, with small rugs for comfort that are shakeable weekly. Everything that would invite dust will be strictly excluded, therefore the furniture will have no extra carvings. The one hair mattress will be of the best quality, made in two parts for convenience in turning and airing, with a woven-wire spring beneath. The bed clothing will be the lightest, at the same time warmest, consisting of blankets and white spread. All extra adorn-

ments of lambrequins and fancy things of no use will not find a place here. The curtains will be of thin, washable material.

The "coming woman" will plan to have her bed set away from the wall for health's sake as well as convenience. Modern "conveniences" will be let alone as far as stationary wash basin with hot and cold water is concerned, the portable washstand being used instead, she preferring to do a little extra work to running any risk of being slowly and genteelly poisoned. Her bed will be well spread open the first thing in the morning, and the sunshine and air invited in to do their part toward airing and cleansing the same, and the making of the bed will be the last of the morning duties.—*Good Housekeeping*.

#### AN EXPERIENCE.

Yes, indeed, I used to be awfully afraid of Death; didn't want to hear anything about it—didn't want even to think of it. You see, I'd never been brought very close to it. My grandfather and grandmother all died before I was born, and my father and mother both passed away when I was but a baby-girl, and since then, though there are four brothers and six sisters—of whom I am the youngest, and I'm 38—and any number of nephews and nieces and seven grandchildren in our family circle, it has remained unbroken. As for uncles and aunts and cousins I believe we have some such relations in various parts of the country, but as we have never made their acquaintance we have never been called upon to mourn the loss of any of them. So I could only imagine the final parting with a beloved one, and to me it seemed the saddest of all sad things in this world of trials and sorrows.

But after *that* death bed. But wait, I'll tell you all about it. I had a friend, a very dear friend, a beautiful woman with lovely blue eyes and bright, golden hair. She had just begun a promising

career as a singer after long years of hard study, when she was stricken down by that fatal disease, consumption.

I went to see her, and although in her own home, surrounded by her own kin who served her with willing hands and loving hearts, she begged me to stay a few days with her. "We have always been such good comrades," she said, "and understood each other so well, that it will be real comfort to have you near me. I am sure it will not be long before I am well again. This is a very heavy cold, but it will wear away as other heavy colds I have had."

So I stayed, but alas! She got no better, but grew weaker and weaker every day. Still she clung to the hope of regaining her health and strength.

"I will not die," she said. "This world is too dear to me. I tremble at the thought of leaving it. I will not die."

Well, after I had been with her nearly three weeks, one stormy night the wind was blowing and the rain was falling in torrents, I said to her, "How glad we ought to be that we are sheltered from that terrible storm."

"How glad I would be," she faintly replied—her voice had grown so weak it was scarcely above a whisper—"if I were able to be out in it." Then she begged me to lie down on the lounge opposite her bed. "You are tired," she said; "sleep awhile, and I will try to sleep too."

I lay down, closed my eyes and had just fallen asleep, when a glad exultant voice awakened me. It was my friend who called. Yes, she who but a few moments before could speak only in the faintest tone.

She had half risen in her bed. Her eyes, shining with celestial light, were raised to Heaven, and, believe me or not, but I swear to you it is true, a halo of wonderful brightness encircled her golden head.

"Oh, what a coward I have been!" she cried in clear ringing tones, "to

fear the coming of death—to cling to this poor world with such a glorious land beyond. Beautiful angels—darling mother, I am ready." Then, turning her eyes upon me, she went on: "Dear, this is death, and it is far, far lovelier than life." And as the golden head sank back upon the pillows, she had faded away, and the blue eyes closed to open no more on earthly scenes.

I will only add that she never had been told of the passing away of her "darling mother," it having taken place during her own illness, and that since that night I have never been afraid of death.—*Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.*

#### HIS LITTLE GIRL.

As is known, the daughter of McVicker, the elder, married Edwin Booth, but it is not generally known that when their marital relations became strained that McVicker sided with his daughter, and that Horace McVicker (her brother) took up Booth's cause. This led to an estrangement between McVicker and his son that absolutely separated them. Time passed on without the breach being healed or overtures being made. One day, long after the first trouble, McVicker pere, journeying on the cars, by chance made the acquaintance of a little girl—a mere child—whose beauty and winning ways fascinated him.

Just before he left the cars he asked her her name, and she answered "McVicker." Scarce believing his ears, the old man went to the child's nurse and inquired again as to her name. "She is the child of Horace McVicker," was the reply. Without a word the father wrote on a card: "Horace, come to me at once," signed his name to it and sent it by the nurse to his son. The child had softened his heart and brought together once for all time the father and son.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## HUMOROUS.

Egotism is a man without a collar carrying a gold-headed cane.—*New Haven News*.

The man who paints the town red frequently gets some of the paint on his nose.—*Railway Advocate*.

When an earthquake starts springs of fresh water flowing, isn't that "shaking for the drinks?"—*Texas Siftings*.

They say you can tell that a couple have just become engaged when the young man blows on the mustard to cool it for her.

"The scold waves are very trying," said a man to his wife this morning when she raided him for not building the fire.—*Washington Critic*.

Bores will paste this in their hats: Simon Emery, of Hancock, Lake Superior, dropped dead while attending to his own business.—*Detroit Tribune*.

"Hullo, Mike! I hear yer on a strike." "So I am. I struck for fewer hours." "Did you succeed?" "Indeed I did. I'm not working at all now."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Regular Caller—"I'd like to see your father, Tommy, if he isn't engaged." Tommy—"He is; but what is the matter with Clara? She isn't engaged."—*Lowell Citizen*.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "O, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' nature." Mothers often do—with a shoe.

If you are poor there is one consolation: your heirs will not go into court to prove that you were an imbecile during your childhood, an idiot at the time of your marriage, and a gibbering lunatic for years before you died.—*Ex.*

Little Johnny had been unduly familiar with a forbidden jam pot, and

had consequently indulged in grief and lamentation when retribution with a large and rolling "R" had swooped down upon him. He sat smarting and fearful for a long time in silence, broken only by an occasional sob. Then he looked up solemnly in his mother's face, and said with emphasis: "Mother, I'm sorry you ever married my pa."

Edith—"Ma, that new maid is awfully stupid."

Mamma—"What has she done?"

Edith—"I wanted to practice a little, so I sent her to the music-room for 'The Lost Chord.'"

Mamma—"Well?"

Edith—"She brought me the clotnes line."—*The Rambler*.

Prof. Snore—"William, what is the mean winter temperature of the United States?"

Student—"Ten degrees below zero is the meanest ever I saw."

Prof.—"You are so stupid, William, that I don't believe you can detect any difference between me and a donkey."

Student—"I admit the allegation."—*Texas Siftings*.

A young man had his girl out carriage riding the other evening, and the horse took fright and ran away. In turning a corner the vehicle overturned and the young lady was pinned to the earth, the body of the carriage lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous situation she slowly opened her eyes as consciousness returned, and faintly gasped: "Don't—squeeze—me—quite—so—hard—next—time—John."—*Merchant Traveler*.

One day last week a lady in South Portland, in need of a Chinese servant, asked her laundryman to send her one whom he could recommend. Next day a Chinaman came and presented the following note of introduction: "Mrs. Lady—Friend She: You when at there told to me want to boy cooking. I had have a boy is good man and honest

man he neat and clean and doing nicely that this one best one never you have before like he does. I wish could take him to stay with you and Leong Git recommend to him come to she."—*Portland Oregonian*.

A man whose owlsh gravity attracted attention, even if his gait didn't, walked up to one of the police patrol boxes on Michigan avenue yesterday and knocked at the door. He repeated the knocking at intervals, and finally turned and saw ten or twelve grinning men and boys in the vicinity.

"Shay!" he said as he tried to call up still more gravity, "doan' you 'sphose I knew they wan't at home all 'er time? 'Course I did! Doan' think I'm drunk, do you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### PARSON WHANGDOODLE BAXTER'S DISCOURSE.

De fust bald-headed man we reads about was de profit Elias. De wicked chilluns poked fun at him, and made remarks about him gettin' de front seats at de show. Purty soon de she bars cum outen de woods and tuck dem ar chilluns on de half-shell. From dat time on when de udder chilluns seed a bald-headed man who looked as ef he mout be a profit, dey kept dar mouf shut, or made out he had curls like Buffaler Bill.

Julius Seezer had a mighty high forehead, so he wored a wreat ob laurels ter kiver up de bare place, but sence dat time dar has been heaps ob bald-headed men what didn't wear no laurels.

De cullud man, bein' sorter immertative in his habits, tuck ter bein' bald-headed. De white man can't do nuffin' dat de cullud man won't immertate. Ole Uncle Ned, in de langwidge ob de poick, "had no wool on de top ob his head in de place whar de wool outer grow but didn't."

Bald-headedness am perduced by warious causes. Old age am one ob de most usual causes, 'cepting young age,

for de baby a day old am jess as bald as de oman who has libed ter be a centurion, and who can fread a needle widout de aid of crutches.

One kind ob bald-headedness am caused by sowing wild oats; anudder cause am matrimony, while out West de folks has ter rely on Inguns and cyclones. I has heered dat a Kansas cyclone can scalp a man quicker den an Ingun.

Ebery bald-headed man bleeves dat he kin be cured. He nebber bleeves dat his bald-head am chronic. It am a techin' sight ter see de bald-headed man pay a silber dollar to a bald-headed barber for a bottle of har restorer.

Howebber, de bald-headed man has got his conserlashens. No matter what happens, de har ob de bald-headed man nebber stands up on eend.

Den agin de head ob de bald-headed man seldom turns gray. He nebber has ter dye unless he wantster.

If yer wantster make a bald-headed man mad jess charge him wid leavin' hars in de comb. Den de nex ding yer wantster do am ter climb a tree and stay dar till he goes away.—*Texas Siftings*.

#### DON'T KNOW.

"My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just asked me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow, and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know, when I was much younger, but I find as I grow older I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why the best people seem to have all the suffering, and the great sinners all the fun. I don't know why all the innocent men suffer for the wickedness of guilty men. I don't know why the man who cast the faulty column in Pemberton Mills wasn't crushed when the mill went down. I can't see why my neck should be broken in a railway accident because a train dispatcher

sends out a wrong order, or a signal man goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill-health and suffering just because his grandfather was a rollicking, hard drinking old profligate. I can't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel at my best. I can't understand why Lincoln died and Davis lives. I don't know why some people starve, while worse people feast. Well, you say, 'wouldn't it be pleasanter if all these crooked things were straightened out'? Yes, oh yes! And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them?' Ye—e—hold on a minute—ye—I don't know really that I want to try. There are several things to consider when you sit down to run a universe. True, If I managed things I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia, for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an italic *d*; my pantaloons would not work up, nor bag at the knees, and my collars would not climb up the back of my neck, and my moustache wouldn't keep waxed like a bristle at one end and out at the other like a satin ribbon, and—but there are other things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I could manage for a week, maybe, but there would be an eclipse or two to look after, an occasional rain, some snow, a late spring or an early autumn, or a capricious harvest-time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy, I have never been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find, on looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office, that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the heartiest accord with the administration and wish to give it, and to the extent of my poor ability do give it, my

most earnest and hearty support and encouragement, yet I much prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen."  
—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

#### SOMETHING ABOUT ELEVATORS.

During the recent cold norther, half a dozen well-known Austin men were gathered around a stove in a back room of a popular saloon discussing one thing and another.

"Gentlemen," said the school teacher, emphatically. "Education with a big E is the greatest elevator of the age. It makes men nobler and better."

"As the penitentiaries are boiling over with educated gentlemen who forged checks, that remark about education making men nobler is all humbug. Why, man-alive, look at the educated men there were in the Texas poker legislature," said Gilhooly.

"There are several other elevators besides education. For instance, a tack is an elevator, remarked Gus DeSmith.

"A tack?"

"Yes, a tack. It is not a great elevator; it is quite a small elevator, but in proportion to its size it will elevate a man more suddenly and higher than any other elevator in the market. It cannot, however be truthfully said that the tack makes a man any better or nobler, judging by the language he uses."

"Talking about elevators," remarked old Smoot, the stage driver, the rope is an elevator that is not to be sneezed at. It does raise men up right from the ground, and makes them better men. There is a big improvement in most men who are elevated by a rope. They never steal horses or anything else after they have been raised up; whereas a man who has been raised into Congress keeps right on stealing worse than ever."

There was a murmur of assent, and one with a blonde nose said: "The most popular elevator is whisky. It elevates a man mightily in his own estimation. There have been times when I wouldn't have shaken hands with a

king. You bet whisky elevates a man in his own estimation."

"Yes, and lowers him in the estimation of his friends," retorted the teacher.

"That don't make any difference in cold weather. Barkeeper, bring hot whisky toddies for the crowd."

While the gentlemen were lowering themselves in each other's estimation, Gilhooly said:

"The darndest elevator I ever heard of was in a field in New York. A city gentleman who was rustivating in the country, saw a large sign on the fence that read: 'Please take the elevator in crossing this field.' He did not catch on at first, but he would have found it very easy to catch on if he had climbed over the fence, for there was a brindle bull pawing the earth and suffering to elevate somebody."—*Texas Siftings*.

#### WOMEN AS CHARACTER-BUILDERS.

Pleasant gossip, says a writer in the *Cleveland Leader*, can hurt no one. A recital of the happenings about you, a word of praise for another, is no harm; but set your face as flint as soon as slander begins; check it in your family, and never allow your curiosity to carry you away to so undignified an act as to ask for any information of the private affairs of others.

If you are a good woman at heart and feel this fiend tugging at you, set yourself some task that will enlighten your mind, and try if it be possible to realize the dreadful position you are assuming. Improve your mind, and work as deliberately to eject this evil spirit from you as you would fight against the terrible appetite for strong drink, or opium, or any other bad habit.

A tale-bearer and slanderer in olden times was a candidate for the ducking-stool. I think it is almost a pity that that punishment was abolished.

"To thine own self be true: and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," or woman, which is of more importance just here. Try to realize in what un-

dignified attitude you are posing when you attempt this role. "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues," and you are flaunting your vulgarity to the winds when you act this part. You destroy all the influence for good which you may have. If you are so unfortunate to know people who indulge this talent, avoid them, and, if that is impossible, try to turn their thoughts in a different direction. Be very sure a person can do you nothing but harm when you cannot remember one good thought or word after being in their society. Choose for companions those who are your superiors, those from whom you can learn something; their influence is inspiring and enobling, and a desire for such society will be your best recommendation to it. Ruskin says: "If you would be the companion of nobles, make yourself noble." Any one who wills may accomplish this. It is only turning from the ditch where they root for filth to the broad highway of truth, and honesty, and fair dealing, and lo! you are in the company of the nobles.

Women are rapidly gaining their true places in the world as individuals. We would have them put aside all such trivial amusements and acquit themselves as true women should, laying aside every hindrance, ready to take their places without fear of insinuation or hair-pulling, beating each other with brooms and rolling-pins, etc.

We are of the opinion they will make as fair a showing as an equal number of our brothers, from whom such inuendoes come. Such remarks are usually made by those men who do not wish woman to be an individual, but wish her to be while they live, a servant or drudge, and when they are gone a relic, and these are usually the men who can claim no superiority over woman except mere brute force. So much depends on women for housekeepers and character-builders that the entire abstinence from slander, in even the mildest forms must be enforced. Then our brothers will not villify us, because they will have been taught they have no occasion.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED AT CHICAGO, ILL.

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We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

Correspondents will bear in mind that under no consideration will we give their names to any inquirers. Write on one side of the paper, and give us your name with your *nom de plume*. Address

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE total number of miles of new tracks laid for the year 1886 foot up over 8,000 miles.

THE Missouri, Iowa & Nebraska road was formally transferred to the Keokuk & Western road, recently.

THE question now is, who are going to win the prizes offered for subscribers? At this early date no one can guess.

THE earnings for November of the Northern Pacific road were \$1,304,952, and of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, \$2,569,000.

THE switchmen of Denver recently asked for and were granted Chicago pay. Everything is moving smoothly and satisfactorily to all.

THE Kansas, Nebraska & Dakota road was recently completed to Topeka, Kas., and trains will soon be running between that place and Fort Scott.

THE financial secretary of Joliet Lodge, No. 3, would like to hear from

Thomas Meskell, formerly of LaSalle, and M. J. Fox, formerly of Seneca.

WE have received an account of the ball held by St. Joe Lodge No. 9, December 23d, but too late for publication in this issue. It will appear in our next.

THE Delaware & Lackawanna road have discharged all firemen in their employ under twenty-one years of age, and in future no minors will be employed.

ANOTHER one of the Lake Shore's imported men, Ed. Poorman by name, in charge of engine No. 467, was killed December 13, while coupling cars at the Stock Yards.

JOSEPH KISTLER and E. C. Patton have been expelled by Indianapolis Lodge, No. 21, for non-payment of assessment and using the funds of the lodge and not returning the same.

JAMES MARTIN, a member of Lodge 1, working in the Western Avenue yard of the C., M. & St. P., had the thumb on the right hand severely mashed behind a pin while pulling it, December 17.

THOMAS RYAN, a member of Lodge 1, working nights on the C., M. & St. P., was severely injured by striking a switch-stand in jumping off a train at the Western Avenue yards, December 20.

It is said that Col. J. F. Bernard, the new General Manager of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, began his career as a brakeman. If he follows the

wake of some illustrious examples we now have, it will not be many years before he will be breaking railroads.

OMAHA LODGE, No. 11, have elected the following officers: Master, P. H. Meehan; Vice-Master, John P. Mulvahill; Recording Secretary, G. M. Palmer; Financial Secretary, Josiah Henry; Treasurer, William Hay.

BROTHER O. W. CONNOR, of Duluth Lodge No. 28, called upon us recently on his way to his old home at Richmond, Ind. Brother Conner reports Duluth O. K., and hopes to be back among the boys before a great while.

WE are told by an exchange that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in Connecticut, have increased the wages of freight brakemen from \$48 to \$52 a month, and rear brakemen from \$50 to \$54.60 a month.

THE officers recently elected by Otumwa Lodge, No. 7, are as follows: Master, G. F. Andrews; Vice-Master, George Danforth; Recording Secretary, M. J. Somers; Financial Secretary, Nic Schrader, and Treasurer, Mike McNearny.

TIMOTHY O'LEARY, a switchman, working on the Fort Wayne road, was struck by a passenger train of the same road, recently, near Forty-ninth street and Stewart avenue, and injured so severely that he died within twenty-four hours.

WE had a pleasant call from James Coughlin, Recording Secretary of Quincy Lodge, No. 18, December 30.

James makes a good officer, and was on his way home, having been spending the holidays with his parents at Freeport, Ill. Call again.

THE Chicago & St. Louis road, which was sold recently to the management of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road, are having the lettering on the locomotives changed. And now a number of iron horses are seen bearing the inscription "Santa Fé Route."

CLARENCE SAWBUCK, a flagman on duty at the Wabansia avenue crossing of the Northwestern road, was struck, recently, by an incoming passenger train. He was hurled high into the air and thrown fully fifty feet. His injuries resulted in death in a few hours.

THE officers elected by Lodge No. 1, December 26, are as follows: Master, James L. Monaghan (reëlected); Vice-Master, Thomas F. White (reëlected); Recording Secretary, M. J. Keegan; Financial Secretary, William A. Simsrott (reëlected); Treasurer, John Downey (reëlected).

JOHN NEWELL, of the L. S. & M. S. road, announces the appointment of Addison Hill as assistant to the president, and E. Gallup as assistant general manager. They may find some difficulty, however, in *Galluping* over the *Hills* of mismanagement of the L. S. & M. S. company for the last few years.

THE following members of Lodge 1, working for the C., M. & St. P., at the Western Avenue yard, are no longer "night-hawks," and have no further



use for lamps: A. E. Hawkins, A. W. McGowan, John Kelly, A. J. Fletters, M. Mehan and James Conlin. They now "work by day and sleep by night."

THE following officers have been elected by Cleveland Lodge No. 23: Master P. J. McManus (reëlected); Vice-Master, Jacob M. McFarlin; Recording Secretary, James H. O'Brien; Financial Secretary, J. W. Reed (reëlected); Treasurer, H. A. Heller (reëlected); JOURNAL Agent, J. W. Reed.

PETER FITZPATRICK, of Milwaukee, met with a painful accident on the evening of November 22. His leg was caught between the draw-bars of an engine and a car, and the bones pulled apart so that a finger could be run between them. While his injuries are severe and painful, he will not lose the leg.

THE switchmen employed in the yards of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago road at New Albany, Ind., to the number of twelve, quit work December 1, demanding the rates paid for similar work at Louisville. They were out but a short time when their demands were granted, and resumed work. The increase is from \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

G. P. HOBLICK, a member of Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, has pitched his tent in our midst, and is now working on the Pan Handle. Gus is a good and earnest member of the order, and is a man of that sterling character that reflects credit upon any society of which he is a member. Accept our best wishes, Gus.

THE new officers of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 21, are: Master, William Broderick; Vice-Master, Ed. L. Monzey; Recording Secretary, J. F. David (reëlected); Financial Secretary, W. H. Willis; Treasurer, John Cravens (reëlected); Board of Directors, U. G. Stofer, Joseph Traverse and O. Gambald.

BROTHER BLACKBURN, of Denver Lodge, has the sympathy of a host of railroad friends in his bereavement. He lost his son on Sunday, November 28, and has been very sick ever since. He is a good member of Lodge No. 15, and has the sympathy of many railroad men as well as the members of Denver Lodge.

It certainly is gratifying how prompt the new lodges respond to the requirements of our constitution. It would be a great benefit to the Association if the older ones were even half as prompt. Duluth and Memphis were the banner lodges on the last assessment. Long live Duluth and Memphis, say we.

WE have received an invitation to attend a ball held by Lodge No. 18, S. M. A. A. of Quincy, Ill. We are sorry to send our regrets, for the reason that the switchmen of Quincy never do things half way, and we know that the ball will be up to their reputation. And we would gladly attend, were it possible.

JOLIET LODGE, No. 3, have elected the following officers: Master, Byron R. Pierce (reëlected); Vice-Master, Edward Whitney; Recording Secretary, W. R. Davison; Financial Secretary,

John F. Boles; Treasurer, John H. Clark (re-elected); Board of Directors, Matt Twohey, John Kirk and Edward Whitney.

THE following officers have been elected by Savanna Lodge, No. 20: Master, W. A. Stetson; Vice-Master, Henry McDaniel; Recording Secretary, T. B. Curran (re-elected); Financial Secretary, Thomas Curran; Treasurer, Jessie Ritchie (re-elected); Board of Directors, Samuel King, Matt Fox and Thomas Hogan.

WE were agreeably entertained, December 17, by a call from Mrs. M. J. Keegan and Mrs. G. P. Hoblick. Both ladies are not only the "better halves" of good, earnest Association men, but intelligent and enthusiastic upholders of our Association. Come again, ladies, we are always anxious to add to the sunshine of our sanctum.

WHEN the board of directors of Joliet Lodge, No. 3, examined the books of their financial secretary, George Durston, in September last, they found them in such a condition that the lodge declared the office vacant and elected another secretary. And at their first meeting in October, George Durston was suspended from the lodge.

OUR thanks are due to Detroit Lodge, No. 13, for an invitation to attend their first annual ball, to be held at Merrill Hall, Wednesday, January 12, 1887. We regret our inability to attend, and extend our best wishes for its success. Of course, we expect one of our brothers of Lodge No. 13 to give us a good account of their ball for our next issue.

A DISPATCH says that "M. Goblet has consented to form a ministry for France." Mr. Goblet has been ministering to the wants of a great number of the people of this country by far too long already. It would be better for mankind if he had been relegated to oblivion long years ago. But we call him glass in this country — *zwei glass*.

ON December 14, at the Fifty-fifth street yards of the P. F. W. & C. road, Brother J. W. Correll, a member of Lodge 1, had the first two fingers and thumb on the right hand severely mashed in making a coupling. While his injuries are painful, and will lay him up for some time, it is not thought that he will loose any of the injured members.

BROTHER J. A. WALLACE, a member of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 26, met with an accident December 13th. While pulling a pin his hand was caught and severely mashed. Brother Wallace is night-foreman in the C., W. & B. yards, and an active and intelligent member of No. 26. He has the sympathy of a host of friends, who regret his misfortune.

JOSEPH KELLEY, at one time a member of Cleveland Lodge, No. 23, and now supposed to be working somewhere in Chicago, has been expelled from Cleveland Lodge for defrauding the Lodge out of \$32. The worst feature of his case is, that part of the funds he took was money voted to a sick brother, and entrusted to him to take to that brother. Give him a wide berth, as such characters are unfit to even associate with men.

HENRY CROSS, a switchman working in the yards of the C., C., C. & I., at Cincinnati, was killed Saturday night, December 11. While in the act of getting on the rear step of engine No. 42, he missed the step, and falling under the engine was run over. Mr. Cross had an application filled out for membership in Lodge No. 26, but his sad misfortune overtook him before it was presented.

ON December 19th, Peoria Lodge, No. 25, elected the following officers: Master, P. C. Ryan (reelected); Vice-Master, J. M. Davis; Recording Secretary, James S. Lee (reelected); Financial Secretary, Fred Heath (reelected); Treasurer, Frank Brown (reelected); JOURNAL Agent, J. M. Davis; Past Master, J. W. Van Armsdale; Board of Directors, B. F. Waller, John Keifer and C. H. Ray.

WE have a few subscribers on our list that have not as yet paid their subscription. We cannot afford to carry them any longer. The subscription price of the JOURNAL has been placed at such a low figure, that no one can lay the claim that they cannot afford it. Hence we desire to notify all delinquents that their names will be stricken from our list unless they remit before our next number.

THE popular wave for the sadly needed purification of politics has even extended to Dakota Territory. At their late election, the two political machines in Campbell county, put up for district attorney two very unpopular men. The intelligent and discriminating voters, with a desire not only to rebuke the

political tricksters, but to reform the state of political affairs, voted for a popular and intelligent pointer dog, and his dogship came within three votes of being elected.

MATT. CAVANAUGH, late of Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, and now working for the Northwestern, at Western avenue — Galena Division — is spending the holidays with his parents at Grand Haven, Mich. Matt has a double reason for celebrating New Year's day. He was born on that day. And a man at our elbow says: "Yes, and he has 'sworn off' every New Year since." However, we suppose when he made his first New Year's *call*, he took milk without the punch.

RICHARD NELSON, time-keeper for the general yardmaster of the Fort Wayne road at Sixteenth street, who was severely injured some six weeks ago by a large bell falling upon his foot, is around again. "Dick" is great on a song, and the boys will all rejoice to know that his musical voice will not be missed in singing the "old year out and the new one in." Come around, "Dick," and give us "John Anderson, My Joe, John." We have set aside three bottles — of ink.

BROTHER W. M. BUCHANAN, Recording Secretary of Omaha Lodge, No. 11, is now "gumming it." He went to a dentist recently to get a tooth extracted. Business being a little dull with the dentist, he concluded to do his part in building his business up. Hence he had nine favorite molars extracted before getting out of the dental chair. Brother Buchanan "don't eat

today." He may now be seen, however, heroically endeavoring to recuperate the "inner man" at the end of a straw.

SUPERINTENDENT MERRILL, of the Wisconsin Central, came in at day-break on the morning of the 20th, with his "grip" packed with sugar, and paid off the boys in Chicago. He said that he feared that if he did not come in until after Christmas old Santa Claus would not give the little folks a visit at some homes. And that when a little one himself, he always looked forward to the annual visits of Santa Claus with great expectations, and he did not wish to be the means of disappointment in any home.

A. D. FRENCH, member of Burlington Lodge, No. 6, lost an arm December 1. Switch engine No. 383, while at work at Leffler's yards, was running along the side track when for some unforeseen reason it jumped the track. Mr. French was standing upon the foot-board at the time and fell, his arm being caught between the foot-board and the rail, crushing it so badly that it had to be amputated midway between the shoulder and the elbow. Mr. French has the sympathy of a host of friends in his sad misfortune.

ROBERT MONAHAN, an old switchman employed in the Michigan Central yards, was struck by a freight-car and run over at the foot of Monroe street, on the morning of December 21. The car was being backed by engine No. 145, and the wheels cut off both his legs near the body. He died in a few hours. Mr. Monahan was sixty years old and had

been switching for over eighteen years. He has been in the employ of the Michigan Central road for a great many years, and was at one time a member of Lodge No. 1, S. M. A. A. of N. A.

THERE are many switchmen in Chicago who well remember the genial, affable and popular Mr. H. F. Hill, who some two years ago was General Yardmaster of the C. & G. T. road at Chicago. And all will rejoice to know that his abilities and worth have been recognized by the Montana Union Railway, and he has been appointed to the position of Chief Dispatcher and Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph. We feel we are but expressing the sentiments of all switchmen who had the pleasure of his acquaintance when we extend to him our congratulations and well wishes.

THE new steamship *Susquehanna*, owned by the Anchor line, made her first trip (from Buffalo to Chicago) the first of December. She was built at Buffalo, and is substantially different from any vessel now afloat on the lakes, being modeled after the general characteristics of ocean steamers. She is entirely of steel, and has carrying capacity for 3,000 tons of coal, or about one hundred thousand bushels of grain. She is 322 feet long by 40 feet beam, and is the largest vessel on the lakes, and is expected to prove one of the fastest. She is commanded by Capt. James Todd.

THE *Railway Service Gazette* having purchased the *American Rail-roader* of Chicago, appears as a double-

header, December 9. And when we say it appears as a "double-header," we wish to be understood to say that it has also a full load of first-class freight. We are glad to note the evidences of prosperity in Brother Leflet's venture. His fearless condemnation of all evils connected with the railroad service deserves the encomiums of all honest and upright men. Success to *The Railway Service Gazette and American Rail-roader*. But, say, Brother Leflet, that name uses up all our italics.

JAMES CLEARY had better let up on beating switchmen, (especially members of our Association) so promiscuously, or we will take the trouble of looking up his unsavory record and airing it, through the columns of the JOURNAL. Switchmen of Chicago, Kansas City and Peoria, besides innumerable other localities, remember him to their financial sorrow. He is not, never has, nor never can become a member of our Association. When last heard of he was doing the switchman at Pensacola, Florida. Beware of him.

BROTHER JOHN T. HURLEY, a member of the Board of Directors, has been on the sick list, but is around again. He made us a visit a few weeks ago, and the weather being of that character that has earned for Chicago the name of being *the* winter resort, he returned home (Council Bluffs), only to find everything blockaded with snow. Of course he "peeled his store clothes" and commenced "bucking snow." He caught a severe cold that forced him to keep near the parlor stove for two weeks. Sorry to hear it Brother Hurley. But if it gets too cold for you at

Council Bluffs, our "latch string" is hanging out, and come and enjoy this glorious climate. Brother "Dell" says "Yes, do come."

It is better late than never, it is said. We acknowledge that we are a little late in announcing the marriage of brother Emil Barthel, of Milwaukee, Lodge No. 5, but Emil was not at all late in deserting the great army of bachelors. The young lady that captured Emil was Miss Kittie Stamm. The ceremony took place October 30, at St. Anthony's church, Milwaukee, Father Decker officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Barthel can now be found at home, 542 Clinton street, where they are now keeping house—"just like old people." Emil called on us December 14, and, to be candid, we can't see that he has lost any hair yet.

THERE are no class of people whose limbs are in as constant danger as the switchmen. In fact a switchman is hardly considered one until he has lost some member. Mr. William T. Simpson, successor to James A. Foster, 14 Congress street, east, Detroit, Mich., recognizes these facts, and makes his bow to our readers through our advertising columns. There is no question that his Union Artificial Limb is superior to all others, because it combines all the qualifications that can be expected to be found in artificial limbs—lightness, strength, simplicity of construction, durability, naturalness of motion and anatomical beauty. Mr. Simpson having recognized our organization by contributing his share toward the support of the JOURNAL, we trust switchmen and their friends will reciprocate.

It is certainly a source of great gratification to the earnest workers in the cause of our noble order at its wonderful and substantial growth. Five Lodges have been organized since our last issue, Lincoln, Neb., Minneapolis, Minn.; Creston, Ia.; St. Paul, Minn.; and Council Bluffs, Iowa. Notwithstanding this wonderful showing, the success of our noble order depends upon the individual interest taken in the same. Its growth as an order is liable to make the individual member careless as to the duty he owes not only to the order, but to his home, to his family. And men are prone to defer until tomorrow a duty they owe today to the order and to their families. A convincing, yet lamentable proof of this has been given in Chicago the last month by the death of three switchmen who had been members in good standing until quite recently of Lodge No. 1, when through carelessness they permitted themselves to become unfinancial. The penalty of this carelessness unfortunately falls upon the innocent. And those they cherished and loved are left in the world without receiving any benefits from the order they helped to build up. However, gladly the order would have willed it otherwise. We hope that the lesson given by these direlict brothers will not only inspire others whom we fear are in the same condition, to immediately attend to their duties, but will be one that will prompt all not to defer until tomorrow a duty they owe today.

AND now its a twelve pound switchman for Brother E. O. Downing, Financial Secretary of Denver Lodge, No. 15. Cigars all round, of course.

#### THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE "SAMSON."

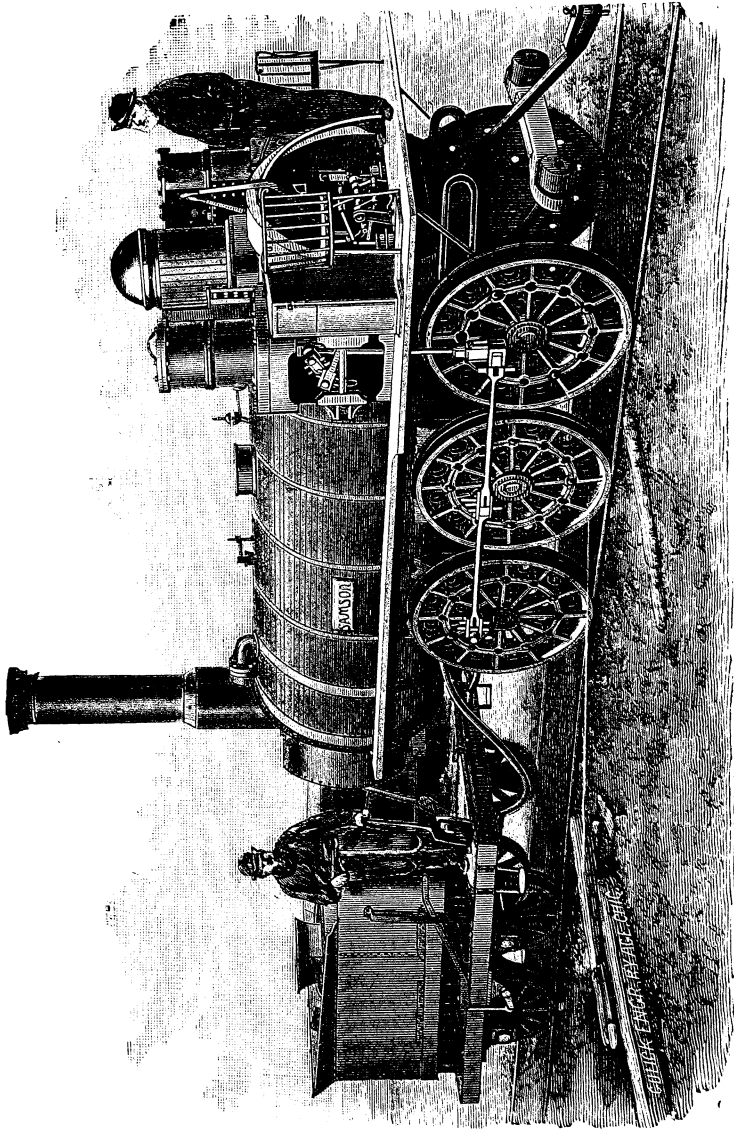
WE acknowledge our obligations to the *Railway Age* for the use of the cut representing that old relic of the past, the locomotive "Samson," which will be found on our next page.

We also quote from the *Age* what it had to say concerning this interesting old engine, and heartily endorse that portion, at least, that urges the preservation of the old engine. We question even at this time whether there is anything connected with railroading that would attract as much attention, were it placed where the public could have the opportunity of inspecting it, as the locomotive "Samson." How much more will be the interest in a few years hence. There should be some means adopted to preserve these relics of the early days of railroading. If there are not enough public-spirited railroad men to devise ways and means, the Government should. The *Age* in speaking on this question, says:

One by one the old locomotive, cars and other railway appliances connected with the earlier days of railroading on this continent have passed away, until scarcely anything remains to serve as an illustration of the wonderful progress that has been made in this direction during the past fifty years. Our readers who were so fortunate as to visit the great Exposition of Railway Appliances, held in Chicago in 1883, will remember the old locomotive "Samson," which constituted an interesting feature of what was known as "The Old Curiosity Shop" connected with that exhibit. This locomotive shared the honors with the "Lo-comotion" from the other side of the water, with the old Grasshopper engine, "Arabian," exhibited by the Baltimore & Ohio, and since destroyed by fire, and the somewhat more recently built specimen, exhibited by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. In almost every respect, however, the "Samson" was altogether the most interesting and curious locomotive of all these named, if we except the "Locomotion," which was loaned by a city in England, and it would be most unfortunate if it should share the fate of so many other interesting relics of the earlier days, and

be knocked to pieces and thrown into the "scrap heap." This engine is now the property of the Acadia Coal Company, of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, and is offered for sale. Cer-

or officials, or by some railway company, and placed where the greatest possible number of railway men and, so far as that is concerned of people generally, may be able to see it. Will



Old Locomotive "SAMSON."

tainly some museum should possess it, or what would be still more in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things," it ought to be purchased by some public-spirited railway official

not some of our readers make a suggestion and start the ball to rolling which will result in preventing the destruction of this most interesting relic.

## THE LAKE SHORE TROUBLE ENDED

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern strike that was inaugurated June 23 last, has been declared off. After six months' effort to exact from the Lake Shore Company what they believed to be just and right, the striking switchmen have declared, so far as they are concerned, the strike off. A committee of three of the striking switchmen waited on the Lake Shore officials, and after a long consultation, an understanding on some matters that grew out of the strike was arrived at, when the report of the committee was submitted to a meeting of the strikers, and the strike was declared off; the company yielding nothing in regard to the original trouble. In other words, the strikers surrendered unconditionally. It is the understanding, however that all the old employes that were not guilty of overt acts against the company during the trouble, would be reinstated as fast as they could be located in their old positions. And those that the company have no room for are to be furnished with letters, so that they may be enabled to secure employment with other roads. Hence, after six months indefatigable energy on the part of the striking switchmen, with no prospect of success, the men concluded to accept the inevitable, and the above is the result.

We have no desire to at this late date go over the grounds of the trouble and discuss the merits or demerits of the strike. It is ended, and all must feel a relief from a peculiar state of affairs. Throughout the whole strike it was a trying position for both sides to the controversy to be placed in. It was an unequal fight from beginning to end.

Sixty-five men, without anything back of them, save the gratuitous support of individual switchmen, "bucking" against a powerful corporation with millions upon millions behind them. Taking into consideration the length of time the strike lasted and the unequal belligerents, we must say that it has been one of the most stubborn fights that has ever occurred in Chicago. And we presume to say from practical knowledge that it has cost the Lake Shore Company in the neighborhood of \$200,000. The extraordinary expenses of one day in July alone, amounting to over \$5,000. We take these figures from estimates of the amount of extra help, etc., that were employed by the company to run the business of the road since the strike. The writer of this counted eighteen men on one small train of cars. And when you sum up the amount of money that the Lake Shore Company had to pay these men, you can only draw the same inference that we have. On the other hand, it has cost the switchmen several thousand dollars to keep up this warfare. And it is to be hoped that they have been taught some wholesome lessons that will not soon be forgotten. However just a strike may be, it is rarely ever, if ever, successful without organization. In this case the strike was ordered without organization, and without any hope of any help save from individuals sympathizing with the switchmen.

THE switchmen of Cincinnati have every reason to rejoice at having, at least, three high-minded, intelligent and gentlemanly yardmasters, Mr. James Doyle, of the Bee Line; Mr. George Clark, of the C., W. & B.,



and Mr. Robert Marshall, of the C. W. & B., are the gentlemen referred to. And it would be difficult to find another trio that have by their intelligence and gentlemanly conduct toward those working under them, won as firm a place in the hearts of the switchmen employed in these yards. They are all three broadgauge men, and it is useless to say that as long as such men are at the helm, the companies at Cincinnati will have little or no difficulty with their switchmen.

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D. L. & W. trainmen of late have been enjoying much sport with a green brakeman who has not yet familiarized himself with the duties of his position. He was sent back by the engineer the other day to open a crossing. He accomplished his undertaking by tearing down panels of fence. He was next sent out on the pilot with a broom frantically endeavoring to brush the fog away from the head-light so the engineer could see the rails.—*Owego Record*.

Perhaps this is the same chap who was sent ahead by a conductor on the Pennsylvania & New York road some time ago to cut the train in two. The conductor, after waiting a reasonable length of time, also went ahead to see what the difficulty was, and to his astonishment found his new brakeman between two cars, hatchet in hand, cutting away at the link.—*Elmira Advertiser*.

Yes, "the same chap," and the boys all remember the first day he worked on the Western Indiana. He had just finished husking corn down in Indiana, and came to town to get a plug of tobacco. A brakeman on a passing freight train had been taken suddenly ill, and the conductor hired him to take the brakeman's place. They had not been on the road long when darkness overtook them, and while stopping at a small station the rear brakeman put out the red lights on the caboose. The conductor and his new brakeman were standing on top of the next car to the engine, when suddenly the new

brakeman, dropping his lantern on top of the car, started toward the caboose at a break-neck speed. The conductor was puzzled at his strange performance. But on he went at a 2:10 gait until he reached the caboose, when he kicked both red lights into a thousand pieces. Returning to the conductor, panting like a quarter-horse, he was asked what was the matter with him. He replied: "Gosh dang, that was a narrow escape; did you see them lanterns? They were red hot, and if I had not got there when I did they would have set the caboose a'fire."

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ON Christmas eve, at the yards of the Wabash, occurred a little event, while a complete surprise to the principals in the affair, was none the less entertaining and enjoyable. It was noticed by some that all the night switchmen had gathered at the shanty in the yard, and one of their number was sent out to say to Mr. W. B. Johnson, night yardmaster of the Wabash, that his men desired to have a consultation with him at the shanty before they began work. Mr. Johnson readily responded, and when he got into the shanty, Mr. M. McGrew stepped forward, and in a neat and appropriate manner, on behalf of the night switchmen, presented him with a very handsome silver Queen lamp, with his name artistically engraved thereon. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Johnson, and was the first time he had ever received an order that he was at a loss to know how to execute. His countenance, however, plainly indicated his gratefulness, and while the heart was willing, the tongue and lips for a time refused to move. The thought that those whom he had been so long associated with thus

kindly showed their appreciation of him as a man, and the satisfactory manner in which he had conducted the night-yard of the Wabash, at last found expressions by him of his deep appreciation of their kindness, in a neat speech of acceptance. After which the fun came in. Assistant-Night-Yardmaster John Powers, a member of Lodge No. 1, who had contributed liberally to the surprise they had in store for his superior, was enjoying Mr. Johnson's surprise hugely, when all of a sudden he was cornered and presented with a handsome lamp also. This capped the climax, and John for once in his life lost the Powers of speech, and could say little else but "Thank you." It was a pleasant affair all round, and speaks well for the good feeling existing between the night-yardmasters of the Wabash and the switchmen. May it ever remain thus.

#### PRESENTATION.

Mr. James Kenny, the popular transfer conductor on the C. & N. W., who does the stock-yards' work, was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain, on December 17, by his many friends at the Stock Yards. Mr. Kenny, while at work in the yards, was sent for in a great hurry by Mr. Frank Smith, the chief clerk of the agent for the C. & N. W. road, at the Stock Yards. Brother Kenny, supposing it was some orders for him, quickly responded. Upon entering the office, however, he was surprised to see some two hundred of his friends drawn up in line. Mr. Frank Smith stepped forward and, in a neat and happy speech, presented him with the magnificent time-piece. It is a beauty in design, with his monogram

tastily engraved on the case. And at the end of the solid chain hung a beautiful charm containing the photographs of his two faithful and trusted brakemen. The design and workmanship was done in New York by one of the largest houses in the country. The watch was valued at \$650. Mr. Kenny was so overcome that he could not find words to express himself. He says his heart came clear up into his mouth, while big tears of gratitude stole silently and gently down over his cheeks. He mustered up enough strength, however, to invite his friends over to a café, where refreshments were served and many bottles of champagne were cracked. It is said that this valuable chronometer is now recognized as the standard time at the Stock Yards, and hundreds set their time-pieces by it daily. We hope that Jim will always be found on time.

MOSE CLARK, a popular and versatile member of Lodge No. 4, after having made an extensive trip through the west, is again back to his old place on the K. C., St. J. & C. B. Mose is fortunate in having a retentive memory, and he is thereby able to give the boys the benefit of it. He has had all of them continuously on the travel ever since he returned. He treats that little dinner that he had with the "Knights of the Nimrod" yardmasters, at Las Vegas, however, very cautiously. The snow-in at Los Angeles, it is said, was nothing to compare with the ludicrous sight of over two hundred pounds fighting the air and earth, in a herculean effort to catch the last car of an outgoing train. He had lingered too long at the "festive board" to the amuse-

ment of the yardmasters and to his own chagrin. We understand that the picture is to be preserved for a companion piece to the little girl who called for the train to wait until she pulled up her stocking.

#### CUT DOWN IN THE PRIME OF LIFE, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING.

Dave Ross, a foreman in charge of engine No. 76, for the Wisconsin Central road, met with instant death on the afternoon of December 28, at 2 p. m., while in the discharge of his duty at the crossing of the Wisconsin Central and the Pan Handle.

Mr. Ross left the Wisconsin Central yards in charge of engine 76 with twenty-six cars, via the Stock Yards, to be delivered at different railroads. While pulling through the Wisconsin Central Y, he started forward over the train for some purpose, and on reaching the sixteenth car from the engine, it left the track. He tried to retrace his steps and reach the car following the one that left the track. He was just in the act of jumping from the car, when it overturned, throwing him beneath the wheels of the car he was endeavoring to reach. He was dragged some seventy-five yards before the train could be stopped. When found he was firmly wedged in under the truck, with his head almost severed from his body and otherwise horribly mangled. Death evidently was instantaneous. The patrol wagon was summoned and he was taken to the morgue, where an inquest was held over his body.

Mr. Ross was one of Chicago's oldest switchmen. Having followed switching some twenty-eight years, off and on. And never before received even a

scratch. He commenced work for the Wisconsin Central when that road first entered Chicago. And made up the first passenger train that ever left the city over this line. He was well-known by all railroad men in Chicago, and respected and highly esteemed by all. He leaves a wife and boy ten years of age to mourn his loss. By hard work and economy he had built himself a home, and it is understood has some money in the bank. He carried no insurance, and was not a member of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., although he had declared his intention of becoming one, but had put it off too long.

#### SAD ACCIDENT.

On December 14, 1886, Mr. Thomas Byrnes, a foreman in charge of Switch Engine No. 604, for the C., M. & St. P. road, at Western avenue, was caught between two cars and crushed so severely that he died within twenty minutes after the accident. At the time of the accident Mr. Byrnes was in the act of making a coupling, and the draw-bars passed each other, leaving no possible chance for escape. Willing hands gathered him up and placed him upon an engine, and he was run within a square of his house, into which he was carried and medical assistance immediately summoned. But it was too late, for he had hardly been laid upon the couch he had but a few hours previously left in the prime of life, when he breathed his last. The scene that followed in that little home, where naught else but happiness had previously entered, brought tears to eyes that were unaccustomed to weeping. A young wife who, but two short years ago, stood by the side of him who now lay cold in death, at the sacred

altar of marriage, where each pledged that nothing but death should separate them—little dreaming that the separation should come so soon—was prostrated with her grief. While a little ten-months-old babe lay in the next room laughing and cooing in its innocence and glee, not dreaming that it had laid in its father's arms the last time and received the father's last kiss.

Mr. Byrnes had been switching cars for the C., M. & St. Paul road for the past three years, and was well liked by all who came in contact with him. He was a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, from which order his wife will receive \$1,000. He was also a member of Lodge No. 1 S. M. A. A. of N. A., but through negligence had allowed himself to become unfinancial. He was a favorite among switchmen, all of whom extended to his bereaved family their sympathy. He was twenty-seven years of age, and a promise of a long life before him. His death is regretted by a large circle of friends. Alas! the uncertainty of the switchman's life—he knows not what moment he will be summoned before his God.

HENRY TIERNAN, a member of Burlington Lodge No. 6, who has been working at Milwaukee, called upon us December 23. He was on his way home, to Burlington, to spend the holidays. Henry had a close call, on losing a hand November 19, while making a coupling in the yard of the Northwestern. All the fingers and thumb on the right hand were injured, but the probabilities are that nothing more than a stiff joint or two will be the result. Call again, Henry.

(Contributed.)

### READ AND REFLECT.

I wish to impress upon the minds of all the readers of the JOURNAL who are following the vocation of switching, the importance of becoming a member of the S. M. A. A., and carrying some insurance. Many following switching cars do not seem to realize that they take their own lives in their hands every day they work. And a slip of the foot or hand will land them into eternity, or cripple them for life. Why then not attend to this matter at once, and thereby protect the loved ones at home who depend upon them for their support?

Only three weeks ago I was called upon to go and see a deceased switchman's wife who was laying at the point of death. Her condition was a sad one, and will long be remembered by me. She had been married to the deceased brother ten years ago, and had borne five children. Her husband had always drawn from \$65 to \$80 per month, and during their whole married life he had only lost one month's time. They had, however, lived up to their income, little thinking of accidents or deaths. He had been a good provider, and kind to his family. He kissed his wife and little ones good-by one morning some two months ago, as was his usual custom. Leaving home the picture of health, in one-half hour he was brought back a mangled corpse. Cut down without a moment's warning—leaving his delicate wife with a young babe and four other little children, without a dollar. A collection had to be taken up to bury him. She never recovered from the shock caused by seeing her husband brought home a corpse.

And to-day the poor little children are at the Orphan's home.

Don't, don't put this matter off until too late. The switchman's life is too uncertain. Join the Association, and by so doing you are performing a duty you owe to your home and family.

#### CARDS OF THANKS.

CHICAGO, December 27, 1886.

*To the Officers and Members of the S. M. A. A. of N. A.:*

On behalf of myself, as well as my wife and two little children, I desire to return our earnest and heartfelt thanks to the Grand Lodge of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., and to my brother switchmen of North America, for the total disability endowment of \$500 paid me this day by the grand secretary-treasurer. Having lost my right arm, the outlook looked gloomy indeed for those I had pledged to love, honor and protect, but this endowment came promptly and at a time that made it most welcome. None can appreciate our feelings of thankfulness until they have been placed in our position. Again acknowledging our gratitude to the noble order, I desire to state that I earnestly hope that the S. M. A. A. of N. A. may ever live, and grow to that magnitude unequalled by any other order.

Yours in B., H. and P.,

JOHN KAY.

CHICAGO, December 30, 1886.

*To the Officers and Members of the S. M. A. A. of N. A.*

Allow me through the columns of our valuable journal to say to all brothers that my recompense for my mishap in losing a limb has been received, and my best wishes may ever follow you.

Although not at present in active service, owing to total disability, I pray that those who may still be fortunate enough to follow their avocation as switchmen may be honored in their duties, and a recognition shown them which may ever be second to none. I do congratulate you all in your efforts to make the noble order a success, and pray that in the near future it may prove to be the leading topic of all who may interest themselves in the future welfare of our noble order, and a rapid progress be made and unconditional success.

Hoping my brief card of thanks may find space in the JOURNAL.

I am fraternally,

FRANK CLAPSADDLE.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relating to railways have been issued since last month as reported for THE SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624, F. street, Washington, D. C.

Air brake for cars—J. B. Garthright, Louisville, Ky.

Car brake—A. Dieu, New York, N. Y.

Car brake—A. G. Butterfield, High Point, N. C.

Car coupling—F. L. Mark, Clio, Mich.

Danger signal—H. P. Jones, Hillsborough, N. C.

Electric lighting of railroad trains—C. E. Buell, New Haven, Ct.

Power brake—R. Solano, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Railway switch—J. F. Penrod, Blairsville, Pa.

Railway signal—C. W. Pridham, Earls Road, England.

It is estimated that full 300,000 Union soldiers perished during the Civil war. Of these, 60,000 were killed in the field, and about 35,000 mortally wounded. Disease in camps and hospitals slew 184,000.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

C., M. & St. P. YARDS, }  
CHICAGO, Dec. 24, 1886. }

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Business is very heavy at present. We have been receiving one hundred car loads of ice daily, for the Stock Yards. The men on the railroad are run to death. Stock receipts, also, have been quite heavy.

The boys were made happier by receiving their checks Friday, in time to purchase their Christmas turkeys and secure presents for their wives and little ones.

The assistant yardmasters will be content with an even hundred for the present.

E. U. Hurd has been promoted to a first-class foremanship, and now carries a punch, and runs the mixed train to Pennoc.

We hope to be able to do something handsome for our friend Al. Lyons, about the first of the year, in the way of promotion. Frank Armstrong and friends are pulling the wires, and using all their influence in his behalf. Be patient Al. and you will get there by and by.

We are sorry to chronicle so many accidents in the yard, for the last month in the year. We have had four accidents inside of a week, one of which resulted in a death. William Shelp, a member of Lodge 1, had his right hand severely injured at the Halsted-street yard on December 13. He will lose part of the thumb. Tom Byrnes was caught between two cars on December 14, and crushed so badly that he died in twenty minutes after the accident. John E. Geets had the first finger on the right hand broken, and

the second and third badly mashed while coupling cars. Mr. Geets was working in the passenger yard. James Martin, of Lodge No. 1, had the thumb on his right hand badly mashed December 17, by having it caught between the pin and dead-wood.

HOMO.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 26, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I wish to contribute a few lines for THE JOURNAL.

Business is very good here and would be better, but cars are very scarce. Michigan fruit is making things lively at present for roadmen.

The F. & P. M. has ordered 800 cars built at once.

In this yard we work five engines days and three nights. Day-men get \$2.10 and \$1.85, and for nights \$2.25 and \$2.00. The M.C. works five engines days and one nights, with pay at \$55 and \$50 per month.

I feel proud in belonging to No 24, as my associates are a fine lot of men. They are agreeable and courteous to all their associates, and generous to those in need. In fact, they may all be called "dandies." It would take up too much space to give you all their names; but I got two partners and I must tell you their names. They are called by the names of Ambition and Moike. Now, Ambition is quite a character. But Moike's antics are truly wonderful (*i.e.*) at the table.

Brother Bell surprised us all the other day by inviting us into "Billy's" to smoke. Congratulate you, Bro. B.

Our treasurer, P. A. Shaw, has resigned and left the Order. He has become a Mossback. By losing Brother Shaw No. 24 has lost a good member

and a worker. May good luck attend him in his new business.

Mr. Editors, is not the suggestion of M. J. Keagan a good one for Lodge No. 1. I think they ought to adopt it at once. It would be the means of increasing their membership. Where members have so far to go they are very apt to get behind in their dues. Now, I think something ought to be done toward dividing up Lodge No. 1.

I wonder if the brother from No. 17 has got that grip-sack yet. It was very troublesome to him on the way to Kansas City. Well, as he came from Iowa it will be excused. Any oysters out your way, brother?

I guess I will cry quits.

Comarashe, ana, gew! J. A. A.

DULUTH, Min., Dec. 19.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Lodge No. 28 is in a flourishing condition, and we have great hopes for the future. We are to give a ball on New Year's eve, and have sold a large number of tickets, and contemplate having a great time.

Brother McWilliams says the movement in that watch you referred to last month was a Rockaway—and it rocked away from him.

Ed. Cairdwell left here the other day for Dodge City. Ed. was regarded as a gentleman among the boys here, and he did all in his power toward the organization of our lodge here; and, while we were all sorry to lose him, we wish him a safe journey.

We were all taken by surprise at our last meeting by Brother Gephart coming into the hall singing "Oh! it's nice to be a father, Oh! don't you wish

me joy—it's a boy and another switchman."

M. G. Mayfield, formerly a fireman on the Santa Fé, got his leg cut off the other day while trying to get on a caboose. He died soon after from the effects of his injury. He did not follow railroading here.

Brother Shores got his fingers pinched recently in the U. P. yard, and has had to lay off for two weeks.

G. W. Morn and W. E. Moher were out cutter-riding recently. Their horse, however, was a hay sign. Query. Why didn't they get out and let the horse ride in the hearse awhile? PEE GEE.

JOLIET, December 17, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I will say in regard to "Xerxes" letter in your last issue, in which he says that "Duke" is mistaken when he says that the switchmen of Lodge No. 3 have always furnished their newly-married members with bed-room sets. It is true, I will admit, that Brother Davison was an exception, but it was no fault of the Switchmen. It was for lack of some one taking the matter in hand and working up the boys a little. I know that there is not a switchman in Joliet but has the highest respect for Brother Davison. And would go down as deep in their pockets to make him a present as any member in our lodge. I will further say that Brother Davison is a perfect gentleman in every respect, and a good and faithful member of our order. And has done as much, or I will say, has done more for the benefit of our order than any man in Joliet. I hope he don't feel slighted, as I know the switchmen will yet show their ap-

preciation of him as a gentleman and worthy brother.

Now this man "Xerxes" says he don't think "Duke" is a success as a manipulator of links and pins. In this you are away off, old boy "Xerxes." For "Duke" has been on the deck of many box cars, and if he has made any more couplings than old boy "Duke" he is a dandy. For "Duke" is an old-timer, and is still manipulating links and pins, and has a good show of staying at it, as nothing better is in sight.

Now, Mr. "Xerxes," inasmuch as you requested me in your letter not to take offense at anything you had said, I will assure you I have not, and hope you will not be offended at anything I have said. But come at "Duke" again, for old boy "Duke" can stand lots of it, and is as jolly old soul as ever was born. I am yours,

"DUKE," THE SWITCHMAN.

SAVANNA, ILL., December 22, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Our members are a little backward in sending in their contributions, so I will try and tell you how this yard is situated. The yard itself is level, dry and convenient, but it could be made much handier in several ways. The day yard is handled on the north side by Al. Montgomery, or "Mont," as he is familiarly called, with Jesse Ritchie (our worthy treasurer) and Thomas Curran as helpers. The south side is handled by Frank Mears, with Wm. Loop and T. B. Curran (our recording secretary) as helpers. Matt Fox or "Cully" has charge of the transfer, with George Blindberry for assistant. The night yard has Charles Montgomery for yardmaster, W. A. Stetson for

assistant. The south side has Samuel King or "Old King," a fine old switchman, with George King and Eddie Millis as helpers. The north side has Charles Robinson or "Yankee Robinson" for foreman, with Harry Culver alias "Big Harry" and gentle Willie Esterbrook as helpers. John Orr, noted for his modesty and shyness of the female sex, has charge of the transfer, with Ed. Nash as helper. Several of our boys are employed by the C., B. and N., and, as near as I know, Henry McDaniel has charge of the passenger work, and Wm. Dodd and James Brew work in the east yard. Benj. Toombs is general yardmaster for the St. Paul, and a finer man cannot be found in this section of the country.

The following officers were elected at our last meeting: W. A. Stetson, master; Henry McDaniel, vice-master; T. B. Curran, recording secretary; Thomas Curran, financial secretary; Jesse Ritchie, treasurer; Samuel King, Matt Fox, and Thomas Hogan, directors.

Everything is running smoothly at present.

Yours, truly,

MEMBER No. 20.

LEAVENWORTH, December 26.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I had intended writing you some time ago, but my time is all taken up during the day, and at night I am too tired, business being very heavy here at present. I am still running the narrow gauge crew for the Union Pacific, and my worthy colleague at the last convention, J. W. Melvin, is running the night yard for the Missouri Pacific, while brother C. R. Parish handles the boys in the lower yard for the Missouri Pacific, with brothers Morrison and



Dougherty as assistants, and a strong team they are. Brothers Wm. Meagher and John Mahoney are with brother J. W. Melvin in the night yard, and old Gilhooley runs the elevator crew, with brother R. F. Melvin and Mr. Miller as helpers.

Brother J. W. Ryan is yardmaster for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, with brother John Kennedy helping. And a much-respected gentleman he is.

James Howard is yardmaster for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, with brother W. T. Logan and James Coleman as assistants.

Brother R. Wilson had a fortune left him by a real lord from England and lives on the interest of it now.

Thomas J. Coffey has given up the Union Pacific yard and has taken a train on the Kansas Central road. He was succeeded by a gentleman by the name of McGraw.

Mr. J. E. Finch is general yardmaster for the Missouri Pacific, and a nice gentleman he is, always treating the boys well.

Thomas Kernan runs the standard gauge crew on the Union Pacific.

The Missouri Pacific boys are the only ones bothered by the association standard pay, as none of the other yards receive it. Yours, etc.,

R. H. J.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo, December 12.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I take the liberty of writing a few lines for the columns of the JOURNAL, in order that the switchmen of the country may learn that we are alive to the interests of our Association, and the welfare of switchmen in general.

Our Lodge, No. 9, was established in May of the present year with a charter membership of seventeen. Since that time we have admitted but few, owing to our limited field of labor. Our membership at present is twenty-one in good standing.

Before this comes to the eyes of the JOURNAL's readers our first annual ball will have taken place. And it promises at this writing to be a grand success—with Brothers Chowning, Bean and Fitzgerald as managers. They are great ladies' men, and may be termed great mashers. I will say, wade in brothers, and may the ball be a great success and a credit to your management.

Brother Main, the bald-headed counterpart of Brother Kennedy, of No. 1, will be with us at the ball, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Alice.

The wages paid here are \$2 per day. Mr. Will F. Daily is the yardmaster on the K. C. and Mr. Sandy McDonald on the H. & St. Joe. They are both gentlemen and friends of our Association.

I am fraternally yours,

H. EDMONSON.

KENOSHA STATION, Dec. 25.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

A Merry Christmes to all. I wish you would have patience for a few moments, while I speak to the members of the S. M. A. of N. A. through the medium of the pen. As the old saying goes, "you can scarcely expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage." But let me say right here, my sympathies are with our noble order, its members and their families. I have only

been a member about five months, and am favorably impressed with it. But I feel as if there was one thing lacking, and let me say what my ideas are. Our membership, numerically speaking, is not what it should be. And I cannot understand the lack of membership. Now, cannot this be remedied? I believe it can by appointing some of our best talent to assist our officers. Send them out to look up the switchmen in different parts of our cities. And assist the Grand Lodge officers in establishing subordinate lodges throughout our united union. Thereby obtaining a larger membership. They can materially assist the Grand Lodge officers by procuring and furnishing them with information as to men who would take hold of this matter, and as to places where lodges could be established. They could help lodges greatly by getting good and true men to join and by seeing that old members do not get unfinancial. Perhaps I may be wrong in my ideas, but my idea is this, our families need our support now, and God knows if grim death should overtake us while at our daily avocations, who would take care of the ones left behind? I am afraid they would be left to the cold charities of the world. My God, my own dear brothers of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., look at the outlook for our dear ones at home! Are you satisfied? I believe I can hear you say *no*. Membership, I believe, is what we wish for, and what we need. And the only way to obtain this is to be up and doing.

I am placed in such a position that I cannot attend regular meetings. But my sympathies are with you one and all. And God bless you this Chrstmas day, and may you have a Happy New

Year. Now, a word to the wise, I think, is sufficient. Think the matter over seriously, and put your heads together and see if you cannot increase our membership. And I believe by so doing we can raise our benefits to a higher sum than it is now. With a larger membership, and an increase in the number of lodges throughout the country, means success.

Let us hear from some other brothers through our worthy journal.

From one who loves you one and all, as brothers of the S. M. A. A. of N. A.

CUT 'EM ALL OFF.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

As this is my first attempt at corresponding for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, do not expect much from me this time. I feel it a duty, however, we owe as members of the S. M. A. A. to report the good work done by our respective lodges to the JOURNAL. I think it helps to extend the order, and also to increase its membership where lodges are now organized.

Lodge No. 23 was organized July 21, 1886, with thirty-four charter members, and has proven a decided success financially, socially and morally. It has created a friendly and social feeling among the switchmen and their different families. The yards here are scattered over a large scope of territory, and before we organized No. 23 two-thirds of us were strangers to each other outside of our respective yards. But now we seem to have something that draws us together, and unites us as one. We are increasing our membership rapidly, and will soon have a strong organization here.

On Thanksgiving eve we gave our first annual ball, at the City Armory, which was attended by a large crowd. Very fine music was rendered by Freeman & Boston's orchestra, of nine pieces. Brother W. J. McCue received many very complimentary remarks from the ladies for the affable and gentlemanly manner in which he discharged the duties of floor director. And, by the way, Billy always does make it a point to make friends with the ladies. The best of order was maintained, and all present united in saying it was the best ball of the season. Our thanks are due to the B. of L. E., the B. of L. F. and the O. R. C. for their large attendance, which contributed, in a great measure, to our success.

Asking pardon for all faults or errors you may find in this communication, I am

Fraternally yours,  
 PETRA.

KANSAS CITY, December 25, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Thinking that you would like to hear from Kansas City, and Lodge No. 4, I thought I would try and give you some points: Lodge 4 is in good condition, with 127 members in good standing, and 70 in arrears. I am ashamed to have to report so many in arrears, but it seems that we have some men in our association that think nothing of violating a solemn obligation. They are devoid of honor or shame. They joined the order for the selfish purpose of getting an increase of wages, and when they have obtained the same through the instrumentality of the association, then they become a barnacle. I only hope the day will

come when the management and officers of the various railways will require a switchman to produce his constitution showing his standing in his lodge, and if not a good member will refuse them employment. They ought to. A man that will break an obligation, such as we take, will not stop to do any crime.

Well, Brother J. W. Larkin, our worthy Master, is getting old 4 in good shape, ably assisted by V. M., Charles Greig, Past Master, James Spellacy, R. S., James Manning, Treasurer, Jack Snyder and all the rest of the good and true switchmen in Kansas City. We have the very best officers and yardmasters, without any exceptions, in this progressive city of 175,000 inhabitants.

Our yardmasters are Judd Hohl, of the Santa Fé; Charles McDonald, of the K. C. & H.; H. C. Bell, of the M. P.; George Sleightham, of the Wabash; Hank Messenger, of the Fort Scott; Al. Egan, of the Belt Line; Mr. Griffin, of the U. P. and last, least, but I believe the best, is Billy Wright, of the old C. & A. These yardmasters are ably assisted by R. M. Dillon (Go away chile), in the Santa Fé; Frank McClanathan, and James McElroy, in the K. C. & H.; A. G. Henkle in the M. P.; Horace Harrington in the Fort Scott; James McGee, in the Belt Line, and Jack Snyder in the C. & A. Our boys and the yardmasters get along splendidly. I do so wish that there will always be a feeling of kindness and fraternity existing between the members of the S. M. A. A. and their officials. It is the only remedy for any ills that may occur. If the officials and employes will only learn that they are only a family, and that

their interests are identical, socially and financially, then they will work together in unity. I hope all the brothers will on this 1886th Christmas Day, enjoy themselves, and will be careful and not go around the curve to see the *elephant swim the river too often*. I am truly yours,

C. YENDYS RETLAW.

KANSAS CITY, December 23.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

It becomes my sad duty to chronicle the death of Brother James Dick, who died of consumption December 20, 1886, after a long time trying to pull through. He was buried by the order on the 22d, although having been sick so long, he was in bad standing. His parents live in Uniontown, Ohio.

We are having a great many accidents of late. Thomas Jordon got his hand caught and lost three fingers, and Jake Walz took Jordon's place, and the third night lost his right hand. This occurred at the A., T. & S. F. yard, city; and Brother J. E. Riley has been in the hospital seven or eight weeks with a broken leg. I believe that is all the "crips," except Brother George Sleightham, and he lost a *rib* in a collision with Miss Cora Kennedy. Miss Cora is the accomplished daughter of Brother Peter Kennedy, of the Wabash, an old-timer. The happy couple were married December 15, and went immediately to housekeeping. George was up to lodge meeting last Sunday night, and was looking as fine as a fiddler.

And, by the way, George has been appointed general yardmaster of the Wabash, vice Mr. N. K. Wager, who is assistant general yardmaster of the Mo. P., under the "Big Bell." Brother

James Spellecy, otherwise known as "Cranky Jim," has been appointed general yardmaster of the Stock Yards, vice Mr. Kearney, and Brother Christopher Dixon Wood has been appointed night yardmaster of the A., T. & S. F. in the city. And your humble servant is still trying to run down one of those Hinkleys, but guess I will have to give it up.

By the way, our general yardmaster, Judd Hohl, is sick abed, and has been so several days. The boys are anxious to see him out again, for we all think we have the Star of the West for a general yardmaster. Well, with my best wishes for the JOURNAL, I will close,

Yours in B. H. P.,

"OLD 76."

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal.*

During the civil war between the North and the South, I was a private in the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Senior Regiment, Tennessee volunteers, of Preston Smith's brigade, Frank Cheatham's Tennessee division, Polk's corps, Army of Tennessee, commanded at the time I speak by the late General Braxton Bragg. General Bragg was a West Point graduate, and was for years an officer in the United States regular army, resigning his commission in order to cast his lot, according to his views of State's rights, with his home, the South. He was an austere disciplinarian, never excusing the slightest fault of officer or private, at all times enforcing the severest punishment on the offenders against military discipline. After the death of Albert Sydney Johnson, General

Bragg became the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Tennessee; and from Shiloh we retreated to Corinth, there remaining until the United States General Halleck forced us to retreat further South, which we did to a place called Tupelo, Miss. There we camped some six weeks. While we were at Tupelo there were a great many court-martials for desertion and other offenses. There were nearly or quite a hundred men shot for desertion. The plan was fomented for our army to go to Mobile, Ala., and from there to Knoxville, Tenn., thence over the Cumberland mountains, through Wilson's Gap, to Barbourville, Ky., thence to Richmond, Va., thence to Covington, Ky., then back to Perryville, Ky., where our division stood the brunt of that severe fight, all day. It was during one of our long marches that General Bragg and staff were riding down a country by-road, when he saw a long, hungry-looking Confederate, plodding along the same road. Putting his horse to a trot, General Bragg soon overtook the soldier (who was from Arkansaw, and belonged to Churchill's brigade, Hardee's corps), intent on reprimanding him for straggling. The following colloquy occurred:

General Bragg—"What command do you belong to, sir?"

Arkansaw—"Hardee's army, sir."

Bragg—"Hardee's corps, you mean, sir."

Arkansaw—"No, sir; I mean Hardee's army, sir."

Bragg—"I did not know Hardee commanded an army. I thought General Bragg commanded this army."

Arkansaw—"No, no, my friend. This is Hardee's army. General Bragg

had all his army shot at Tupelo, Miss., for desertion, sir,"

This was too much for even the austere Bragg to stand, and he slapped spurs to his horse and left Arkansaw alone in his glory. WALTER.

## OFFICIAL.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,  
CHICAGO, ILL., January 1, 1886.

*To all Subordinate Lodges:*

I am again compelled to call on you for aid in order to pay total disability claims, Nos. 19 and 20. No. 19, Brother A. D. French, of Burlington, was run over by a switch engine in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy yard, and lost his right arm. Brother John Skahl, of Toledo, was also run over, and lost his left leg, and is at present in a critical condition. You are only assessed on these two claims the sum of thirty-five cents, as I will have a balance over from claims Nos. 16, 17, and 18.

I am fraternally,  
WALTER S. CONDON,  
G. S. and T.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,  
CHICAGO, ILL., January 1, 1887.  
*To all Lodges S. M. A. A., of North America:*

I take pleasure in congratulating you on the ready and prompt manner in which, with two or three exceptions, you have paid assessments, seven to fifteen inclusive, enabling me, as your servant, to make glad the hearts of the widows and orphans of the deceased brothers, and the homes of the totally disabled brothers. I have been enabled to pay seven of these claims in full, and have enough funds on hand to pay another. Now, brothers, it is an imperative duty you owe to yourselves, family and to the grand principle of mutual

assistance, that you be prompt in forwarding these assessments. The sooner I receive the money the more readily I can pay the endowees. I do so hope that I will not be compelled to have to call your attention to the great fact again, that I will require all subordinate lodges to live up to the letter of the law as it is in our constitution. Our grand organization is growing steadily in number, and if we all will do our duty, honorably and willingly, keep our obligations one to another, we will be the grandest organization on this continent. We have this month organized five new lodges, viz: Lincoln, Neb.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Creston, Ia.; St. Paul, Minn., and Council Bluffs, Ia. We have paid out four thousand dollars in benefits, and we have two total disability claims for the month of December. Again I thank you for your willingness to answer my summons for charity. I have to compliment Lodge No. 28, of Duluth, and Lodge 26, of Cincinnati, for their prompt responses in paying their November dues and assessment No. 18. I do hope that each and every lodge will strive to be the banner lodge of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America.

I am Fraternally Your Brother,

WALTER S. CONDON,

G. S. and T.

FOR years a loon has had its home on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, but the other day it flew into the Zoological Gardens and was captured. Around its neck was a little silver collar on which was engraved "Nemo, the hermit, 1804." The head keeper of the garden says that he has no doubt about the bird's great age.

MRS. ANNA ELIZA YOUNG, an aged widow, once quite well-to-do, and residing all her life at Tuckahoe, Westchester county, was taken to the county almshouse yesterday morning and died of fright and broken heart in the carriage which landed her at the door. The old lady wept all the way to the almshouse, and prayed that death might overtake her before she became a pauper. When the carriage stopped at the door she looked out of the carriage window, gave a shriek, threw up her hands and fell dead. Mrs. Young's husband was once a prosperous stone-cutter, and they lived in comfort, but about twenty years ago he was drowned, and since that time the widow has maintained herself on what remained of his property.—*New York World*.

SOME of the proudest names of the peerage may now find their representatives among the lower orders of the people. A descendant of the Plantagenets was, a few years ago, living at Kettering, and employed as a common laborer, but the grand old kingly name has now been shortened to Plant. The descendants of the Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., were to be found in very humble occupations. One Joseph Smart was a butcher at Halesowen, and another, Joseph Wilmot, kept a turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. A sexton at St. George's, Hanover square, half a century ago, came of the blood royal of the Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III. This list might be considerably extended.

"WHY do we always wear wedding and engagement rings on the fourth finger?" she asked as they were about to leave the jeweler's shop. "The reason is," said the smiling jeweler, "that in olden times a nerve was popularly supposed to run from the fourth finger to the heart. It used to be called the healing finger, and physicians invariably used it when they mixed their medicines.—*London Times*.

## GRAND LODGE

## Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association

OF NORTH AMERICA.

## January Assessment Notice.

NOS. 19 AND 20.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

CHICAGO, Ill., January 1, 1887.

*To Subordinate Lodges :*

DEAR SIRs AND BROTHERS — You are hereby notified of the following claims :

No.	NAME.	No. OF LODGE.	CLAIM.	DATE.	CAUSE.
19	A. D. French... ..	6	Disability.	December 1	Run over by engine
20	John Skahl.....	14	Disability.	December 15	Run over by engine

The amount of thirty-five cents is due on the above two assessments. The reason it is so small is because I overestimated claims Nos. 16, 17 and 18, and with the above assessments of thirty-five cents I will be able to pay off the five claims. A strict compliance with the constitution and by-laws will be enforced on and after the first day of January, 1887. Fraternally yours,

WALTER S. CONDON,  
Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

## LINKS.

—The Erie Railway earned over seven million dollars during the past year.

—The Bishop of Montreal refuses the communion to Knights of Labor.

“Money is tight!” No wonder. So much of it goes to the saloon.—*St. Paul Herald*.

—The people's message to congress: Beware of jobs or you may be out of one.—*Philadelphia Times*.

—The longest Pullman line in operation is from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 1,912 miles.

—If the workingmen could not do things better than the skilled scoundrels in politics, they certainly could do no worse.—*John Swinton*.

—The other day a man stepped up to the window at Port Jervis, N. B., and asked: “Will this train coming now leave before the one going next.”—*Ex.*

—The locomotive cow-catcher was invented by L. B. Davis, who is still living in Ohio. He did not make anything out of his invention, being lacking in business tact, as inventors usually are.

—A train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, in charge of a new engineer and a new conductor, came to a place near Fulton, where several short tracks branched off from the main line. They wanted to go to Fulton and did not know which track to take, so they had to hunt up a farmer and inquire the way.

—A Newark, Ohio, dispatch says: Engineers, conductors, firemen and brakemen employed on the Lake Erie division are jubilant over the action of General-Manager Dunham, ordering that hereafter more time shall be allowed for runs to Sandusky and Chicago junction, allowing time of a day and one-tenth to Sandusky instead of one day, and nine-tenths of a day to Chicago junction instead of three-quarters of a day, thus giving these employes one of the biggest increases in wages, volun-

tarily, ever advanced by any corporation. The new time-rate begins with the November pay-roll.

—A Pittsburgh dispatch, dated December 7, says: Railroad men will be interested in the experiments upon a system of purifying the water used in locomotives, which began today at McDonald, on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis road. They are conducted by Dr. Dudley, chemist of Pennsylvania Railroad, with a view of materially lessening the cost of motive power on the entire system of the Pennsylvania road. The water along the different roads is of varying degree of impurity, in some cases almost unfit for use. A deposit gradually collects in the flues of the boilers, forming an incrustation or scale that corrodes, and requires an immense amount of fuel to generate steam. Mr. Dudley has succeeded in selecting chemicals which will purify the water before it is run into the locomotive boilers. Another special object to be secured in using pure water will be the running of trains long distances at a more regular speed with a less quantity of fuel.

## THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air-pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.



The entire Hebrew bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made at Nurnburg in 1477.

The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first almanac was printed by George von Furbach in 1460.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first glass factory was built in the United States in 1780.

Percussion arms were used in the United States army in 1830.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first prayer book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of parliament on Whitsunday, 1549.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, New York, in March, 1808.

The first coach in Scotland was

brought thither in 1561, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander, Lord Seaton.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on Sept. 25, 1790.

The manufacture of porcelain was introduced into the province of Hezin, Japan, from China in 1513, and Hezin ware still bears Chinese marks.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the bible was organized in 1805 under the name of the British and Foreign Bible society.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

HOME is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes and solicitudes form the chief interests of human life. Go where a man may, home is a center to which his heart turns. The thought of his home nerves his arm and lightens his toil. For that his heart yearns when he is afar off. God has ordained for all men alike the highest earthly happiness in providing for all the sanctuary of home.

THE College Hill Railroad people have had to borrow a locomotive from the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. This morning one of their engines climbed the hill, but in going under the bridge on the Groesbeck road the smoke-stack was taken off. The engineer was in a fix, but he secured a flour barrel, rigged it up as a stack, and so went back to town in that ridiculous style.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

THE heaviest of all burdens is a heavy heart.

THE first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

THE book that makes the greatest stir in society is the well filled pocket-book.

A POLITICIAN is honest when all other means have failed.—*Washington Critic*.

THE amount of vacant lands subject to original entry in Dakota is estimated at 18,500,000 acres.

FOLLY is the quality exhibited by a man who is jealous of a cross-eyed wife.—*New Haven News*.

BE brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

THE Smiths in England and Wales are calculated to be about one in every seventy-three of the population.

A CYCLONE is like three school girls walking abreast—it don't turn out for anything.—*Waterloo Observer*.

THE first book printed in England was by Caxton in 1474. Its title is, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse."

I DRANK the rosy color out of my wife's cheeks fourteen years ago, and it has never come back again.—*Sam Jones*.

LOVE is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes the happiness of some one else.

MOST of us lay up a good stock of patience, but we make the mistake of putting it where we can't find it just when we need it most.

PRAYERS for the poor are usually made Sunday, so that those who pray cannot order coal for the poor on their way home.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE young man who can't raise enough money to pay for a marriage license now pays \$5 an hour for a sleigh

to take her out on the avenue.—*Washington Critic*.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., has a crow that is fonder of chewing gum than is a Boston girl. He steals pennies and buys it from a groceryman who knows his weakness.

THE first union flag was unfurled on Jan. 1, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red and retained the British cross in one corner.

AT Kingston, N. Y., a mule knows just what the sound of the dinner horn means. When it blows he sets up an answering bray, and nothing can induce him to work any longer.

No love is so intense as that of the 18-year-old youth for the 26-year-old girl. He gets over it, of course, but while it's in motion it's sixty miles an hour, including stops.—*Puck*.

THE smallest residence in Washington is that built by a newly married couple. Their cottage has a frontage of six feet eight inches and a depth of about twenty feet, and contains four rooms.

LOVE is a portion of the soul itself, and is of the same nature as it. Like it, it is the divine spark; like it, it is incorruptible, indivisible and imperishable. It is a point of fire within us, which is immortal and infinite, which nothing can limit, and nothing extinguish; we feel it burning even in the marrow of our bones, and see its flashing in the depths of the heavens.

THE heat of the sun is not increasing. The researches of the botanist and geologist show that the solar radiation of heat cannot have varied but in a very trifling degree since the most remote geological ages—that is, for millions of years. It is estimated that the measure of the heat of the sun at its surface is 1,800° Fahrenheit, which is five times the highest temperature a man can produce artificially—equal, in fact, to what would result from

burning each second a mass of coal (of the best quality) 200 miles broad, 200 miles long and 200 miles high—that is, 8,000,000 cubic miles of coal. This would be about 12,000 millions of millions of tons per second. It will help us to imagine what this means if we consider that the whole out-put of our exceptionally coal-producing country is but about 150,000,000 tons per annum. It is calculated that only one 2,381,000,000th part of the sun's heat reaches us, and, therefore, the whole amount really passes either comprehension or calculation, and it is a vexed question with astronomers as to what becomes of the heat that goes off into space.

## Are You Going to New Orleans or Florida?

If so you can go via the MONON ROUTE via Louisville or Cincinnati, and see the Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Blount Springs, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and the Gulf coast for the same money that will take you through the dreary uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select a line to the South enjoying half the advantages that are possessed by the MONON ROUTE and its Southern connections.

No one should think of going South without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this world-famous wonder, that it is impossible to say anything new in regard to it—it cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest natural curiosity—Niagara not excepted—and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottos must either be a fool or a demigod. From Mobile to New Orleans (141 miles) the ride along the Gulf coast is alone worth the entire cost of the whole trip. In full sight of the Gulf all the way, past Ocean Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, and Beauvoir, the home of Jeff Davis.

When you decide to go South make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the MONON ROUTE, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville and the Cincinnati Southern Railways, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches, double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full information, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address E. O. McCORMICK, General Northern Passenger Agent, Monon Route, 73 Clark street, or WM. S. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent, 183 Dearborn street, Chicago.

## GRAND LODGE.

### OFFICERS.

James L. Monaghan.....	Grand Master.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
Alexander Ewart.....	Vice Grand Master.
Milwaukee, Wis.	
John W. Drury.....	Grand Organizer and Instructor.
3633 Wentworth av., Chicago, Ill.	
Walter S. Condon.....	Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.	
James A. Kelly.....	Chicago, Ill.
W. A. Simsrott.....	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas F. White.....	Chicago, Ill.
D. N. Collins.....	Detroit, Mich.
John T. Hurley.....	Omaha, Neb.

## SUBORDINATE LODGES.

### 1. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at Plasterer's Hall, cor. Lake and LaSalle sts.  
 James L. Monaghan..... Master  
 Thomas F. White..... Vice Master  
 M. J. Keegan..... Recording Secretary.  
 Cor. State and Fifty-first sts.  
 William A. Simsrott..... Financial Secretary  
 John Downey..... Treasurer

### 2. ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.

Meets 1st and 4th Sundays, at cor. Nineteenth st. and Second av., third floor.  
 J. S. Heyer..... Master  
 A. A. Rogers..... Vice Master  
 Thomas Christopher..... Recording Secretary  
 P. O. box 723, Rock Island, Ill.  
 Thomas Pender..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Weigand..... Treasurer

### 3. JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at 122 Jefferson st., third floor, over Joliet City Bank.  
 Byron R. Pierce..... Master  
 Edward Whitney..... Vice Master  
 W. R. Davison..... Recording Secretary  
 P. O. Box 937.  
 John F. Boles..... Financial Secretary  
 John H. Clark..... Treasurer

### 4. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings, at Foresters' Hall, West Ninth st.  
 J. W. Larkin..... Master  
 Charles Greeg..... Vice Master  
 James Manning..... Recording Secretary  
 Argentine, Kas.  
 John W. Reed..... Financial Secretary  
 John B. Snyder..... Treasurer  
 John W. Reed..... Journal Agent

### 5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at cor. Reed and Lake sts.  
 George Smith..... Master  
 Alexander Ewart..... Vice Master  
 Christ Freese..... Recording Secretary  
 549 Scott st.  
 F. W. Archibald..... Financial Secretary  
 Mat. L. Johann..... Treasurer

### 6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U. W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.  
 William Xevius..... Master  
 Wm. N. Darr..... Vice Master  
 William Owens..... Recording Secretary  
 1121 South Main st.  
 I. N. Ream..... Financial Secretary  
 Edward Collier..... Treasurer  
 Joseph Gantz..... Journal Agent

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings in each month, at Druids Hall, cor. Green and Main sts.

G. F. Andrews..... Master  
Geo. Danforth..... Vice Master  
W. J. Somers..... Recording Secretary  
South Union st.  
Nic Schrader..... Financial Secretary  
Mike McNearny..... Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W. hall, 186 Kansas av.

J. I. Reece..... Master  
William McAllister..... Vice Master  
H. D. Fuller..... Recording Secretary  
79 Adams st.  
L. G. Hammond..... Financial Secretary  
John Nelson..... Treasurer

**9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and Angelique sts.

Charles Chowning..... Master  
James T. Main..... Vice Master  
William McNichols..... Recording Secretary  
513 Mitchell av.  
Joseph Smith..... Financial Secretary  
Michael Fitzgerald..... Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sunday evenings in the month.

John Mahoney..... Master  
James Coleman..... Vice Master  
James H. Rogers..... Recording Secretary  
609 Shawnee st.  
Charles R. Parish..... Financial Secretary  
James Melvin..... Treasurer

**11. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

P. H. Meehan..... Master  
John P. Mulvahl..... Vice Master  
G. M. Palmer..... Recording Secretary  
Josiah Henry..... Financial Secretary  
William Hay..... Treasurer

**12. CLINTON, IOWA.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. of L. E. hall, Fourth st.

William Green..... Master  
Edward Kilduff..... Vice Master  
John F. Quinn..... Recording Secretary  
532 Ninth av.  
Nicholas Cootey..... Financial Secretary  
Stephen Quinn..... Treasurer

**13. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**

David Collins..... Master  
Thomas McDermott..... Vice Master  
M. J. Curran..... Rec. Secretary and Treasurer.  
303 Twelfth st.  
George J. Best..... Financial Secretary

**14. TOLEDO, OHIO.**

J. D. O'Shea..... Master  
Matthias Mannes..... Vice Master  
Chas. H. McDowell..... Recording Secretary  
734 Ontario st.  
E. R. Freeman..... Financial Secretary  
J. H. Winslow..... Treasurer

**15. DENVER, COLORADO.**

Meets first and third Sundays.

Edwin Smith..... Master  
T. O. Seabee..... Vice Master  
J. R. Williams..... Recording Secretary  
Melbourne Hotel.  
E. O. Downing..... Financial Secretary  
J. J. Fishbaugh..... Treasurer

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. L. F. hall, corner Third and Commercial sts.

Joseph J. McGee..... Master  
D. H. Padgett..... Vice Master  
Henry P. Ming..... Recording Secretary  
1400 Main st.  
John W. Lee..... Financial Secretary  
Charles Danforth..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

J. S. Seymour..... Master  
J. J. McNamair..... Vice Master  
W. F. Wilson..... Recording Secretary  
17 South Fourth Street.  
W. J. Henry..... Financial Secretary  
G. H. Rohrbach..... Treasurer  
W. E. Burns..... Journal Agent

**18. QUINCY, ILLINOIS.**

W. G. Burk..... Master  
A. C. Joseph..... Vice Master  
J. F. Coughlin..... Recording Secretary  
212 Spring st.  
N. L. Stewart..... Financial Secretary  
P. Hines..... Treasurer

**19. FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

Meets first and third Thursdays, at 27 Calhoun street.

F. T. Boyd..... Master  
T. O. Black..... Vice Master  
J. C. Longan..... Recording Secretary  
198 Hanna street.  
N. W. Lancaster..... Financial Secretary  
L. N. Brockeman..... Treasurer

**20. SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.**

W. A. Stetson..... Master  
Henry McDaniel..... Vice Master  
T. B. Curran..... Recording Secretary  
Savanna, Carroll Co., Ill.  
Thomas Curran..... Financial Secretary  
Jesse Ritchey..... Treasurer

**21. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.**

Wm. Broderick..... Master  
Ed. L. Monzey..... Vice Master  
J. F. David..... Recording Secretary  
131 Huron st.  
W. H. Willis..... Financial Secretary  
J. L. Cravens..... Treasurer

**22. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

George K. Browman..... Master  
Henry Spiers..... Vice Master  
James Taylor..... Recording Secretary  
162 North Third st.  
Theodore H. Hampson..... Financial Secretary  
S. H. B. Chamberlain..... Treasurer

**23. CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

Meets second Sunday afternoon in the month at 1 p.m., and last Sunday in month at 8 p.m.  
P. J. McManus..... Master  
Jacob M. McFarlin..... Vice Master  
James H. O'Brien..... Recording Secretary  
33½ Phelps st.  
J. W. Reed..... Financial Secretary  
H. A. Heller..... Treasurer

**24. EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.**

John A. Anderson..... Master  
E. P. Sweet..... Vice Master  
John Newbold..... Recording Secretary  
621 Kirk st.  
J. W. Smith..... Financial Secretary  
Ira A. Shaw..... Treasurer

**25. PEORIA, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons in the month at 2:30 p. m., at A. O. U. W. hall, Main st.

Pat C. Ryan.....Master  
J. M. Davis.....Vice Master  
James S. Lee.....Recording Secretary  
230 Eaton st.

Fred Heath.....Financial Secretary  
Frank Brown.....Treasurer  
J. M. Davis.....Journal Agent

**26. CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

Meets every Sunday afternoon at Anderson's hall, 192 W. Fifth st.

Frank B. Kearns.....Master  
Richard Ryan.....Vice Master  
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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FEBRUARY, 1887.

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## THE FIRST PARTY.

Do you notice that young fellow—  
Eyes of blue and moustache yellow?  
He's so happy that he can't conceal his joy.

Why!  
He's a daddy!  
He's a papa!

He's the father of a bouncing baby boy.

What a grin expands his features  
As he greets his fellow creatures  
When he meets them in the morning coming down.

My!  
How he slaps you!  
How he grips you!  
He is certainly the craziest man in town.

And he never tires of telling  
What the baby weighed, or dwelling  
On its beauty and its rare intelligence.

Yet—  
We'll not tell him—  
Though we're certain—  
That it's like all other babies in looks and sense.  
—Columbus Dispatch.

## OUT OF THE COMMON.

And the sunlight danced in at the window and turned her hair to shining gold; touched the crispy gray locks of John Rogers, and made a friendly circle of light and warmth about the pair.

"I could not go against mamma's wishes, you know," the young lady said gently, playing with the ring on her left hand. "She has had a long talk with me this morning, and, though I knew she disapproved of our engagement, I never realized before how her heart was set against it."

"And you do not think by patient waiting—by proving how earnest we are—"

"No, John. Mother cannot look on it as we do; she realizes all the disadvantages and none of the hopes that we have built on; and then—" the young lady glanced down once at her delicate hands before she continued—"would it be quite fair, John,

for me to wait, and let all other opportunities glide by, and grow old and sad while I waited?"

John started. There was so much caution suggested in the words. No doubt she was but repeating them after her mother, but they fell chillingly on his ears from those young lips.

"It is true, Maud," he answered, while a look of pain lingered on his face. "You shall not let other chances of happiness slip by because you are bound to me. It is not the love I thought you gave me—a love which trusts and hopes in patient faithfulness. I am no longer young, dear, but I have risked much on this dream of love coming late in life, but coming for the first time, Maud, and"—his voice broke—"staying with me—always."

He rose and turned partly away from her, quite still, leaning his arms on the mantel-piece. Maud Branson rose, too, and came toward him, her delicate, beautiful face full of concern. There was nothing about John Rogers to attract notice. He was a very plain man, no longer young; but he had at least some charm of mind or soul which had won the love of a very beautiful woman. Her dress clung in graceful folds to her slender figure, a fillet of blue bound the golden hair, which was coiled in classic simplicity about her head. He turned and looked at her, taking in all the details of the picture; then he put his head down dejectedly on his crossed arms.

Maud extended one hand appealingly.

"John, you will take it?"

"Yes, Maud," he answered, drawing his breath hard. "I take it—and renounce it." He patted the soft surface once or twice, thoughtfully. "All that

came with it, and all that goes with it. Maud, good by."

There was such a noble sadness in his face that it touched her. The proud head bent lower, until it rested on John Rogers' shoulder. She raised herself with eyes still wet.

"Good-by, John. The world can't give just what we want."

"No, dear, What is it?"

"Your ring."

He took the pretty sapphire ring he had placed on her hand one day with only half-realized rapture and slipped it in his vest pocket. It was worthless now.

And so John Rogers left the house and threaded his way down through the busy streets. The sunlight still danced over him warm and beautiful, kissing his grave face, his hair, his hands.

"And let all other opportunities glide by"; he repeated the words to himself, ruefully. "It's not the old-fashioned love; not the love I used to dream of when I was a boy. Perhaps there isn't any nowadays."

He looked very tired as he ran up the steps and rang at the door of his boarding house. Clarice noticed it, his landlady's daughter.

"You look tired, Mr. Rogers," looking up from her work and speaking through the open door.

He smiled, wearily.

"Do I? And what are you doing, Clarice? Still sewing for those hardened little wretches?"

"Yes; isn't this a big hole I am darning? Boys do wear out their clothes so fast. You are home early from the office."

"Yes, I had an engagement at three o'clock and did not care to go back. May I come in and have a chat with you?"

"O, yes, if you care to," with her quick smile, a smile which her eyes belied, and which always seemed to John "made to order." She pulled forward a chair without rising, and went on with her darning again. "I

sit in here because it's cool, and I always do my sewing afternoons; in the mornings there is housework."

It was a shabby little parlor, seldom used by the boarders, who were principally gentlemen, and spent their evenings out, if not in their own rooms. A few tawdry decorations only enhanced the shabbiness of the threadbare carpet, dirty walls, and ancient lace curtains.

"Do you never have any amusements, Clarice?" asked John, trying to forget his own wretchedness by interesting himself in some one else.

"Amusements?" she repeated, pushing the curls off her forehead in a puzzled way. "O, yes; there is a Mr. Jones; he plays the piano, and once Mr. Aikens, the elocution teacher, read a piece, and all the boarders came in."

John smiled, eyeing the little maiden pityingly as she stitched away. She looked up suddenly and caught his eye.

"We did not always keep boarders," she said, proudly, reading something there she did not like. "When I was at school we were well off and had a nice house; but mamma is a widow with eight children, you know, and I have to help her about the work."

"I know," said John, kindly, looking at little Clarice with so much sympathy that she quite warmed toward him, and continued confidentially:

"Once I had a beautiful time—that was a good while ago—a girl I knew at school hunted me up, wrote to me, and invited me to visit her. It was in Philadelphia."

"And did you go?"

"Ah, yes, and it was a beautiful time!" Then, her face falling, "but I had to come home. It was all over in three months."

"Ah, that was hard," sympathetically.

"Yes, it was, Mr. Rogers," taking up another jacket and beginning on a new hole. "For they were rich, you know, and it was quite like old times—their nice house and all—and then to come back here—the noise and the children, and clearing up the rooms—



it seemed worse after that. But perhaps I shouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for—there was something worse than all that," continued Clarice, working hard at the jacket with crimson cheeks.

"Will you tell me about it?" asked John Rogers, very kindly, his honest gray eyes softening. "It does one good sometimes to tell one's troubles, and I am so much older than you."

Clarice looked up, quite gratified at this unexpected sympathy.

"I will tell you, Mr. Rogers. It was when I was in Philadelphia that I met Harris—Harris Bell—and I was—so different there, at the parties I went to with Fannie, that he thought I was pretty, and told me so, and said that he loved me, and wanted me to be his wife. I had a pretty white dress, you know," timidly, and glancing blushing down at her present faded calico. "and wore flowers—and—you can scarcely understand it."

"Yes, I can understand it," said John, noting the light in the brown eyes and the newly-acquired color. "Tell me the rest, Clarice."

"And we were engaged—and I could scarcely believe it—but I was very happy. He was such a handsome gentleman, too, and so aristocratic, and I did not mind the boarders, or anything, when I thought about Harris. So at last he came here to see me; and he saw mamma and the children, the house and the boarders, and I can't tell you how it was, but he was different. He didn't tell me he was changed, but he was restless, and it worried him, and I saw he cared. I am proud, Mr. Rogers, though we are poor now, and I broke it all up. It wasn't the love I had dreamed of. I had read a great many novels, and I thought life was a fairy tale and love was beautiful. I always used to think, 'When some one comes to love me I'll never be sad or vexed any more'; and Harris seemed to me all I had wished for until I saw the house and the boarders fretted him. For I had dreamed of a love that would

be out of the common, and that when I went away with my lover I thought I, too, would be better, just as he wished me to be. So I told him, Mr. Rogers, it was all over, and he said perhaps we were not fitted to make each other happy. And then he went away, and the work and the noise and the boarders fretted me as they had never done before. For somehow, although I could not love him as much for treating me so, the thoughts about him and the dreams about him were all gone—and I missed them so."

"Poor child!" said John, tenderly.

"But it's my own fault, Mr. Rogers. I expected too much. There is no such love as I have dreamed about, and mother says I did very wrong to break it off. She was very angry with me; but I knew these things would always fret him, and I could not bear it."

"Clarice, would it help you any to know that I, too, have suffered as you have suffered?" asked John, for two shining tears had dropped on the boy's jacket. "I, too, dreamed of love, and I found a woman whom I believed had given me that love; but, because her parents found in me only a plain, poor man, no longer young, she gave me up. She gave up faith and trust and hope because she had not that real love which you describe."

He stopped speaking. He had forgotten the little girl in her calico gown, and was gazing abstractedly out of the window, hard lines of regret and passionate despair written on his face.

Suddenly he felt a little, warm, soft hand laid gently on his, and Clarice said:

"Mr. Rogers, I am so sorry."

He wrung the little working hand, and then he rose and went to his room and gave way to his new sorrow.

Clarice folded her sewing and put it away; but it comforted her as she went about her evening duties that Mr. Rogers had listened to her story, and to know that he, too, had missed the love he dreamed of.

Several months had passed away. John Rogers had often found his way into the shabby little parlor and chatted with Clarice. Once he had found a bunch of flowers on his bureau, and no room in the house was such a model of order.

One day, as he sauntered into the parlor toward dusk, hoping that his little friend would come there with her basket of mending and sit awhile, he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and, looking up, saw that his landlady stood before him. Mrs. Dean was a woman who prided herself on her former dignity. She wore a very long and dusty alpaca. It being no longer within her limits to trail silk, she trailed alpaca. Some persons are of this mold. Her hands, which she folded majestically, were very grimy. Rogers remembered with pleasure that Clarice was always neat.

"Mr. Rogers," began the lady, with unusual dignity, "pray be seated. I have noticed for some time past that you have frequently of evenings found your way into my parlor and passed the time in conversation with my daughter Clarice. I should not speak of this circumstance had not events which have already come to pass taught me to be guarded. Clarice is no longer a child; she is a woman, with all woman's readiness to love pathetically. You, though not a young man, are a bachelor, and I ask you, as a mother, to spare my daughter's feelings. As I said before, I should not have spoken of this had not a circumstance which transpired this morning led me to believe it was my duty, my most urgent duty. My daughter is in the habit of assisting with the housework, in clearing and putting in order the rooms of my gentlemen boarders. This morning I entered your room expecting to find Clarice dusting—dusting with all the light-heartedness inspired by a well-fulfilled duty," continued Mrs. Dean, waxing eloquent. "Imagine my consternation when I found her kneeling by the bedside, her face pressed against

the pillows, in tears. She sprang up and tried to hide her agitation, but—Mr. Rogers, I am a widow with eight children and a large houseful of boarders. I cannot have you trifle with the feelings of my daughter. If you are in earnest, you must desist." And the lady applied a handkerchief to her eyes.

It is said by some people that poverty is degrading. It had certainly proved so with Mrs. Dean.

"Madam," said John Rogers, with dignity, rising and laying his hand on the chair, "if I had not already learned to love your daughter, this tale might work upon my sympathies and appeal to my honor, but it could never make words of love pass from my lips that my heart could not echo. I cannot applaud your course in revealing your daughter's emotion, and which she would no doubt bitterly regret. I love Clarice; she stole into my heart when it was sore and bleeding; and if I have awakened any response, I am a happier and more honored man than I had believed."

He bowed with the gentle courtesy which John Rogers always used toward women, and passed out of the room, leaving Mrs. Dean very much relieved, but somewhat humiliated.

John entered his room and shut the door. He struck a light and turned on the gas, pulled down the shade, and stood irresolute. Like one in a dream he went to the bedside and laid his hand against the pillow. It was slightly damp. He sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat there motionless; then he arose, took out his evening newspaper, and lighted his cigar as usual.

It was a calm June afternoon.

"John," said Clarice, touching his arm with a certain timidity she had never quite outgrown, "life is a fairy tale, and love is beautiful, only it comes in a different way."

"And this is the love we have

dreamed of." And John Rogers looked into the dewy brown eyes of the little girl in the calico gown, and putting his arm around her waist pressed her close to his heart.

And the sunlight danced in at the window and touched the sweet lips learning to smile with heart content, and the grave, fond face of John Rogers. And it folded them in its embrace, warm and beautiful, bright and golden, and it glorified even the shabby little boarding-house parlor, and lifted it "out of the common."

#### THE OLDEST CITY IN AMERICA.

Santa Fe is said to be the oldest city in America. That the statement is not true would be hard to prove, because the question of its origin and age is wrapped in mystery, says a writer in *Youth's Companion*.

When Coronado explored Mexico, in 1542, he found many Indian pueblos on the Rio Grande river and speaks of several which must have been near the present location of Santa Fé. The one which it is generally supposed was on its precise site was called Tequa, and at that time stretched along its river banks for six miles. Coronado reported that he found here a beautiful and fertile valley, under high cultivation by the Indians.

This was in 1542. Visiting Santa Fé today it is hard to realize, ancient as the old ruins look, that one can really be gazing on walls which Coronado saw nearly three centuries and a half ago.

It is still harder to realize what must have been the oppressions and cruelties which have brought about the present degraded and wretched condition of the Indians whose ancestors formerly occupied and cultivated the whole valley. That a race which, over three hundred years ago, had reached comfort and success in agricultural and pastoral occupations should be today an abject, supine, wretched race of beggars, is a melancholy comment on the injustice

they have received. They did not sink without struggles.

In 1680 they drove out all the Spanish settlers and all the Roman Catholic priests; pulled down most of the churches, and—pathetic and significant act—covered up and concealed, so far as they could, every mine in the country. Only too well they knew that it was to the presence of these precious metals that they owed all their sufferings.

For twelve years they held their own, but in 1692 they were again conquered and the Spanish government re-established. After the last great battle in this contest, 400 young Indian men and maidens are said to have been distributed as slaves in the Spanish families.

After this there were from time to time revolts and insurrections, but each one only plunged the unfortunate Indians into deeper misery.

Santa Fé, being the seat of the government, was always the point of attack, the chief center of strife, and very terrible scenes have been enacted there. As late as 1837 a Mexican governor, who had ruled with great severity and laid oppressive and unjust taxes on the Indians' crops, was murdered by them under circumstances of tragic horror.

Several of the Pueblos, united together, had raised an army and marched on Santa Fé. Underrating their force, the governor went out to meet them, and was driven back. He then attempted to treat with them, but they would hold no parley, and as he was returning to the city he was captured. His head was cut off and kicked like a foot-ball from camp to camp. They then put it on a pole and set it up defiantly within a few rods of the city walls.

The secretary in whose handwriting the obnoxious decrees had been promulgated they treated with subtle cruelty, sparing his life, but cutting off both his hands and setting him free, with the taunt that he would not any longer write orders for tyrants.

At night three brave Mexican women

stole out of Santa Fé, found the governor's body, wrapped it in a blanket, and buried it in the cemetery, now deserted, on the hill northeast of the plaza.

This was the last struggle the Indians made. They were soon subdued, and remained peaceable till they came, with the rest of the New Mexico citizens, under the government of the United States in 1846.

There is still standing in Santa Fé one building which has been the home of the most prominent persons and the scene of the most important events through all these vicissitudes of the city and its government. It is still called, as it was called when it was built in 1581, "The Palace." Anything less like a palace could hardly be conceived of. It is a low adobe building, one story high, with a veranda running its entire length. It makes the north wall of the plaza, and in it are still the governor's home and all the offices of the government, the United States and territorial court room, libraries, congress halls, etc. It has been so often repaired that it has lost much of its ancient look; but the massive walls and heavy hewn beams remain unchanged, and will, no doubt, bear their mute witness to its antiquity for a century or more to come.

#### THE GIRL OF TODAY.

If there is anything we know less about than we think we do, it is the girl; and of this the girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known about her so bad as the truth.

We have been acquainted with her for a long time and watched her pranks from afar, seen her cut the "pigeon-wing" and knock the "back-step" in the back yard, when she thought she had no spectator; but still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot, she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the back yard, exercising his talents dissecting stove wood.

She may be a little dull on mathematics, but invariably solves the problem of putting a No. 5 foot in a No. 3 shoe.

She will wear out two old dresses running round to find out how to make a new one in the latest style.

She will break the point off her brother's knife making a crack to peep at the strangers when they come visiting.

She will greet you with the most bewitching smile and laugh at your stupidity when you are gone.

She will walk three blocks out of the way to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him.

She will talk with you two hours without being able to repeat a word you have said, but will know how long you have worn your duds and how many buttons have lost their grip.

She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Senow's new basque.

She will go to table, mince over delicacies with the most fastidious taste, then slip back in the kitchen and eat a raw potato.

She will wear out her best pair of shoes dancing all day, then attend a ball at night and complain of being out of practice.

She will spend all night writing a carefully worded letter, in the most precise hand, to her Simon Suggs, then scratch off a page to her sister that Old Harry couldn't read.

She will be the most devout creature on earth, and hate the earth that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and economical for a month, then spend her savings for a red ribbon.

She will slouch around the house for a week making preparations to look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best young men in the neighborhood, and finally marry some knotty-headed Jim Crow.

—Castroville (Tex.) Anvil.

## BILLY, THE CROOK.

No one about the hotel thought him other than a gentleman when he walked up to the desk and registered his name in a smooth, resolute hand, and with the business air of a well-to-do merchant. No one noticed, either, that his cheek was flushed with fever, his eyes glassy, and that he drew his breath like one in pain. The clerk assigned him a room and saw that his luggage was sent to it, and the stranger followed the boy with the key and said no word to any one there; but at the door of the hotel office he met an old, gray-haired lady, leading by the hand a little child. He took his hat off reverently as he passed the woman, though he was a stranger to her, and he laid one burning hand on the little one's head in a caress, and his lips formed the words, "God bless you!"

They thought of this afterwards, when the sound of his raving filled the house, but not then.

"Quite a good looking chap," the clerk said; "a stranger in these parts."

"What-a-way does he come?" asked a man, loafing near the stove.

"Comes from the east—buyer looking up trade, I guess."

Nobody said he looked like a "crook" or "a slick" then, but afterwards they all declared they saw "jail-bird" written on his face. Sagacious human nature can always foresee what has happened.

They still thought him a gentleman after he was taken down with delirium, because he had plenty of money, and could pay like a gentleman for what he wanted. His purse is too often a man's best friend.

His nurse moved quietly about the room, putting things in order, and waiting for a lull in the fever, when she could ask him where to send for his friends. The doctor came in and sat by his bed, regarding him with professional solicitude. The sick man opened his eyes and saw him there.

"Dick," he said in a thick voice, "have they cracked the crib yet?"

The doctor looked closely at him and he as closely eyed the doctor, with a greedy cunning on his sunken face.

"Where's the swag?" he demanded; "how much divy?"

There was a cabinet photograph on the stand near him, propped up against a hotel Bible. It represented a flashy woman, with a great many rings on her displayed hands.

"That's Liz!" he said with an oath that sounded fearful in the sick-room, "take her away and bring—bring the other one—my—my—Jessie—oh, God!"

The doctor gave him some soothing medicine, and after a doze he again awakened, this time with a smile, and a look of pleading wonderment.

"Mother," he moaned in a low voice, "mother—Jessie—where are you?"

"You are very ill," said the doctor gravely. "Try and follow what I say. We want the address of your friends. Your wife or mother—some one who can come here to take care of you."

A scowl crossed the face of the sick man.

"I have no friends—there is money—take what you need, but let me alone—I—I am going away tonight."

"His mind wanders," said the doctor. "I will look in before bedtime. Keep him quiet."

But that was no easy task. He raved so that only a professional nurse could have endured to hear him. He swore angrily at "Liz;" he fondly implored "Jessie," and he prayed again a child at the knee of "mother." But he raved of dark deeds, talked of "pals" and hinted at murder, and grew fierce and demonstrative. The nurse thought her own thoughts and kept her own counsel. Guests of the hotel sent to inquire how the "sick gentleman" was getting along, and one sympathizing soul—a woman, of course—sent a ball-room bouquet that was still fresh and unspoiled. It was there on the stand with the picture of the flashy woman when the doctor called, but the glazed eyes of the dying man never saw it.

An hour later it lay on his heart—his peaceful breast, that should never more be disturbed by sin or sorrow, for he had gone where peace is,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.”

Then it all came out—he was no gentleman—no honored guest—he was an outcast, a criminal—his hand was against every man's, and every man's hand was against him—he was a “suspect,” Billy, the crook.

The authorities, who in the interests of law and morality would have caged the living criminal, had no use for him dead. So they forwarded his body to be buried—somewhere.

The flashy woman with the many rings was not there to receive it, nor the “Jessie” for whom he had called in dying—the turf had long been green over *her*; but there was one mourner, an old, old woman with faded eyes and furrowed cheeks, down which the tears of hopeless sorrow and heart-break silently coursed. To others he was “Billy, the crook,” but to her he was the innocent boy of yesterday. Yes, he had still one friend, faithful even in death—his poor, old mother, and it was kind of his “pals” to be absent, and accord to him only that loving mourner.

And Christian men and women who would write his epitaph stay your hand, for like St. Paul, you can each say: “It is by the grace of God I am what I am,” and a great poet of humanity has recorded for all such:

“Who made the heart 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring—its various bias.  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.”—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE gentleman who is lecturing on “How to Get Ahead,” is supposed to have been out with the boys on the night of Christmas last.—*Norristown Herald.*

#### MRS. TOWNSLEY'S FALL.

Mrs. T. J. Townsley, the Chicago lady who was an occupant of the stage coach that toppled a distance of 400 feet over Independence Pass, Colorado, recently, without sustaining as much as a scratch, has arrived at her home in Chicago. Mrs. Townsley is a prepossessing young lady, about twenty-two years of age, five feet seven inches high, weight 145 pounds, and is a pronounced blonde. In an interview with a representative of the *Chicago Herald* recently, she gives the following account of her “tumble”:

“Come to see me about my little ‘tumble’ between Leadville and Aspen, eh? Well, I am naturally very pliable, not a little proud of my accomplishment, and while the press dispatches have time and again had me buried, and in view of the fact that my husband had already made preparations to have a requiem high mass celebrated over my untimely taking off, I might just as well formally, through the columns of the *Herald*, announce the fact that I am still in the land of the living.

“At daybreak on the morning of December 16 I was awakened at my hotel in Leadville, and was informed that the Aspen stage coach was waiting for me. It was bitter cold. The thermometer was twenty-five degrees below zero, and it was snowing so densely that the driver had to get down from his perch and pilot me to the box. I had on a heavy double-fold velvet dress, a seal-skin sacque, a buffalo robe pinned over my shoulders; my head covered by a fur cap, and my face enveloped in a shawl, allowing an aperture for my eyes. Despite all these hyperborean protections, my teeth were chattering and I was frightfully cold. The coach, one of the Carson line, was drawn by six horses, and was on wheels. We were about to start, when the driver was informed that another party of

eight desired to make the trip. His coach was full, so he sent word to the agent, and soon after another coach, this one on runners, appeared, and the train of two coaches started. It was daybreak when we got out of Leadville. The distance from the latter town to Aspen is fifty-seven miles, and the schedule time allows thirteen hours to make the trip. At nine o'clock we got to the foot of Elk mountain, one of the Rocky mountain ranges, and began the ascent. It was slow and very laborious. At noon we had reached the apex, two hours behind time. When we started out the Granite coach was in the lead, while the one I was in was about fifty yards in the rear. Elmer Squires, the driver of the latter, signaled the advance conveyance to get into the passage and allow him to get ahead of the Granite. The road over the mountain is a natural one that will admit of but a single coach passing. Stations had been blasted out of the mountain side where two could pass going in opposite directions. One of these was on the peak, and here the Granite coach had halted to allow us to get ahead of it. Myself and fellow passengers were muffled up, endeavoring to forget the biting cold in sleep. The other coach was made up of a party of lusty prospectors, acclimated to the weather, and, as we passed them, they set up a hail and shout. I was next to the curtained window, and pulled aside the covering. 'If we don't meet in Aspen,' shouted one, 'we'll see you in heaven or the other place.' He couldn't distinguish my sex from the way I was muffled up, so I responded jocularly, that, everything else being equal, we would meet in Aspen.

'Here the descent began. The road at this point runs at an incline of forty-five degrees. The driver put on his lock-chain to the wheels, thus virtually converting them into snow-runners. The vehicle, despite these precautions, and by its own weight, went down at a frightful pace. We could barely keep our seats. We balanced

ourselves as best we could. Running up from the truck and through the box of the coach was a perpendicular bar of steel called the king-pin. I clung to this, and thus managed to keep myself right-side up. Down the narrow path in the side of the mountain we went with the horses in a mad gallop to keep the coach from running them down. We were rounding Independence Pass, an acute turn in the road. There we were, with bated breaths, when suddenly the driver cried :

'Jump! jump! for your——'

'He never finished the sentence.

'The driver had been holding the coach as near the embankment as the narrow pass would permit. Ahead of him he saw a heavy boulder topple and fall down the mountain side and into the path. This caused him to make the cry of warning. The obstruction was not twenty yards ahead of him, and it was beyond human power to stay the impetus the coach had gotten coming down the incline. I saw the driver leap. Tenaciously, and as if as one, we all held on to the king-pin. Down we went, and in another instant the forward wheels struck the rock. The hind part of the coach was thrown forward and outward and the king-pin snapped asunder like a reed. The box, with its human freight, went over the precipice on its side, and, through the window, I fell out over the yawning gulf 400 feet below. The wails and cries were something heart-rending. Less fortunate than myself, the coach and my fellow tourists lodged in a crevice on the side of the precipice some 180 feet below the road. I was thrown out with such force that I cleared this rocky crag and kept on and down the full 400 feet to the bed of the cañon and into a bank of snow, cutting my way into it as if it were water, head first. The Granite coach, just to the rear of us, pulled into a notch in the rocks, and the driver and prospectors got out and began to climb down to where I had lodged. Armed with shovels they began to dig me out, and, it is curious to

relate, that the one flesh wound I received was from the blade of the shovel, which plowed up a furrow in my ankle when they had reached me. I was finally dug out, unconscious, of course, and to all appearances dead. Restoratives were administered and I was taken up and carried to the toll house at the head of the cliff, in the arms of the passengers of the Granite coach. Here my hands and limbs were rubbed and my face slapped until my cheeks were one raw mass. But all to no avail. I was black in the face, and there was no audible or visionary respiration felt in my body. I was left in care of the toll-keeper and the passengers, while unhitching the horses attached to the Granite coach, the drivers of the coaches started out for Aspen, thirteen miles distant, to summon surgical aid. One of the party returned at midnight, with a doctor astride of a bronco two miles in the rear. In the meantime I had revived and had in company with the toll-keeper gone down in a sleigh to the dinner station, three miles below and was administering to the wounded and dying when they walked into the cabin. All of the rest had sustained frightful injuries in their fall of 180 feet, while I, falling nearly three times the distance, came out of the disaster sustaining no other injuries than a bruise inflicted by the blade of a shovel in an endeavor to extricate me from the snow bank."

#### THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm of Dakota into the shade completely. He was cornered by a *Post* reporter at the St. James Hotel last night and asked to give the particulars of his gigantic

enterprise. "The million and a half acres of land in our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 herd of half-wild horses and cattle. My first work was to divide this immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton.

"All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. We take a track, say half a mile wide for instance, and place an engine at each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four ploughs, and under this arrangement we are enabled to plough thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting and other cultivating is done in like manner. In fact, there is not a draught horse on the place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an ice-factory, a bank, a shipyard and a rice mill."—*Missouri Republican*.

#### SAVING TEARS.

Tears are considered so precious in Persia that they bottle them up. When there is a funeral some one goes around among the mourners and presents each with a sponge to weep in, and the sponge is afterwards squeezed into a bottle. If the deceased was a penurious relative—a tight old sponge that it was difficult to squeeze any money out of when alive—it is likewise difficult to squeeze any tears out of the family sponges at his funeral. It must be



touching to see the master of ceremonies at a funeral, moving along in front of the mourners' bench, and asking each one in a whisper, "Have you shed?" Bottled tears are supposed by the Persians to have great healing powers, hence their collection.

#### THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

The world hears little of the seemingly endless tragedy of suffering and wrong that is still decimating the peoples of inner Africa, says the *New York Sun*. Cameron predicted a few years ago that unless an end was made to the horrid traffic between Arab slave-buyers and the slave-selling chiefs, the vast regions of central Africa would become utterly depopulated. Mr. Williams, of the universities missions writes that last year he saw 20,000 slaves, fastened together in long gangs by heavy wooden yokes, pass his doorway near Lake Nyassa, on their way to the coast. These wretched captives were not set marching to the sea without frightful sacrifice of human life. As a rule, for every bondman who is fastened in a yoke and started for the slave marts, from two to six bleeding bodies are left behind near the ashes of the once peaceful and happy homes. Mr. Stanley says that the Arab raid on the upper Congo, whose fruits he saw in 2,000 suffering wretches herded together on the river bank, cost no less than 12,000 lives.

Wild beasts do not prey upon their kind; but in inner Africa, incited by coast Arabs, whose buying and selling of men have made them rich and strong, millions of the natives are preying relentlessly upon each other. Here tribes are struggling for their lives, and only the strongest can survive. On several mountain summits overlooking the blue waters of Lake Nyassa are the feeble remnants of once numerous peoples. From their rocky fastnesses they are ever on the lookout for Angoni men-stealers, the fierce Zulus who come from the south, and who have wasted and

desolated thousands of square miles of valley and plain once well tilled and populous. Mr. Montagu Kerr has just described the poor hunted Mashonas, south of the Zambesi, who perch many of their towns upon almost inaccessible rocks, which they reach only by means of rough, notched poles that they can pull up quickly in case of attack so as to secure their retreat. Still they are always outgeneraled by the powerful Matabeli, who are wiping their unfortunate neighbors out of existence.

The time has been when the civilized powers joined their forces to suppress the African slave trade. They should now combine again. Let them hang every Arab dealer who brings slaves to the coast as they do pirates; let them police the east shores of Africa as England did a few years ago, when, until she wearied of the work, she dealt most effective blows at the export trade; let them fight the evil at its sources, as Gordon did in the Soudan, and as he proposed to do on the upper Congo. If these things are done there can be no doubt that Africa will be rescued from a large part of this burden of misery and crime. The blows which in past years crippled the African slave trade prove it. It is only the neglect of the Christian world that has permitted this shameful traffic to grow until it has become the source of the greatest aggregate of suffering that any evil inflicts upon the human race.

#### POOR LITTLE PETER.

A few mornings ago, about 7 o'clock, the engineer of a train on the Pennsylvania road, nearing Philadelphia, discovered a little boy, apparently asleep, lying on a pile of ties beside the track. The weather was bitter cold, and the engineer stopped, gathered the stiff little form into his arms and brought him aboard the train — frozen to death. He was a fine-featured child, with long, soft, brown hair; was neatly clad in gray jacket, dark knee breeches, brown stockings and buttoned shoes. He had

placed his soft hat under his cheek for a pillow. A pretty scarf was tied about his neck, and his underclothing was clean white flannel. Women wept over the fair-faced little stranger. When the body was taken to the morgue, a young woman was already at a station-house in search of her seven-year-old brother. The frozen boy was identified as Peter, son of John Christain, a Danish laborer about the coal wharves.

The eldest son, a weaver by trade, had been some time out of work, and had practiced going early, mornings, from one mill to another, in search of something to do, and had taken Peter with him because of his fondness for the child. Peter would remain outside and wait for his brother. The morning in question, the little one got cold, and tired of waiting and started down the railroad track for home, but took the wrong track, and had wandered nearly seven miles before he lay down to sleep.

All the long cold night the family sat in a fireless room, while the young man searched in vain for little Peter, and the morning brought him to them with the frost-king's seal of death on his innocent face. Their grief was pitiful to behold.

#### AN ELEVATOR INCIDENT.

Two sweet young things yesterday entered a Griswold street office-building hand in hand. He was six feet and an inch, wore an elegant twelve-dollar ready-made Prince Albert suit, and was about twenty-one years of age. She wore a sky-blue gown, was a foot shorter and perhaps three years younger. It was evident that the ink on the marriage certificate was not yet dry. As has been said, they came in hand in hand, and, as luck would have it, the Maud S. elevator was standing open, and the young fiend who propels it was quite out of occupation. Seeing the two, a diabolical idea entered his head, and he said:

"Won't you come in and sit down?"

"Don't care 'f I do. What do you say, Kit?"

"We might, Jim, if it don't cost nothing."

"Sho! It don't cost money to sit down, even in town; does it, mister?"

"Not a cent," said the elevator fiend; "come in and welcome."

The two entered and settled their bones, tired with sight-seeing, on the luxurious seat.

"Is this your office?" asked the groom.

"This is my place of business."

"Sh'd think you'd want a winder?"

"No; I don't miss it."

"Keep the lamp goin' all day?"

"Yes."

"Must cost a sight. What's that?" pointing to the wire cable by which the car is controlled.

"That's a telegraph cable. Wires from every office in the building to every stock exchange in the United States, giving prices every minute."

"Just hear that, Kit," said Jim.

"Now, just make yourselves at home," said the elevator boy. "I'll close the door, and if a dispatch comes in don't be frightened."

The two turtle doves were speedily engrossed in such oblivious love-making as only country people can do in public. In the midst of this the elevator boy pulled the cable down as far as it would go, shot to the roof like a rocket, reversed, came down like the stick, and was standing in position number 1, with the door open for a couple of lawyers, before the young people had removed their hands from their eyes, which they had covered in fright. Seeing the door open and realizing that the car was at rest, Jim seized his bride and dashed out, nearly upsetting the two lawyers in their career.

As the wise conductor pulled the cable to start upward, Jim turned and, shaking his fist at the car, exclaimed:

"I don't know what you done or why you done it, but if you've telegraphed me out of Detroit, you'll pay my fare back or I'll have the law on you.—*Detroit Free Press.*"

## HUMOROUS.

The eagle is a tough bird, but when it is put on the back of a dollar it is a legal tender.

Fogg is unkind enough to remark that the less a woman has in her head, the more she tries to put on top of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is Miss Jones an experienced young lady?"

"She ought to be. She has been a young lady for the past thirty years."—*New York Graphic*.

Brown to Jones—I say, lend me a dollar until to-morrow. You see, I changed my vest this morning.

Jones—I'm sorry, but I've just invested my change.—*Judge*.

Wife (reading the paper)—"Here is an account of a man in Iowa who has sold his wife for seventy-five dollars. Isn't it dreadful?" Husband (thoughtfully)—"Well, I dunno. Seventy-five dollars is a good deal of money."—*New York Sun*.

A Florida woman has been arrested for wearing a tin bustle filled with smuggled Jamaica rum. They can't hold her. Any woman who is so well backed up by the liquor interest, has nothing to fear from the law.—*Cleveland Sun and Voice*.

"Mary, I wish you would be a better girl," said a father we wot of to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much." "Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply; "I'm not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."—*Wilmington Home Weekly*.

Corporal (to soldier)—Why is the blade of the sabre curved instead of straight?

Soldier—It is curved in order to give more force to the blow.

Corporal—Humbug! The sabre is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?—*Ex.*

No teacher who does not try it can know how easy it is for children to use words they do not understand. We were in school the other day where a pupil spelled "heroine." "Write it in a sentence," said the superintendent, with whom we were going the rounds. "I went heroine and caught many," wrote the child, who knows more of herrings than of the heroine.—*Journal of Education*.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. Now, there is the fly, for instance. You wouldn't think that flies were good for anything, yet—" "Oh, yes, I would," interrupted Bobby, "I know what flies are good for." "What, Bobby?" "Pa says they're the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."—*Life*.

Billy Sellers, a traveling man, was waiting for the St. Louis girl he was going to take to the theatre to put on her wraps.

"Ah," said he, as he strayed toward the centre table. "I see that some of your folks are admirers of the manly art. To whom do these boxing-gloves belong?"

"Will you be kind enough to hand me my ear-muffs which you have in your hand," she returned, icily.

A chilliness then arose between them which has not yet been dispelled.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Mrs. McSpillkins' mother is stopping with the family, and there is some little feeling. Johnny Spillkins was reading in a Texas paper about a man who had killed his brother. Johnny asked:

"Pa, is a man who kills his brother a fratricide?"

"Yes," responded McSpillkins.

"What is a man who kills his father?"

"A patricide."

"And when he kills his wife?"

"Uxoricide."

"And when he kills his wife's mother?"

"Justifiable homicide," replied McSpillkins, glaring at the old lady.—*Texas Siftings.*

He was naturally bashful, and in her company was dumb as an oyster. She understood him, and one evening asked plainly what made him so silent whenever he called on her.

"I-er-I don't know," he stammered. I always ah-have something to say before you come in, but I can't get it out."

"Indeed?" she said encouragingly.

"Yes. I am like a bottle that is corked up tight."

"Very tight, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, indeed, very."

"Well, that isn't so bad as you think. There is one good thing about it."

"What is it, pray?"

"Why, you know the tightera bottle is corked the more forcibly it pops."

He grasped the situation at once, and now she doesn't care whether he talks or not. She is content to do it all herself. *Merchant Traveler.*

#### SETTLING THE TIME QUESTION.

He sort of squeezed himself into police headquarters yesterday, hat in hand, and he shambled up to Sergeant Martin's desk, bowed very low, and inquired:

"Am de boss ossifer in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, boss, I wants to know 'bout dis time bizness. I'ze been hevin' a heap o' trubble fur a week past."

"What time are you running on?"

"Dat's what I want to find out. One feller he tells me to go on solar time, an' another tells me standard time, an' my ole woman she's got a third time, an' I'ze all mixed up. I tole de ole woman dat I was comin' down to get perlice time an' stick to it."

"Well, set your watch at 1:28."

"Yes, sah. Dat's de fust satisfack-shun I've had in two hull weeks."

He pulled out an ancient "turnip," felt around for a key, and had just got ready to set the hands, when the crystal fell out and smashed, there was a

long-continued whirring among the works, and as he held the time-piece to his ear and shook it the internal mechanism fell on the floor and rolled under a bench.

"I speckted sunthin' of the sort," said the man as his chin began to quiver. "Dat comes of tryin' to run on three sorts o' time. No watch kin stand any sich foolin' as dat, an' I might a knowed it."

"What will you do now?"

"Nuffin'. Dat settles time on dis chicken fur de nex' six months, an' I'ze gwine to get up in de mawnin' when I'ze hungry, an' go home at night arter de ole woman has got de wood in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### THE MINISTER FLED.

Robert Purvis, one of the founders and many years the President of the Anti-Slavery Society, in a reminiscent mood recently, said: "During slavery days Wendell Phillips lectured one evening of a day on which a number of Methodist ministers held a conference. The preachers were on the same train with Phillips. One of the ministers, a big, blustering fellow, inquired in a loud voice if Wendell Phillips was on the train.

"'Yes, sir; there he is,' answered the conductor, pointing to the great Abolitionist, who sat quietly in the rear of the car.

"The inquiry naturally excited a great deal of interest, and everybody in the car turned around to take a look at the man then so much talked about.

"'You're Wendell Phillips, are you?' yelled the minister, half turning in his seat.

"'Yes, sir; that is my name,' replied Phillips, with characteristic blandness of voice.

"'Well, sir, I was just about writing you a letter—'

"'Indeed; I should no doubt have had great pleasure in reading it.'

"'No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't! I was going to give you

some sound advice. I want you to understand, sir, that there are no slaves up North here. You have no right to go about raising disturbances and delivering unpleasant lectures. Why don't you go down South and lecture?"

"Sir," said Phillips, half rising in his seat, "you are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is your mission to save souls from hell, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you go there?"

"In the tumult of laughter that followed, the minister grabbed his valise and fled to another car."—*Philadelphia Times*.

## TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

The Coal Oil Can and the Railroad Car Stove met the other day, and shook hands with that cordiality observed between two individuals engaged in the same line of business who do not compete with each other save in a friendly way.

"How does the new year open up?" asked the Oil Can.

"First-rate for me," replied the Car Stove, cheerfully. "Business was a little dull before New Year's, on account of the prolonged mild weather, I suppose; but with the cold snap that followed I had all that I could do. Why, in one day I burned up half a dozen cars and roasted alive about a score of passengers."

"That was a pretty good start for the new year, I should say," returned the Oil Can. "It isn't often that I can get my work in on so many at a time. You may have observed, though, that I have aided you somewhat in a railroad smash-up. You often find me hanging around, ready to assist in the general conflagration."

"Winter is your best season, I believe," said the Car Stove.

"Of course; because there are more fires built. Yet the kitchen girl keeps up the record pretty well in all seasons

of the year. I am such a help to start the fire, you know."

"Yes," added the Car Stove, with a wicked wink, "and you start the kitchen girl, too."

"You bet I do. But what's all this talk about banishing stoves from cars?"

"Talk, and nothing else. It always breaks out in the newspapers immediately after we have burned up a lot of passengers; but it subsides soon after, and we hear no more of it until there is another accident."

"Ain't you afraid the railroad managers will substitute some other system of heating cars, and thereby throw you out of a job?"

"No danger of that," replied the Car Stove.

"Why not?"

"My unsophisticated destroyer of kitchen girls, railroad companies never adopt measures for saving human life unless they can save money by it. Stoves are the cheapest heaters for cars, and that settles it."

"You have a prospect of carrying on an extensive business for some time yet," remarked the Oil Can.

"Yes, I think so. There is only one fellow that I am afraid of."

"Who is that?"

"Public Indignation. When that is fully aroused—and it may be, some day, when I have roasted too many prominent people on the same day—legislation may banish us from passenger cars and we shall be compelled to operate elsewhere."

"That day is far distant, I think."

"And I think so, too," replied the Car Stove, cheerfully, and they parted in the greatest good humor.—*Texas Siftings*.

## HIS TROUBLESOME FRIEND.

He was having his fortune told.

"I see," said the medium, contracting her eyebrows and turning her toes in, "I see the name of John!"

"Yes," said the sitter, indicating that he had heard the name before.

"The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."

"It has."

"This John is an intimate friend."

"That's so," he said, wonderingly.

"And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."

"True; every word."

"His influence over you is bad."

"Right again."

"But you will soon have a serious quarrel, when you will become estranged."

"I'm glad of that. Now spell out the whole name."

The "meejum" opened one eye and studied the face of her sitter. Then she wrote some cabalistic words and handed it to him in exchange for her fee.

"Do not read it until you are at home," she said, solemnly. "It is your friend's whole name."

When he reached home he lit the gas and gravely examined the paper. There he read, in picket-fence characters, the name of his "friend":

"Demi-John!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

### 300 MILES AN HOUR.

When George Stephenson asserted his ability to run passenger coaches at a speed of 12 to 15 miles an hour, scientific and practical men deemed him fit for a lunatic asylum, but time has shown that trains may be run at a much greater velocity without materially adding to the dangers of railway travel. The flight of the fast express on the Pennsylvania Railway is a marked example of the possibilities in the way of sustaining high rates of speed. This road now runs the fastest train in America. Nine hundred and twelve miles, including seven stops, are accomplished in  $25\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and the average time is 36.30 miles an hour. A portion of the distance is run at the rate of 75 miles an hour. At a speed of 60 miles an hour the driving-wheels of the locomotive on this train make  $258\frac{1}{2}$  revolutions a minute. William

Vanderbilt's spurt of 81 miles in 61 minutes on the New York Central is declared to be the highest rate of speed ever attained in this country, but this speed was not a surprise to good engineers, many of whom are firm in the belief that 100 miles an hour will yet be accomplished on American roads.

One of the latest efforts at improvement is that of a Frenchman named Estrade, who has constructed an engine of 42 tons, with driving wheels six in number and eight and a half feet diameter. This engine is built for high speed and will carry a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch.

Years ago Colonel Meiggs predicted air lines, walled in, with heavy tracks, all grade crossings guarded, and a speed of 300 miles an hour.

### "YOU CAN SPIT AND I'LL SMOKE."

The following is a good illustration of the corporate powers and beastly acts of the grinding monopolies:

Two newsboys were standing in front of a cigar store. The older asked the younger if he had three cents.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents and I'll buy a five-cent Havana cigar."

The pool was made up, and the big boy bought and lit the cigar.

It was half consumed when the little fellow mildly protested that it was his turn to smoke as he had contributed the most money.

"I know you did," says the smoker, "but I'm president and you're only a stockholder; you can spit and I'll smoke."

To RECEIVE an injury is to be wounded; but to forgive and to forget it, is the cure. Anger is the fever and frenzy of the soul.

THE change in a dog's eye as he goes from light to darkness, or *vice-versa*, occupies three seconds. This is the time you want to jump the picket fence.

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WHO says Brother D. N. Collins doesn't like oysters?

It is stated that the Union Pacific passenger trains are now supplied with boxes of provisions for use, in cases of blockades or delays.

THE British passenger railway system must be a great improvement upon our own. Out of over 700,000,000 passengers carried last year but 100 were killed.

BROTHER SAMUEL WHALEN, of Cincinnati Lodge No. 26, while at work in the yard of the C. H. & D. road, fell off a car, recently, breaking his wrist and thumb.

JUST on going to press we received a cablegram from Hayti, stating that Sullivan and Johnson are still discussing the question, "Is it 'Smoky' or 'Torey' Hill?"

BROTHER THOMAS O'CONNELL, of Cincinnati Lodge No. 26, in coupling cars, recently, had his thumb taken off.

His misfortune was occasioned by his glove sticking to the link.

EDWARD HICKS, of the North-Western, pulled our latch-string on the 13th, and walked in smilingly. Ed. is feeling so well this winter that he is contemplating challenging John L. Sullivan.

JOHN RUSH, of Clinton Lodge No. 12, who has been working in Chicago for some time, gave us a call the other day. He says the drinking-water is too poor in Iowa for him to return to Clinton.

LODGE No. 19, Fort Wayne, Ind., gave a grand ball on Christmas eve. It was a delightful affair, we understand, but the Fort Wayne boys neglected to send us an account of it. Don't let this occur again.

THE country at large have one reason at least for rejoicing over the passage by congress of the Inter-State Commerce bill. They will be spared from further literary and oratorical short-hauls and long-hauls.

THE *Railroad Brakemen's Journal* commenced its fourth volume last month. The *Journal* has been materially improved, both editorially and typographically, since brother Ed. F. O'Shea has taken it in hand.

BROTHER TOM McLAIN, working on the C., M. & St. P. road, met with a painful accident January 2, by having the front finger on his right hand broken and lacerated while coupling cars, the drawbars being too hard for his hands.

By the way, we would like to know of the editor of the *Brakemen's Journal*, whether "Jim Godeck" has been furnished with the editor's correct post-office address. There is a slight difference between "Drawer A" and "Pants A."

CLINTON LODGE No. 12 have elected the following officers: Master, W. O. Raymond; Vice Master, Robert C. Swailes; Recording Secretary, W. F. Williams; Financial Secretary, W. H. Schmitz; Treasurer, Thomas H. Kilduff.

DETROIT LODGE No. 13 have elected the following officers: Master, D. N. Collins; Vice Master, Thomas F. Lynch; Past Master, Thomas Morrison; Financial Secretary, G. J. Best; Recording Secretary, D. P. Smith; Treasurer, M. J. Curran.

DENVER Lodge No. 15 have elected the following officers: Master, Edwin Smith (reëlected); Vice Master, Richard Burns; Recording Secretary, J. R. Murphy; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, J. J. Fishbaugh; JOURNAL Agent, J. J. Condon.

CEDAR RAPIDS Lodge No. 17 have elected the following officers: Master, W. F. Wilson; Vice Master, Henry Lafrantz; Recording Secretary, W. I. Henry; Financial Secretary, J. E. Tobias; Treasurer, G. H. Rohrbach; JOURNAL Agent, William Burns.

BRAKEMAN WELLS, charged with being the cause of the Rio disaster, has been acquitted. The jury was out but fifteen minutes, and when the verdict was received by the large crowd in at-

tendance it was heartily cheered, and Wells was warmly congratulated.

NOT being satisfied with being the first railroad journal of the country, the *Railway Age* now comes to us as one of the handsomest journals of the country. It is certainly a source of gratification to know that the *Age* is prospering — that merit is being properly rewarded.

ON January 20 Charles Cleveland, a brakeman on the Galena division of the C., & N.-W. road, was run over and instantly killed. He was standing upon the track at the Western avenue yard, when engine No. 274 struck him. He did not see the approaching engine until too late.

MICHIGAN CITY, Indiana, was organized by the Grand Organizer and Instructor, January 30. He speaks in the highest terms of the material of the lodge. They christened the lodge James L. Monaghan No. 34. Go slow, boys, and "learn to peddle" and you will come out O. K.

WE acknowledge our obligations to Cleveland Lodge No. 23 for an invitation to attend a social basket banquet and presentation of banner. We are very sorry we could not attend, as from the account given by our Cleveland correspondent, in another column, it was a grand and enjoyable affair.

ATCHISON Lodge No. 16 have elected the following officers: Master Joseph J. McGee (reëlected); Vice Master, J. E. Enright; Recording Secretary, Henry P. Ming, (reëlected);



Financial Secretary, Henry P. Ming; Treasurer, Charles Danforth (reëlected); Directors, M. Leonardi, J. W. Lee and John Walters.

AS WILL be seen by referring to our advertising columns, the Knights of Labor Coöperative Cigar Company have removed their salesroom from 241 to 215 South Halsted street. They are prepared to furnish first-class grades of union-made cigars at very low figures. You will always find the blue label upon their cigars.

MILWAUKEE Lodge No. 5 have elected the following officers: Master, William Murray; Vice Master, Benjamin Zwick; Recording Secretary, Christ Freese (reëlected); Financial Secretary, F. W. Archibald (reëlected); Treasurer, Matt L. Johann; Directors, Alexander Ewart, Frank Archibald and Dan Osbourne.

ON December 31, 1886, Toledo Lodge, No. 14, elected the following list of officers: Master, Eugene Sullivan; Vice Master, E. B. Lewis; Recording Secretary, William A. Parks; Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Shea; Treasurer, James H. Winslow (re-elected); Board of Directors: Mathias Mannus, Simon Roberts and R. F. Danzy.

ALFRED SHAW, a member of Milwaukee Lodge No. 5, working in the Fifth Ward yards, of the North-Western, was severely injured January 18th. In order to reach Drake's oil shed the trains have to pass under the corner of Elmore's coal shed, which only clears the brake wheel about twelve inches. He forgot about this and was struck by

the shed and knocked off the car onto the tank of the engine, and from thence fell to the ground. He was severely though not fatally injured.

BROTHER JOSEPH D. HILL called to see us the other day looking as happy as ever. Joe is working on the Grand Trunk and making good time. His Burnsides make such a great change in his personal appearance that his most intimate friends would not know him. Report has it that he has got his weather eye on a brown-stone front on Calumet avenue that has a girl in it.

COLUMBUS Lodge No. 22 have elected the following list of officers: Master, Henry Spiers; Vice Master, A. B. Clark; Recording Secretary, Barty Kenney; Financial Secretary, James Taylor; Treasurer, J. H. B. Chamberlain; Past Master, Edward P. Mounts; Conductor, Lawrence Wise; Guard, William Ryan; Board of Directors, H. S. Isaacs, E. P. Mounts and George A. Shafer.

AN error occurred in the list of officers-elect of Indianapolis Lodge No. 21, in our last month's issue. The list should have read: Master, William Broderick; Vice Master, Edwin Manzey; Recording Secretary, J. F. David; Financial Secretary, W. H. Willis; Treasurer, John Cravens; JOURNAL Agent, W. J. Blizzard; Board of Directors, U. G. Stofer, F. R. Yoh and Ca Shingalton.

D. O. KINGSLEY and lady, of Jackson, Mich., made us a sociable call January 19. Although Mr. Kingsley is not a member of the S. M. A. A. it is not his fault. He is a firm believer in

our association, and if Jackson would only muster up courage enough to organize a lodge he would be one of the first to join. Call again; we are glad to meet all our friends, whether they are members of the association or not.

THE surveys and soundings for the steel bridge which is to be constructed across the Ohio river at Cairo is being made by the Illinois Central railroad. The bridge proper is to be fifty-two feet above high water-mark, will be a mile long, and the approaches on either side about a mile and a half, making the structure some four miles long. It is stated that this important structure will be completed within three years.

CINCINNATI Lodge No. 26 have elected the following officers: Master, Frank B. Kearns (reëlected); Vice Master, Joseph A. Wallace; Recording Secretary, William Schachleiter (reëlected); Financial Secretary, William Barrett; Treasurer, Jacob Bressler (reëlected); Board of Directors, Thomas Sullivan, John Mulvey and William M. Michaels; Past Master, Martin Haney; Conductor, W. T. Callis, and Guard, Barney Brogan.

IN answer to a correspondent, we would state that if Sullivan can't be found in Chicago, he unquestionably can be found on "Smoky" or "Torey Hill," Milwaukee; and, when last heard from, he showed no disposition to walk through deep water to get off of the Hill, nor is it at all likely that he will miss a square meal while sojourning in that pleasant haven of rest and recreation. Johnson informs us that this is all he knows about it. Hence, direct all

correspondence simply to "Sullivan, 'Smoky' or 'Torey Hill.'"

DULUTH LODGE No. 28 held their first annual ball December 31, 1886, and we are glad to learn that it was a great success in every respect. Over two hundred couple were in attendance, and all speak highly of the entertainment. The boys in the northwest always do things decently and in order, and the success that attended their first ball was of such character that hereafter their annual gathering will be looked forward to as the event of the year.

BROTHER GEORGE HILLSDALE, a member of Lodge No. 1, would like very much to hear of the whereabouts of his eleven-year-old son. He left his home the 8th of September, 1886, and when last heard of he had just returned from South Haven, Mich., on a lake vessel. His name is also George Hillsdale, and any information concerning him would be thankfully received by his anxious father. Address George Hillsdale, 1030 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MILWAUKEE Lodge No. 5 had a grand ball January 26, at the West Side Turner Hall. Supper was served in the hall, and everything went off nicely. There were over 300 couples present, and the music by Prof. Claudus' famous band was excellent. The hall is a comparatively new one, and cannot be beat for dancing purposes. Lodge No. 5 desires to acknowledge the compliment paid it by the attendance of a large number of the members of the B. of L. E., B. of L. F., and Y. M. B. A. They express the

hope that the members of these associations that attended enjoyed themselves, and that they may meet them often. Quite a number of the members of Lodge 1, Chicago, attended, and speak in the highest terms of the dance.

ALL hail to the night men of the Wabash road at Chicago! They take the "angel food." Mr. W. B. Johnson, the worthy and popular night yard-master of the Wabash yard, sent in this month the names of all men employed in the yard at night as subscribers for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. Accept our thanks, Mr. Johnson. May you live long and prosper. We always have believed that the Wabash had as white a set of men as ever turned a brake or pulled a pin; and now we know it.

WE had the pleasure of a visit, on January 22, from Messrs. F. C. McGee, of Mississippi; Lucien H. Smith, of Minnesota, and Nelson D. Porter, of Iowa, Special Agents United States Bureau of Labor. While this is our first acquaintance with these gentlemen, from a brief conversation with them we are led to believe that the interests of the Bureau of Labor will be well looked after by them. Call again, gentlemen, and if we can assist you any in your difficult task we will gladly do so.

BROTHER JOHN RYAN, a member of Lodge 1, has gone to work again. John, it will be remembered, on September 20, while standing upon the foot-board of an engine at the Stock Yards, attempted to couple onto a car that had a low draw-bar and a crooked pin. He tried to lift up the draw-bar and

make the coupling at the same time, and had the two front fingers of his left hand caught and taken off just above the knuckles. It was a painful accident, and has laid him up for some time.

AFTER twenty years existence the Atlantic & Pacific road, which was chartered for the purpose of constructing a line to the Pacific ocean, and now comprising about 920 miles of track, has ceased to exist as a separate road. The eastern division, from near Albuquerque, N. M., to Mojave, Cal., over 800 miles, on January 1 became a division of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, while the central division from Seneca, Mo., into Indian Territory, is operated as a division of the St. Louis and San Francisco road.

THE Boston and Albany road's recent experiments in lighting railway cars by electricity has apparently proven successful. Ten twenty-five candle power incandescent lights were placed in each car, which filled the interior with a soft but ample light. There were also lights on each platform, adding materially to the safety of passengers getting on and off trains. The electricity comes from a storage battery weighing 1,500 pounds placed beneath the car, the system being very simple. No figures as to cost have been given yet. One charging of the battery lights a car for ten hours.

It will be seen by our Cleveland correspondent that they desire the photograph of any man that can eat more pie and cake than a man they have in their lodge. We have sent to the Town of Lake for the photograph of Daniel

O'Grady, and will send it to Cleveland as soon as we can get it. We don't know a man that has another such a tooth for pie and cake as Dan has. Report has it that Mrs. O'Grady has to send Dan his dinner in an express wagon, no one being able to carry it; and it's all pie and cake, and cake and pie, and Mrs. O'Grady knows how to make 'em.

WE feel it necessary to assure the members of Milwaukee Lodge No. 5 that H. S. Johnson glided into our office, January 29, with a smile as attractive as the crack in a watermelon, and the same old-fashioned Napoleonic curl on his mustache. He shows but little evidence of the trying ordeal he passed through in dancing seventeen times with one girl at Lodge 5's late dance. In fact, we were led to believe by his inquiry, whether Lodge No. 5 was going to have another dance soon, that he is more than anxious to go through the whole programme the next time with the same girl.

AT the expiration of his term of office as master of Milwaukee Lodge No. 5, last New Years, the members of Lodge No. 5, had a surprise in store for Alexander Ewart, Vice Grand Master of the Grand Lodge. He has filled all the positions intrusted to him honorably and acceptably, and his brothers concluded to show their appreciation of this fact. Hence when his term of office expired and he had refused a reelection, they called him up before the lodge and presented him with a magnificent pin emblematic of the order, set in diamonds. It is a beautiful pin and artistically and appropri-

ately engraved. It was a complete surprise to Alex. and the occasion will unquestionably be cherished by him as one of his happiest memories.

IN a private letter to the editors of the JOURNAL brother John Magnus says: "We have had an increase in the family—a little boy. My brother Joseph is almost wild with joy. The first boy in the family." We infer from this that the family of Joseph Magnus has been increased by the addition of a boy. But we object to John Magnus claiming any of the credit for the same. The information he sends us that this is "the first boy in the family" is not creditable to him. Why has he been loafing around all this time? We will not allow him to crawl in under Joseph's coat-tail and claim any interest in that boy. Go get one of your own, John.

THE day switchmen employed on the Wabash road at Chicago got up a pleasant little surprise for their assistant general yardmaster, Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, on New Year's eve. Mr. George Hicks was selected by the boys to perform their part of the programme, and he acquitted himself admirably. Mr. Fitzpatrick was, as you will always find him, hustling around looking after the interests of the Wabash, when he was halted by the boys and, Mr. Hicks being spokesman, presented with a beautiful lamp. Mr. Fitzpatrick was so surprised that his remarks were brief and to the point. Acknowledging his thanks for the beautiful present he concluded by saying: "Well, boys, you know I can't make much of a speech, but come over to the 'corner'"—and they all went.

THE late disaster on the Baltimore & Ohio road at Republic, Ohio, calls forth lamentations and censures from all sources. While we do not wish to be understood as attempting to apologize for those who are responsible for this disaster, yet in justice to a hard-working, earnest and brave class of men, whose every-day's service is in the face of danger, we ask the public to carefully read the following words from Henry Apthorp, commissioner of railroads of Ohio, and answer us whether any other class, of equal number, can say as much:

It is a remarkable fact which speaks well for the railroads, that never before in Ohio has an accident occurred from the drunkenness of a railway employé. We have in Ohio over 35,000 men employed in responsible positions on the railways, and yet never before has it been said that liquor incapacitated them for duty. That it did has not been proved in this instance.

BROTHER F. W. ARCHIBALD, the untiring and energetic Financial Secretary of Milwaukee Lodge No. 5, spent several days in Chicago the last month, and of course made our sanctum his headquarters while here. His visit here was prompted by a desire to settle with the officers of the North-Western road for injuries he received by being caught in an unblocked frog, some time ago. His foot will never be as strong again as it was, but he says the officers of the North-Western treated him very fairly. While Milwaukee Lodge would have some trouble in finding his equal as a financial secretary, we are prompted by selfishness to wish that they would accept his resignation, for the reason that he promised us if they would that he would furnish us with all the news of interest to switchmen that could be gathered in Milwaukee. This

is something we would like very much to have.

KANSAS CITY Lodge No. 4 gave their second annual ball at Merchants' Exchange Hall, Thursday, January 20. The hall was tastefully decorated and crowded with the merry dancers. Everything went along smoothly, nothing occurring to mar the pleasure of the evening. Prof. Lee's band furnished the music, and 198 couples joined in the grand march. Supper was served at twelve o'clock, over 150 partaking. One of the principal features of the evening was the "locomotive gallop," a splendid imitation of an approaching train. The committee of arrangements, of which Mr. Joe Cullon was chairman; the reception committee, John Larkin, chairman, and floor committee, Daniel Duggan, chairman, contributed much to the pleasure of the evening. It is gratifying to hear that Lodge No. 4 will net over \$350 out of the evening's enjoyment.

WE are reliably informed that Brothers J. H. Sullivan, of the C., & N.-W. and Tom McLain, of the C., M. & St. P. roads, have fully resolved to hereafter take no stock in Italian or German opera, believing as they do that "the game does not pay for the powder." They were led recently, by the flaming bills upon the bill-boards to attend an opera at McVicker's theater, and as a matter of course went in style. It is said that Brother McLain, not being satisfied with his personal charms lavished his money alarmingly in the results of man's ingenuity that are used by the *bon tons* in making man "just too sweet for anything." Cologne,

\$3.50; exquisite button-hole bouquet, 75 cents, etc., etc., while his chum remained at home without any coal—having only a basket of shavings to keep himself warm. Brother J. H. Sullivan did look cute and irresistible in his new cut-away coat, patent-leather shoes, white kid gloves and shining silk hat ("what Santa Claus brought him.") But now they say they have all of that kind of amusement they will ever want. They say that style is all right; but they fail to see where the enjoyment comes in, when they do not understand a "pesky" word that is said.

#### THE BLACKLIST'S BLACK EYE.

In a New Haven, Conn., court some time ago Mr. Thomas F. Meany brought suit against Wm. H. Wallace, assistant superintendent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, and Stacy P. Opdyke, superintendent of the New Haven & Northampton road, charging them with conspiracy, in that they had blacklisted him, thereby preventing him from earning an honest living at the avocation he had spent the greatest portion of his life. The suit has been watched closely by a very large class of people who have an acute sense of honor and justice between man and man. The outcome of the suit has received the hearty approval of all honorable men. The fine (\$50) cannot be considered commensurate with the magnitude and inhumanity of the offense, yet the moral effect of the verdict is invaluable.

It is gratifying, however, that Judge Pickett, the judge before whom the case was tried, had the courage of his convictions, and in rendering his de-

cision made himself thoroughly understood. The difficulty that those who have been the victims of the blacklist have always had to contend with has been the impossibility of producing positive proof of being blacklisted. The decision of Judge Pickett has simplified the matter materially. He lays down the principle that positive proof is not essential, and that circumstantial evidence is competent and may be considered conclusive. In rendering his decision he made use of the following language: "He was clearly of the opinion that a conspiracy designed to hinder any man from putting his labor on the market when, where and for such compensation as he may agree for, \* \* \* is more disastrous in effect than any other form of conspiracy, except that to take a life. To convict of such a conspiracy circumstantial evidence is competent and may be conclusive. It is sufficient if it is shown that the parties had a mutual understanding to the common design, and the part each was to perform in the attainment thereof. The court is satisfied that Wallace and Opdyke had a mutual understanding that a man not approved by one should not be employed by the other." These are plain and strong words coming as they do from the bench. But none too plain or strong. It places the promoters and advocates of the blacklist, however, in an unenviable position. They have long since been convicted by public opinion of advocating inhuman and un-American practices, and now they can be truthfully charged with counseling and urging violation of law. This case will evidently be followed by many others of similar

character. An Ohio brakeman named Wm. Hesey has brought suit against the Ohio & Mississippi railroad for \$5,000 damages, sustained through being blacklisted by that road. An exchange in commenting on it asks: "If boycotting is a crime, what, in God's name, is blacklisting?"

In view of Judge Pickett's decision, we would not be surprised to hear before long of some one going before some judge to find out what is meant by the system now in vogue in some cities requiring letters from the company one has last been employed by, before employment can be secured with other companies.

THE Chicago & Atlantic switchmen in Chicago quit work on January 27. Their action was caused by differences that arose between the men and the agent. William Wells, in charge of the Packingtown engine, was suspended by order of the agent, Mr. Brown. The charge against him was insubordination. The charge was wholly unfounded and emanated from malicious motives on the part of an employé of the agent's department at the stock yards. Mr. Wells presented himself to the agent and entered a positive denial of the charges preferred against him. The agent refused to receive Mr. Wells's side of the story, and also refused to investigate the matter any further. The switchmen then notified him that unless Mr. Wells was reinstated they would immediately quit work, which they did. The agent then consulted the superintendent, and the result of their consultation was the reinstatement of Mr. Wells. The switchmen then brought to the notice

of the officials other grievances, which were amicably adjusted. The most important ones were the abolition of the letter system, and the reinstatement of several men who were discharged (after being in the employ of the company some time) because they had no letter from their last employer.

JAMES MORAN, a switchman employed on the Missouri Pacific road at Kansas City, was killed January 27. He at one time worked for the A. T. road, but quit and went to Omaha last summer, and from there to Denver, where he worked until January 1. He returned recently and went to work on the M. P. road at Kansas City. He was pulling a pin when the brake-beam caught his foot, throwing him to the ground. The car passed over him, cutting off his right leg above the knee, and left arm, and his shoulder was mashed into a pulp. He was hurt at 10 a. m. and died at 2:22. His parents live in Galesburg, Ill. Unfortunately he was unfinancial, and the first words he spoke to any of the boys were, "I haven't got my dues paid up." This certainly is a sad but wholesome lesson for delinquents. Will you, brother reader, if you are as suddenly cut off, have to say like this brother, "I haven't got my dues paid up." Will these words be your last ones to a loving wife whom you pledged "to love and protect?" Is this to be your last message to your children? Think seriously of this question. We this month chronicle the death of two brothers, that, through neglect, do not get the benefits of the organization they assisted in building up.

[Contributed.]

## DEAD.

The hand trembles when it writes Isaac Creighton is dead. Leaves have their time to fall; flowers wither before the wrath of the north winds, and stars arise and set, but haste though all seasons, for there cometh thine own, Oh, Death! It cometh to all alike. Rank, or station, or position cannot avert it. Love, with all its holy mantle, is no protection from it. He that giveth life taketh it away also. And now that Isaac Creighton has passed to that "bourn from whence no traveler returneth," we can only bring our united offerings of tribute to his loving memory. Let us join hands together mournfully around that newly-made grave, and tender our last tribute to his memory as a man and brother. Remembering, that while all earthly goods are evanescent, honor, truth and love are eternally secured.

Isaac Creighton, a foreman in charge of engine No. 36, of the C., M. & St. P. road, met with a terrible death on January 19. Brother Creighton rode up on his engine from Halsted street yard to get his dinner, and upon reaching Leavitt street stepped off the engine to go to his home, 781 Austin avenue. As he did so, engine 274, drawing the Omaha passenger train on the C. & N. W. road, was passing, going in the same direction. He did not see the passenger train, and on getting off his own engine, he stepped in front of the passenger engine on the Northwestern. The engine struck him, knocking him some ten feet in the air and caught him upon the pilot as he came down, carrying him almost a block before the train could be stopped. He was carried to

his home near by and medical assistance immediately summoned. Upon examination it was found that his skull was fractured, and that he had received severe internal injuries. Medical skill and willing hands were of no use, as he lingered in an unconscious condition until 10 p. m., when death put an end to his suffering.

Mr. Creighton was thirty-one years old, and the oldest switchman in the employ of the C., M. & St. P. road in Chicago. He commenced to work for the road nine years ago, when the company had only three engines at work, and now they have over forty, counting those working night and day. He had never before received any serious injury. He was a member of Lodge 1, S. M. A. A., as well as Court Excelsior, Independent Order of Foresters. His family will receive \$1,000 from the Foresters, but, unfortunately, through negligence, he allowed himself to become unfinancial in Lodge 1, S. M. A. A. We understand, however, that he recently turned over to a friend his dues and assessments to Lodge 1, with a request that he attend to it for him, but unfortunately, it was not attended to. He leaves a wife and three children. The ages of the latter are nine, seven and four years. Also an aged mother, seventy-four years of age, and totally blind. He has two brothers—George Creighton, a conductor on the Milwaukee division, while Richard Creighton, the other brother, is an engineer in the same yard he worked in. A brother-in-law of his, Mr. Radcliff, is a passenger conductor on the La Crosse division of the same road.

Mr. Creighton had many good and noble qualities about him. Having



been brought up by a pious and Christian mother, he endeavored to give his children the same kind of training he had himself received. He always wanted his children to attend church and Sabbath-school, and often went with them. He was a good provider and a kind husband. His first care was always his family. He was a favorite with the officers of the road, as well as universally respected and esteemed by the men in the yards, as well as by all who knew him.

The funeral took place January 20, at his late residence, 781 Austin avenue, and was largely attended by members of Court Excelsior, and of Lodge 1, S. M. A. A. The floral contributions were large, elegant and appropriate. At the head of his coffin stood a magnificent floral design of the "Gates Ajar," contributed by Court Excelsior, as well as a pillow of "Peace;" then came a cross, anchor and crown, and at the foot of the coffin was a most appropriate and beautiful design of a broken car-wheel, made of tube-roses and cut flowers, contributed by his comrades. A special car was tendered by the Superintendent of the C., M. & St. P. road, and the remains taken to Waukesha, his former home, followed by a large number of friends and brother switchmen.

It would naturally be supposed that a strike that only lasted forty minutes would not furnish material for much of an article. Nor does it. But referring to the switchmen's strike in Toledo, Ohio, we must certainly commend the action of the officers and members of Lodge No. 14 in returning to work, thereby not only living up to the constitution of our order, but as-

suring the company of the fidelity of our association to the principle we have at all times advocated, viz.: Arbitration. While the strike is one of the shortest on record—lasting only forty minutes—we hope to hereafter see Lodge No. 14 take the banner of arbitration on its shoulders and carry it to the front before resorting to overt acts. At the same time it is also to be hoped that the officials of the different railroads running into Toledo will see the benefits to be derived from the establishment of a uniform scale of wages to switchmen for uniform work. For it cannot be denied that the switchmen of Toledo are dissatisfied with the present scale. Nor is it to be wondered at, when you take into consideration the fact that there is at this time fourteen grades of pay given to the switchmen, ranging from \$1.80 to \$2.15 per day for helpers; and from \$2.00 to \$2.70 per day for foremen. To all who have a sense of justice and equity, and who understand or will investigate the hazardous duties of a switchman, this recompense will at once appear as inadequate and unjust. The switchman cannot sit beside the stove when it snows or blows, when it rains or sleets, when the thermometer is ever so much below zero or equally so above, but must face the weather. He is constantly kept dodging the shafts of death and destruction, not knowing what minute he will be summoned before his God, or be crippled for life. These facts should be weighed by all companies when they are determining how much they can afford to pay their switchmen. Such a diversified scale of wages as noted above will not invite reliable men or breed contentment.

## THE BALL AT QUINCY.

In response to a polite and cordial invitation the senior editor of the *JOURNAL* attended the Second Annual Ball of Quincy Lodge No. 18, January 19, and he is free to confess that he was agreeably surprised at the magnificent gathering on that occasion. He went there fully prepared to talk solid facts to switchmen, but found himself somewhat embarrassed when he confronted the audience. He confesses his inexperience in hurling cold facts at beautiful faces, and was not long in determining in his own mind that beauty and gallantry would undoubtedly feel more at home in the "dreamy waltz," than listening to a long discussion of the aims and hopes of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association. Hence he did not detain them long, believing from the large attendance at the Second Annual Ball of Quincy Lodge No. 18 that the citizens of Quincy appreciate the aims and objects of our association and will give it that encouragement it is entitled to. The ladies were largely represented.

We cannot improve on the account of the ball given by the Quincy Daily *Journal*, therefore will give it to our readers below, believing that they will agree with us when we say that the *Journal's* account of the ball speaks well for the switchmen of Quincy:

The only mistake made by the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association in giving their second annual ball was the selection of the hall. Rogers' hall was selected and the ball given there last night was attended by at least 300 people. The Hall was more than comfortably filled during the early part of the evening and dancing was done with much difficulty. Persons who were present through courtesy to the railroad boys, and who did not attend for the purpose of dancing, began to drop off early and make room for the young folks who were there to have a good time. Although the

dancing space was not greatly increased, yet it was noticeable.

The hall was decorated beautifully. It was trimmed up as it never was trimmed before. On entering, one's eyes fell upon many yards of colored bunting festooned from the walls to the six gas chandeliers, under which, handsomely surrounded by small cedar wreaths, hung the brightly polished railroad regulation signal lanterns. Just above these were the signal flags, which are used by the railroad men during the day time in giving the engineer and conductor instructions while on the run. At night the lanterns are substituted for the flags, and by the aid of both many accidents have been averted. Hanging upon the walls were shields and mottoes placed there by deft fingers. "Benevolence, Hope and Protection," the motto of the association, was hanging in a conspicuous place on the west wall, while just across the hall, immediately over the stage, hung a large painting of a locomotive issuing from a tunnel with a train of freight cars. This picture was about twenty-five feet in length. On the wall near the door place was given to a shield, with the inscription "Union," just above which was a gold brake wheel. The decorations were very pretty, indeed.

The crowd was a most pleasant one, and how could it be otherwise? Only those having invitations were admitted. There were many faces present which were new to those who frequent the ball rooms of the city, but they knew how to dance and enjoyed themselves hugely. In fact everybody enjoyed himself, and to the fullest extent. The well arranged programme was carried out to the music of Gauweiler's excellent orchestra.

At about 11 o'clock Mr. James L. Monaghan, the grand master, whose headquarters are at Chicago, and who had just arrived on the 10:45 train, was introduced to the audience by the local master, Mr. A. C. Joseph.

After giving an excerpt of Mr. Monaghan's speech the *Journal* concludes as follows:

Dancing was resumed and was kept up until a late hour, when one of the finest and best conducted balls for many a year came to a close. Lodge 18 truly did itself credit, and the ball of last night will remain green in the memory of many for a long time.

When the credit is distributed the following committeemen, who worked so faithfully, should not be forgotten:

Committee of arrangements—James Gaffney, P. Hynes, John Moore, James F. Coughlin, Ed. Conly, John Ahr.

Reception committee—P. Hendricks, W. G. Beck, P. Hynes, P. Fogarty, John Newbanks.

Invitation committee—N. T. Stewart, H.

Hade, James Moore, John Flair, John Malony.

Floor managers—James F. Gaffney, chief, James F. Coughlin, A. C. Joseph, William H. Gaffney, T. Heffren, Ed. Hendricks, John Heffren.

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relating to railways have been issued since last month, as reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624 F street, Washington, D. C.

Automatic Car Brake—G. H. Poor, St. Louis, Mo.

Automatic Signal Apparatus—J. H. Crosby, Boston, Mass.

Brake Shoe—F. L. Sheppard, Altoona, Pa.  
Brake Block Holder—C. L. Small, New Paris, Pa.

Car Brake—E. H. Muigs, East Berlin, Conn.  
Car Brake—M. T. Carson, Whistler, Ala.

Car Coupling—J. J. King & W. Worley, Dahonega, Ga.

Fluid-Pressure Car Brake—G. A. Boyden, Baltimore, Md.

Lock Switch for Railways—I. May, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Railway Crossing—C. R. Johnson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Three-Throw Split Switch—C. A. Leeman, Sterling, Ill.

#### THANKS.

CHICAGO, January 31.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Allow us through the columns of the JOURNAL to express our many thanks to a loved husband's and brother's fellow workmen, for their many acts of kindness and heart-felt sympathy in our recent bereavement. For each and every one of us fully appreciate their kindness shown us in every way—by their presence at the house, their company to his last resting place, etc.

We hope to be able at some time to return their many acts of kindness, when there will be no vacant chair; no floral tokens to remind us that the wheel of the fellowship of "Our Com-

rades" is broken; nor the gates stand ajar to receive a loved one within its portals; that the anchor is cast on a distant shore; the cross and crown laid down, and the head pillowed in a Heavenly home, are the wishes of a loving wife, sister and family circle of your lost comrade, Isaac Creighton.

MISS N. J. CREIGHTON.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A WORD TO UNPRINCIPLED MEN.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Not long ago one of the switchmen employed by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, was in the act of staking a car into clear upon a track. The stake slipped, the result was almost instant death. Though previous to expiring he spoke thus: "Well, I guess I am gone, but if ever I get over this, I will never 'scab' it again." The word "scab" was so faint it could hardly be heard. The Almighty God had called him away with those thoughts uppermost in his mind. Oh! men of no principle, take warning. Your evil action and doings follow you to your grave.

Yours respectfully,

J. S. Cox.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 18.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I wish, if you can find space and I am "on time" for your next issue, that you would publish these few lines in the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

In bestowing praises upon the yardmasters of Cincinnati you omitted one worthy one—Samuel Miller—whom I think, as well as many others, to be the peer of all yardmasters of Cincinnati.

Sam's smiling countenance and gentlemanly appearance can always be seen under the glare of the electric light at the Points. And switchmen of Cincinnati, as well as those employed by him, join me in praising him and wishing to see him rise still higher in the estimation of his employers.

SWITCHMAN OF No. 26.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 29, 1886.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Lodge No. 9, of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., gave a ball December 23, 1886. Promptly at 8:30 o'clock, the officers of the lodge, accompanied by Mr. William E. Sherwood, marched down the center of the hall to the platform, where Mr. Sherwood was introduced as the orator of the evening. After greeting the large audience in an appropriate manner, and on behalf of the lodge, thanking all for their presence, Mr. Sherwood said that in 1830 there were only twenty-five miles of railroad in the United States, and now there were something like 140,000 miles of road in this country alone. All were in proportion indebted to the hosts of the evening for keeping the vast machinery that moves the commerce of the country in motion. Like Atlas bearing the world upon his shoulders, the commerce of the country, and every interest, public and private, rested upon the shoulders of the railroad men. Hence we are in a great measure indebted to the members of this noble association. In concluding his address, Mr. Sherwood, on behalf of the lodge, wished all a pleasant evening. His remarks were received with warm applause.

Mr. Louis G. Eggart, then led the vast company in one of Prof. Pryor's

grand marches, and from which the "lads and lassies" moved off in a more enlivening waltz. The reception committee consisted of H. Edmonson, Charles Chowning and Charles E. Thomas; and the floor committee, Thomas Lyons, Robert McDonald and H. Woods. They did their duties well, and made the large number present enjoy themselves to the fullest extent. The best of order and good humor prevailed, and all went home pronouncing the first annual ball of the switchmen of St. Joseph a grand success.

Yours, fraternally,

WILLIAM McNICHOLS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20, 1887.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Having had occasion to hear my name mentioned by several friends of mine in connection with an accident which occurred to me about nine weeks ago, and also finding an article in your valuable journal to the effect that I was a singer, etc., and that I could obtain three bottles of *ink* from your sanctum sanctorum; I am persuaded to ask you why are not the aforesaid bottles forthcoming? If it is necessary I shall call for them. And, although *ink* is very abundant in every office of the P., F. W. & C. R. R., yet the ink you have reference to may be of a superior quality. If so, I am more than anxious to try it, and thus further the interests of a representative Chicago journal.

If you are in want of a serio-comic article once in a while, I think I can favor you with them, and possibly force a smile to wreath the countenances of my railroad friends—of which I am proud to state I have a great many.

My sedate friend, Johnnie Downey,

told me the other day that times have changed greatly of late—especially since Christmas. In explanation he said, that in the past he has had assistants of all kinds and grades to make life burdensome, viz. : cranks, dudes, roughs, toughs, liars, N. G.'s, etc. But now he is blessed with something far different. Nothing less than a funny man. Will-ett do to keep him? Echo answers, Willett.

RICHARD NELSON.

CLEVELAND, January 11.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I send you a little plain talk regarding the feelings of our members in this city.

Now the switchmen of Cleveland have never had any protection in any way, shape or manner, having been kept down by overbearing, ignorant officers, who in some cases cannot give men a civil answer. But this way of doing things is getting played out. And today a better brotherly lot of switchmen cannot be found. This feeling commenced on the first appearance of Brother J. W. Drury, G. O. and I., of the S. M. A. A., on July 23, 1886, and has continued to grow ever since. And we now have a membership list that will show that the switchmen of Cleveland fully see what a grand order the S. M. A. A. is. Last Sunday, Jan. 9, the day of installation of officers, every officer was on hand, and six new members came also to see the ceremony performed, and are now in the light.

Brother P. J. McManus will hold the chair of Master for a year to come, while J. M. McFarlin will help him whenever help is necessary. Brother J. H. O'Brien will attend to the office of Recording Secretary, and make good

use of that handsome book-case and writing-desk his wife presented him with on Christmas. At the same time he can and will work a brotherly feeling between the members of Lodge No. 23 and all other lodges. Now, Brother H. A. Heller, he wanted to escape the office of Treasurer, but the boys wouldn't listen to anything of that kind, and he will hold the "boodle" for another year, while Brother Reed will keep the financial part running on time, and Brother H. Gearity will bring the boys to light, and Brother T. Higgins will keep his eye on the latch, and Brother Millus will show how a welcome lesson can be taught as P. M. While all this is going on, Brothers Canfield, P. J. Higgins and D. Macksey will keep all hands straight as the Board of Directors.

We remain, as ever your brothers,  
No. 23. JHOB.

DETROIT, January 23.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

The following is a brief account of the first annual ball of Detroit Lodge No. 13, which took place at Fraternity Hall, January 12:

Dancing commenced with the grand march, led by Brother Ferris, about 300 couples participating; and in this connection I would say that great credit is due Brother Ferris for the artistic manner he handled the grand march.

Brother Collins, our worthy master, and his estimable wife made themselves very popular in looking after the comfort of every one, and they acquitted themselves admirably.

Brothers Lynch, Wolf, McKnight, and Blanchard, as the floor committee, left nothing undone. Brother Lynch's

smiling countenance could be found everywhere, looking after the comfort of the ladies.

Brother Collins, at the supper table, proved beyond dispute his liking for oysters.

Brother Woodcock, as door-keeper, was equal to the occasion.

Brother Henderson, as ticket-seller, is a hustler. It was too bad that his foot was not strong enough to allow him to dance. He had it caught in a frog eight weeks previous to the ball.

Brother Traut was present with two or three ladies. He is usually very quiet, but on this occasion he proved an exception to the rule by taking an active part in the proceedings.

The Detroit Opera House band furnished excellent music for the occasion, and I am proud to say that the ball was a grand success, socially and financially. I am yours, fraternally,

M. J. CURRAN.

#### PAN HANDLE DEAD WOODS.

CHICAGO, January 30.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Business is very heavy. It is coal until you can't rest—if it is \$7 a ton. All the boys are making good time. We work thirteen engines days, and seven nights, and could use two more on the day force if we had them. It is reported that we will get one more in a few days.

The boys all had to get new watches this month. A special order from the superintendent compels all engineers and men in charge to have a standard watch that will stand close inspection by an expert. Quite a number are "kicking" about it, but it is no use. They cannot use any more "Water-

bury's" or "Clothing House" timers. So I suppose we will all be watched from this on.

On January 29, Frank Gill, while helping James A. Kelly in the lower yard, had the misfortune of getting his hand smashed. He will lose two fingers, and it will be some time before he is again ready for duty. Frank is a good boy, and boards at 342 W. Lake street. Call on him, boys. Dock.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 26, 1887.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Thinking perhaps the readers of the JOURNAL would like to know what kind of a time the boys of No. 23 had at our social basket banquet and presentation of banner, held at Hooker's Hall, Thursday evening, January 20, 1887, I will endeavor to give you a brief account of the same.

Well, to commence with, at about 7:30 o'clock p.m., the invited guests began to arrive in hacks, buggies, street cars, etc. The time until 8:30 was spent by all in looking at and admiring the beautiful and costly oil paintings adorning the walls of Hooker's Hall, (the hall used for our entertainment,) and by 8:30 the hall was completely packed. Brother J. W. Reed started the ball rolling by calling the meeting to order, and on motion Brother J. H. O'Brien was elected chairman for the evening. Upon taking the chair, Brother J. H. O'Brien introduced Mr. T. H. Wells, of the Y. M. C. A., who, after a few happy and appropriate remarks, introduced Prof. Ockerman. The Professor spoke at length in a very favorable way of our Lodge and the principles of our Association, saying, among other things, that our book of

constitution and by-laws was something he could fully indorse. The Professor then presented to our Lodge the elegant banner which the lady friends of the Lodge had so kindly donated. Brother J. H. O'Brien responded on behalf of Lodge No. 23, in a feeling and appropriate manner, acknowledging the gratitude the switchmen felt at being thus so kindly remembered and encouraged by the lady friends of the Lodge. Returning many thanks to the ladies for the very rich present, he concluded by expressing the hope that ere long every switchman in the city of Cleveland would be marching under this beautiful banner. The banner is a beauty in design and costly in material. On one side are the words, "Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association," on the other, "Presented by the Ladies—1887."

The presentation ceremony having been completed, Brother O'Brien, wife and son, Mr. Wells and Prof. Ockerman were escorted to the dining-room, where the tables were found well filled with everything that would tempt a man to eat. Having done justice to the eatables, the company returned to the hall, where Brother Heller's voice could be heard crying out, "One more set this way." Soon Brother Heller called out loud enough to be heard in all the yards in the city: "Let her go, Gallagher!"—the music started, and so did the dancers, and a more happy lot of people could not be found.

After dancing some time Brother P. J. Higgins entered the hall and called out: "Supper—for everybody!" Then everybody had supper and returned to the dancing hall again, where Mr. Blackburn came in, saying, "Let's start the band again." The music

started, but one of the boys continued to put himself outside pie and cake, and if you have a man in Chicago that can get away with our man when it comes to disposing of pie and cake, we will give him a big price for his photograph.

Mrs. Thomas Higgins made many friends during the evening by doing so much to further the enjoyment of every one. Many thanks.

We all feel under many obligations and desire to return our thanks for the good management of our entertainment to Mrs. P. J. Higgins, Mrs. Wm. Pender, Mrs. J. W. Reed, Mrs. M. Canfield and Mrs. C. Simmons. Also to Mrs. Blackburn for that big clothes basket and its contents.

In concluding, I will say that a happier lot of switchmen never was seen in this city, and every one spoke very highly of the way the business was conducted. And now we are asked on every side, "When are you going to get another banner?"

Now, editors of the JOURNAL, please excuse any and all mistakes you may find in this, as we are new at this business, and do the best we can. Hoping this will find place in the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, we are,

Yours truly,

No. 23.

Per Tippie.

JOLIET, Jan. 28.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Seeing that there is likely to be a good deal of unnecessary talk between "Duke" and "Xerxes" in regard to a chamber set, I take this opportunity to settle the whole affair, as I would not like to hear or see either one of them have what little hot blood they have,

worked up to a boiling pitch. "Duke" says: "Come again, 'Xerxes,' I can stand lots of it." Now my advice is to them both to cut it short, for fear they might get too much of a good thing. I now wish to state to the readers of the JOURNAL that I was agreeably surprised on the evening of December 23d, by a little party of brother switchmen and their wives, bringing with them a beautiful chamber set, which was presented to me (and I suppose I should say my wife also) as a Christmas present. And I now desire to return thanks to my brother members of No. 3 for the splendid Christmas present. While wishing them all success and prosperity for years to come, the only fault I have to find in the manner in which they did the business was that they did not give me a *pointer* as to when they were coming, so that I could have been prepared with a keg — I mean a box of cigars.

I am yours fraternally,

W. R. DAVISON.

SAVANNA, Ill., January 19.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

We had the pleasure of entertaining Brothers Hyer and Rogers, of Lodge No. 2, last Sunday. They say their lodge is getting along nicely, and we do not see how they can help it, if their members are all like the gentlemen we met Sunday.

Married—In this city, on January 1, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. John Orr to Miss Lizzie Brown, both of this city. Mr. Orr is foreman of engine No. 285, a thorough switchman, and a member of the S. M. A. A. of N. A. The bride is a daughter of our hotelkeeper, of which too

much cannot be said. John came to work January 2 with his face lit up like a full moon, and when challenged, blushed like a school-girl and acknowledged the corn. Of course cigars followed this. The members of Lodge 20, one and all, unite in wishing John and his bride a happy future.

John Hummel, who has been laid up for some time by injuries received in this yard, is able to be up and about the house. It will be some time, however, before he can return to his work.

Yours truly,

MEMBER NO. 20.

DULUTH, January 17.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Our ball was a financial and social success. It was one of the largest ever given in Duluth. We took at the door 125 tickets and \$26 in cash. We had 103 couples for supper, and we cleared \$225. Brothers attending with wives were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. H. Stang, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Samson, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moher; also, Mr. C. M. Vance and lady, agent of the St. P. & D. road, and a number of prominent business men were present.

The members of Lodge No. 28 tender their thanks to Yardmasters D. H. Williams and Mr. Sealy and others who assisted in the sale of tickets.

It was forty degrees below zero when we received those gentle warm winds from Memphis. Did the brothers in Memphis take cold from our stamp?

We all regret very much that Brother Sherman had to leave off work on account of sickness in the family.

C. H. Williams, better known in Duluth as Peck's Bad Boy, has left the



Skaley, and is in South Minneapolis working for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road.

It rained coal the day that Yardmaster Paterson was knocked down. Was it "Leehi" or "Ohio?"

The yardmen got a raise on the first of the year in Duluth, from \$2.50 for in charge to \$2.60, and from \$2.10 for helping to \$2.25 per day.

I will give a description for next month's JOURNAL of the new yards and new railroads that are to be finished to Duluth in 1887. Yours truly,

GEO. PENMAN,  
JOURNAL Agent.

#### FROM A SWITCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 8, 1887.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines for the JOURNAL. I think that Lodge No. 9, of the S. M. A. A. of N. A. at this place is a very nice affair. The members are all perfect gentlemen, and I think the people of this city owe their thanks at least to the members of this lodge for the pleasant evening given them by the lodge on the 23d of December. Everybody present seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. If they all had as nice a time as I did, I know they enjoyed themselves. It was quite evident that all the switchmen tried to make the entertainment as pleasant as possible, and as well pleased as every one seemed, I think they made a success of it. I believe this lodge will long be remembered by the people of St. Joe for the evening's enjoyment. The ball was at the city hall, on the corner of Second and Felix streets. Supper was served at twelve o'clock, at T. Faust's, across

from the hall, which was largely patronized.

Hoping all switchmen had as merry a Christmas as I did, and that the next time any of you have a ball that it will be as nice as it was at our city, I will close.

Yours truly,

MISS ALICE MAIN,  
A switchman's daughter.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

CHICAGO, February 2.

*To the Officers and Members of the S. M. A. A. of N. A.*

Allow me through the columns of our valuable JOURNAL to return my earnest and heartfelt thanks to the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America for the endowment recently paid me, the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500), by the Grand Secretary and Treasurer. Having lost my right arm it cast a shadow of doubt on me as to what the future would bring forth. But with the timely aid of that noble order, the S. M. A. A., I find myself comfortable, and with the brightest hopes of success in the future. And I pray that all may accept my thanks, which I return for the favor which has been bestowed on me by the members of an organization that I trust may never be classed second, and that the future may bring to our midst new members to enlarge and strengthen us in our efforts to make the S. M. A. A. a success, and that the time is not far distant when it may cover the vast area which our grand charter calls for.

Once more, please accept my thanks, hoping a rapid progress may be made to elevate the standing of all who may have the honor of holding membership

in our order and fulfilling the requirements of our by-laws.

Hoping space may be granted, and my card of thanks acceptable, I am fraternally yours,  
JACK SINNOTT.

## OFFICIAL

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND  
TREASURER, CHICAGO, Feb. 1, 1887.

To all Subordinate Lodges—Greeting:

It is my pleasant duty to inform you that through the kindness of our Creator there has none of our brother members died, nor have any of them been totally disabled. Therefore there will not be any assessments for February.

Hoping all brothers will be prompt in the payment of their dues and assessments,

I am fraternally your brother,  
WALTER S. CONDEN,  
G. S. T.

## LINKS.

—The eleventh commandment should read: "Thou shalt not take another man's job."

—If cheap labor is the basis of prosperity, why is not China at the head of civilization?—*George Gunton.*

—The Missouri Pacific switchmen at Denizen went on strike last week, but as they were unorganized, the officials made short work of the strikers.

—Some men are born tramps; others are made tramps through misfortune. Always bear that fact in mind when you start out to indiscriminately kick all tramps.

—"Say, c'nduct'r, 'ill you (hie) turn this seat over?" "What do you want the seat turned over for?" "Got carried by my station. Want t' get back!"  
*Chicago News.*

—The brakemen have been holding a national convention at A'tonio, Tex.

Delegates were present from N'york, Schorgo, 'Troit, 'Timore, 'Slewis, S'n-frisco, and other cities.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Wm. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil Company fame, is said to suffer from insomnia. A man worth millions of money ought to be able to buy something that would rockefeller to sleep.—*Life.*

—Every government should grant its laborers the broadest opportunities to earn a livelihood, and no laborer should be asked to make more than a reasonable effort in order to earn the necessities and comforts of life.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

—"A boy should be started on the right track," said the yardmaster to his son. "Yes, but you needn't do so much switching to put me there. A running switch is the thing," replied the young hopeful, as he darted around the corner.

—Charles E. Grover, late division superintendent of the Boston & Albany railroad, began service on that road as waterboy on a train. But this is by no means the only instance in which railroad men have risen to place and wealth through water.

—On any pleasant day there are probably 30,000 Texans holding down dry goods boxes, whittling and figuring on the railroads that they hope may come to their towns. After they get them, there will be 29,850 "damning the monopolies."—*Texas paper.*

—Jay Gould greatly fears that the Inter-State Commerce bill will interfere with his benevolent designs in behalf of the public interests. He says that many of the provisions of the bill are contrary to the principles of railroading. The general impression is that the chief defect in his method of railroading has been in an entire absence of principle.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Five locomotives that are in course of construction by the Rhode Island

locomotive works for the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas road, will have boilers and fire-boxes of steel, made by the natural gas process at Pittsburgh, Pa. A group of engines that the Brooks locomotive works are building for the Illinois Central will have boilers and fire-boxes of the same material, and the Wabash and several other roads are patronizing this make of steel.

—An engineer on a Texas train recently blew brakes, came to a sudden stop, all the passengers aboard held up their hands and the express messenger unlocked the safe, when a man with a shot-gun climbed into the car and said he wanted to send his gun down to Galveston to get a new hammer on it, as he wanted to shoot gophers. A brakeman took the gun, the train started merrily forward, and an item for the Associated Press was spoiled.—*Albany Journal*.

—An Italian laborer, in attempting to escape an approaching locomotive at Ballston Spa yesterday, slipped and struck on his hands, leaving him in a stooping posture with his back toward the engine. The pilot of the locomotive hurled him headlong through a big snow bank. The Italian jumped up, doubled his fists and prepared himself for a fight, evidently thinking that some person had kicked him. He was not injured.—*Schenectady (N. Y.) Union*.

—Eastern Railway President.—See here, sir, I understand that after that last catastrophe you sent the survivors to their homes in distant states and charged the expense to the company.

Conductor.—Yes, sir.

“Do you suppose, sir, that this railroad is a benevolent society? What did you do that for? Give me an unanswerable reason at once or your resignation, sir.”

“To prevent them from testifying before the coroner.”

“Resign, sir.”

“Why?”

“I want you for superintendent.”—*Omaha World*.

—When natural gas was first made use of in Pittsburgh for fuel the agent of a company wanted an old Dutchman to become a customer.

“I tell you about dot,” replied the old man, as he felt of the back of his head, “it vhas all right if nature makes dot gas for nothings, but I haf discovered dot when somebody rhorks for nothings he gets tired out by and by and goes on a strike that makes your head shwin.”

Some of the natural gas wells are now on a strike which will probably have no end.—*Wall Street News*.

—The coachman pulls up at a railroad crossing, alights and lowers the window of the carriage.

“There, sor,” he says, “you can put your head out now.”

“Put my head out! What do you mean?”

“Why, sor, the sign beyant there by the thrack says: ‘Look out for the locomotive.’”

“Why, you fool,” testily exclaimed the occupant of the carriage, “you are the party who is to do the looking out.”

“I am! Well, how can I do that when I’m not inside?”

—The costly Severn tunnel recently completed between Bristol and Cardiff is one of the great engineering triumphs of the age. It is over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, of which  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles have been constructed at a depth of from 45 to 100 feet below the bed of a rapidly flowing estuary, involving engineering difficulties which it is well said make it the most remarkable tunnel in the world. One line of track has already been laid and trains are running, reducing the time between Bristol and Cardiff from two and one-half hours to one hour and a half. The length of some other notable railway tunnels is as follows: St. Gothard,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Mt. Cenis,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Alburg in Austria,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Hoosac in Massachusetts,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Severn,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Standege, on the London & North-Western, 3 miles.—*Railway Age*.

## A SCAB.

A creature more contemptible it would be hard to find,  
 A craven cur in human form, the meanest of its kind;  
 A servile, crawling, creeping thing, just fit to kiss the hand  
 That thrashed, and cowed, and conquered it, and bear its master's brand.  
 The scab or black-sheep is a club, which corporations use  
 To break the heads of honest men, who will not stand abuse;  
 They strive to bring all decent men to this degrading state,  
 That they may satiate their greed, and gold accumulate.

## THE FIRST PERMANENT TRAMWAY IN AMERICA.

An interesting paper, bearing the above title, is published in the last number of the proceedings of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia. It claims for the road constructed by Mr. Leiper, in Delaware county, Pa., 1809-10, the position of being the first permanent tramway in this country, although it accords priority of construction to the inclined plane designed and executed by Silas Whitney, 1807, on the western slope of Beacon Hill, Boston. Of the last-named work the statement is made that it was about a quarter of a mile in length, and that "it was used for the transporting of gravel from the top of the hill down to Charles street, which was being filled up and graded. There were two trains of cars on the railway, so arranged that one train being loaded with gravel would in its descent pull up the empty train. While the full cars were being emptied the unloaded cars were being filled, and in their descent would haul up the first train, thus doing the work without horses. This road was, however, only temporary, and as the work of grading progressed, was gradually removed."

The distinction made between this road and the line constructed by Mr. Leiper, is that while the former was in use for a brief period, the latter was built with the intention of being used for a protracted period, and it is stated that it "continued in active use until 1828, when it was superseded by a canal."

One of the first practical steps taken

by Mr. Thomas Leiper was the construction of a short experimental line, about twenty-one yards in length, in the yard of the Bull Tavern, Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. A contemporaneous statement, dated Philadelphia, July 31, 1809, says that, "in the above experiment a railway was laid of two parallel courses of oak scantling, about four feet apart, supported on blocks or sleepers about eight (8) feet from each other. On this railway, which had an ascent of one and a half ( $1\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches in a yard, or 2 deg. 23 min. a single horse, under the disadvantage of a path of loose earth to walk on, hauled up a four-wheel carriage, loaded with the enormous weight of  $95\frac{1}{2}$  hundred weight, or 10,696 pounds."

Encouraged by this success, an elaborate survey of the proposed route was made by John Thomson, father of J. Edgar Thomson, and a *fac simile* of the draft exhibiting the route, dated October 1, 1809, is published in the proceedings of the Engineers' Club. The road led from Mr. Leiper's saw-mill and quarries on Crum creek, Delaware county, Pa., to his landing on Ridley creek, and was three-quarters of a mile in length. The estimated cost of the road, including the survey, was \$1,592.47.

An advertisement published September 27, 1809, invited proposals for the "digging part of a railway" and also "for the making and laying the rail part of the same," of which this statement was made, "consisting of wood, a specimen of which, as furnished by Messrs. Large & Winpenny, may be seen by applying to them at their manufactory, adjoining the Bull's Head in Second street, in the Northern Liberties." Of this superstructure it is stated that it "was made of white oak, with cross-ties and spring pieces." In the railway language of that day, rails meant pieces of wood similar in shape to the wooden stringers which underlie the rails of the street-car lines of the present era.

The next stage of progress is repre-

sented by the advertisement of a contractor who had undertaken to construct the road. It read as follows:

LABORERS WANTED.

*Leiper's Snuff Mills, on Crum Creek,*

*October 28, 1809.*

I have contracted with Thomas Leiper for the digging part of his railway, from his stone quarries on Crum creek to his landing on Ridley creek. The work is now progressing, which I find to be a very easy process, for three yoke of oxen can plough from ten to fifteen inches deep, which I am to have the use of for the whole of the contract. From that circumstance, nothing but shovels will be required for three-fourths of the way. Laborers who wish to engage will please apply to

JOHN BOYCE, on the premises.

November 1.

The work of construction was commenced soon after the publication of this advertisement, and completed early in 1810. The road abounded in heavy grades and sharp curves. Of the cars used it is stated that they were similar to those now in use, the wheels being made of cast iron with flanges.

The line was originally built with wooden rails, and a note in an early railway publication indicates that the road was never covered with iron plates or rails. It was presumably a work analogous in its main feature to the colliery and quarry railroads of England, which preceded the tramways of that country.—*Railway World*.

A WAR LOCOMOTIVE.

One of the oldest locomotives now in active service is the "General," of the Western & Atlantic railroad. This was the engine which was captured by twenty-two federal soldiers in disguise, on April 12, 1862, and from which they attempted to escape from Big Shanty, up the Western & Atlantic railroad, and burn the bridges on the line between that point and Chattanooga. The "General" was also directly under fire of the federal batteries in the great battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864—General Johnston having sent a train up to about where the present station of Elizabeth stands, just south

of the Confederate entrenchments. She carried up a load of ammunition, and stayed there for the purpose of receiving the wounded in the battle and bring them back to Marietta after its termination. Some of the shells from the federal batteries exploded all around her. She was also the last locomotive to leave Atlanta when Hood's army evacuated the city. The "General" is still in the service of the company; but, being treated somewhat as a relic of the glorious past, does not do any heavy work. She has many callers, however, among the tourists, who are anxious to inspect probably the most famous engine in the United States.—*Cincinnati Times Star*.

LUCKY FRENCH RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

They pay only two cents per ton per mile for the transport of food and liquids intended for their own use on the roads employing them; hot drinks in winter and cooling drinks in summer are furnished at the company's expense; the railroads support supply stores furnishing employes with provisions, groceries, flour, wine and household utensils at mere nominal charges. In times of distress and dearth of living any employe whose pay does not exceed \$360 per annum, in the neighborhood of Paris, or \$300 in other sections, receives a monthly allowance over and above these sums according to the number in his family, but not exceeding \$3 per family. All classified employes, their wives and children supported by them are entitled free of cost, to the advice and attendance of the company's doctor, medicine, surgical attendance and hospital treatment are included if the salary does not exceed \$600 per annum. Free passes are granted to employes of every grade as a right; this privilege is equally accorded to the wives of employes, to the children for attending school, etc.; and more remarkable still, the father and mother, brothers and sisters, nephews, nieces, etc., of employes are entitled to

half fare tickets. Employes can also borrow money of the company without interest, to be repaid in installments monthly at the rate of one-tenth of their annual income. Praiseworthy acts of service are rewarded by gratuities, \$155,000 having been so paid out in 1885. All of this is according to a descriptive paper of French railways in the *Railway News* of London; and it would thus seem that the French railway companies occupy a very parental position in regard to their employes.

#### WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Fifteen years ago, or on the 7th day of March, 1871, Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture in Steinway Hall, in the city of New York, in which he said:

"The absorbing question of the next generation will be the labor question. This question is social here—not political, as in Europe. It is the protest of labor against oppressive capital. I am not going to enter in any breadth upon the complaint of labor against capital, although I agree with it. It is a sound that I believe our children will listen to and wonder that their fathers ever doubted it for a moment. Your great grandchildren will sit in these seats and listen to some orator telling the story of a Vanderbilt with as much wonder as a modern audience hears Agassiz describe the habits of a mastodon—[Laughter]—or as we wonder now that we ever thought it right to keep a fellow-creature in bondage. So seventy years hence your descendants will listen to the story of a Vanderbilt or an Astor with incredulity.

"Here is a man of 60; he is worth forty millions; he has gathered it in forty years. There are 50,000 men who toil for him. At sixty most of them yet rise each morning to beg of him leave to toil. In the chain which connects the two there is a link which neither justice or christianity sanctions, and you will find it out. These are the men that trade in money and swap

stocks, and these are the men that trade in time. Out of that class come four-fifths of the rich men. Girard said the first \$1,000 he got were gathered with more toil than all the rest he possessed. That is, it took him more labor to get up from the position of pennilessness to the standing on the first round of the ladder of capital, than it took to mount all the others.

"We cannot afford to have a laboring class in this country narrow-minded and ignorant. When your Wall street looks down into a cradle, it knows that that baby hand will in due time wield a ballot, and unless it hastens to put morality under the footsteps of that baby, your country is not safe. I thank God for Democracy. It is a glorious system; but it shows you that this labor question to us is not a question of mere sympathy. It is a question of absolute necessity. We cannot afford to have classes. If the time comes when you have got a class of capitalists standing apart permanently—a class of labor standing apart—that is the end of the Republic.

"Your papers print, with epithets of indignation, astonishment and disapprobation, the position of the miners of Pennsylvania. Three millions of men ready to submit to such laws would be enough to enslave the rest of labor, and I say today, thank God, the miners of Pennsylvania have resisted. [Applause.] Thank God that labor, from St. Louis to Portland, has organized for resistance, for it is only the twilight and struggling dawn of a better future."

#### WHAT NEXT?

The Philadelphia & Reading road have issued circular notices which create intense dissatisfaction. The circulars state that no employé will be allowed to ride free after November 30; that no employé will hereafter be allowed to live at a distance from his place of work, except by special permission from the head of his department or a division superintendent;

when such special permission is given, a special rate season ticket, covering the necessary daily travel of each employé may be obtained at one-half that of the regular season ticket, good only between the place of residence and work. The order applies to all clerks, engineers, conductors, trainmen and all kinds of mechanics, even to laborers. The orders are considered a great hardship by the men, many of whom are poorly paid, and live in suburban villages along the roads. They can not afford to pay rents in the cities. Those who obtain special rates have about \$10 to \$15 per month added to their expenses. It is claimed that the orders are unusual, and that no other railroad in the country enforces similar rules. The indignation among the men is very strong and trouble is feared. The requirement for all employés to live near their work is deemed an invasion of their rights and arbitrary and unjust. The employés generally refused to talk about the circulars with outsiders.

#### LABOR AND CONDENSED LABOR.

When any one at the present day takes the side of labor in its struggle for existence he is called a "Socialist." To the superficial observer, to the untrained thinker, this word conveys the impression of arson, riot and the unbalancing of all old ideas of quiet and safety of property. It seems incredible, in this age of reason, that the friends and advocates of labor should be classed with Nihilists, Anarchists and dynamiters, and that murder and destruction of property should be considered a part of their mission. That such an opinion is general cannot be denied; but to reach the conclusion that the world is not yet coming to an end by means of Socialism, I think it is only necessary to give a little study to the relations of capital and labor.

In the first place, what is capital? Merely the accumulated tokens of past labor, saved by thrifty and prudent men, for the use of the present army of

those who toil for their bread. Why should labor be jealous of capital? One might as well expect the earth to be jealous of the clouds, which hold condensed moisture, returning it in rain to enable the parched land to produce food for its famishing thousands. The capitalist is merely a laborer, who, by industry and judicious savings, has condensed some of labor's past wages to distribute them to his fellows that they may again produce a living, and that some small portion may be recondensed to reproduce itself and enable suffering humanity to live. That labor should quarrel with capital seems as strange to an intelligent being as that young birds should be jealous of their mother's experience, which fits her to provide for their helpless daily wants.

The rights of labor at this time engage the attention of all intelligent persons, and the future of capital and labor makes old women and miserly capitalists shudder, for fear of parting with their dollars in acknowledging the rights of their co-laborers. They forget that they are merely the custodians of the condensed labor of poor workers, and cannot justly hold it except for the benefit of other workers who follow them. They cannot bury it, for it would produce no interest. They must necessarily lend it to the laborers of the time to enable such laborers to produce and live.

The rights of labor have been written about in many ways, none of which strike me as meeting the question.

For many years I have employed large numbers of persons, and have carefully considered their conditions and prospects. I have tried to devise some way of benefiting those hard-worked persons who thoroughly represent the side of labor. I have a plan, which I believe is original, for securing in their behalf perfect justice and political equality, so that they cannot say justice is all on the side of capital. This plan I will briefly describe:

In each Congressional district I would have the trades send delegates to

a meeting, for the purpose of choosing representatives to a labor congress for one year. These chosen representatives should nominate two senators to represent their state in a national labor senate—one senator elected for two years, the other for five years. This body of labor senators and representatives should hold an annual labor congress one month in each year. The delegates from the Congressional districts would reflect the wishes of their constituents; *i. e.*, the various trades of their districts. The senate chosen by these representatives, but elected for a longer term, would, by its greater experience, control the more extreme radicals coming annually fresh from the people. There might also be a small body of experienced men, chosen by the senators—these men forming an advisory body similar to the United States Supreme Court, their number being limited to seven judges. This board should decide all labor questions, the trades to submit to their decisions. This organized labor congress would not be expensive. It could direct and act promptly on all questions, nominating or indorsing proper persons for all offices, local, state and national. It would receive proper respect from all parties. Fair and equal justice would be meted out to labor distributed and to labor condensed.

For legislation, I believe in limited political socialism: that oceans, rivers, canals, railways, postal and telegraph systems should be owned by the National Government, for the use of all, at as low a toll as will provide for their proper maintenance; that is, for the use of labor in both its forms, industry and capital.

Rights of private property should be respected. A man's earning, whether by ability, luck or wit, should be his entirely and without restraint during his life. There should be no income tax, which only offers a premium on fraud and oppresses the energy of both labor and capital. A legacy tax should be laid to the extent of, say, ten per

cent, on all fortunes in excess of \$200,000. This legacy tax would not oppress the heir receiving so much property, and should not be regretted by the dead, who was indebted to the protection of the government which enabled him to accumulate his wealth. This legacy tax, leading to distribution through division of estates, could be fairly collected. It would give handsome returns to the state and cause a considerable reduction of taxes. It would render the perpetuation of immense fortunes in a few families impossible, and would thus obviate that grave impending danger, the concentration of wealth in single families, which wrecked the Roman Empire.

I trust that these few words will be of some service to my brother-workers, labor and capital. I wish to see them work hand-in-hand for that great end, the improvement and enlightenment of the industrious humanity now closing our nineteenth century.—*Pierre Lorillard, in North American Review.*

#### GOING TO MICK CASEY'S.

"I'm going to me brother, Mick Casey's," said a woman on a Wabash train to the inquisitive conductor. "But where does he live? What station do you get off at?" "Sorra the wan ov me knows. He wraunt me to come, and said it was on the railrawd he wurked, an' ye'd know whare he lives." That was all the puzzled conductor could get out of her, so he went on collecting her fare from station to station, until the train pulled up at a gravel pit to let an express go by, when a burly section hand approached him. "Is me sisther, Ann Casey, on board wid you?" he asked. And as the conductor handed out this expected passenger, "Had ye any throuble findin' me?" asked Mick. "Sorra the bit," replied Ann; "the man wid the gold buttons thayre said he didn't know ye, nor whare ye lived; but I knowed by the eye ov him it was only taising me he was." "Thru for you; it's a born divil he is for chaffin' ony one."



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

WHEN a joke is carried too far it becomes a serious matter.

WITHHOLD not thine hand from showing mercy to the poor.

MOTTO for the policeman: Be sure he's tight, then club his head.

JUSTICE is the soapsuds with which we wash the flannel shirt of wrong.

EVERY man holds in his hand a stone to throw at us in adversity. — *Mme. Baché*.

Good resolutions may shape the future, but they cannot undo the work of the past. — *Boston Traveller*.

A YOUNG man of Montreal is moon blind and cannot see at all in the evening. He contracted the blindness a few years ago by sleeping on the deck of a ship in the full glare of a tropical moon. Such cases, while very rare, are not unknown.

No MAN of reflection can help respecting the industrious mechanic, any more than he can help looking with contemptuousness on the well-dressed loafer, or the aristocratic spendthrift, who would not care to be seen talking to the toil-worn workman.

RHEUMATISM is the fashionable disease this winter. Pneumonia is left out in the cold, and diphtheria has its ugly nose put out of joint by the grinding, though less dangerous, torture of the "favorite" of the hour. If anybody has anything the matter with him now, it is rheumatism; a dig here, a shooting pain there, mark the presence of the fiend, and lucky the victim of its incipient attacks if it doesn't twist him into fiddle strings before he is cured.

NEW LONDON claims to have the cheekiest man on record. He rented a house, and for three months paid no attention to the landlord's request for the rent money. At the end of that time he called upon the owner, handed him the key, and said that he was sorry, but he would have to give up the house, as

the rent was too high for his means. The landlord was so amazed that he took the key, and the man with the cheek walked off. — *New York Sun*.

MISS MARY T. FOSTER, of Pittsfield, Me., has a smart horse. The school-teacher of the district school boards with Miss Foster, who has the horse harnessed at noon and night, and tells him to go and get the teacher. Thereupon the old fellow starts at a gentle trot for the school-house, half a mile distant. Arriving there, he makes the turn, and heading toward home, patiently awaits the closing of the school. He also carries the teacher to school and comes home alone.

It is related that a few days ago a member of Congress took part in the long and short haul discussion. "I feel it my duty," he said, "to vote for this measure." The alert correspondent of a San Francisco paper telegraphed his utterance, adding in parenthesis, after the word "measure," the words "long and short haul." But through the "cussedness" of the wires, or some other cussedness, the sentence was printed as follows: "I feel it my duty to vote for this measure. [Long and short howls.]"

A STARTLING story comes from Lansing, Mich., gathered from a legislative report by the House Judiciary Committee. It is charged that young girls have been persuaded to leave their homes in various cities by the offer of large wages in the lumber regions of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Once there they are forced to lead lives of shame, and when they attempt to flee from their persecutors are hunted down with dogs. Two measures for the relief of these miserable creatures and the punishment of those responsible for their condition are pending before the Legislature.

A MR. NEELD, of Chicago, a business man of high standing, swindled innocent parties to the extent of \$400,000, and immediately crossed the line

into Canada, and is living in elegant luxury in that hospitable land. It would be interesting to know how many gilded scoundrels from the United States are now in Canada secure from molestation. We are inclined to the opinion that when the labor element of the United States becomes a little more potent in governmental affairs a way will be found to bring these rascals home and make them pay such penalties for their crimes as fall to the lot of less conspicuous scoundrels. —*Firemen's Magazine.*

#### A TRAIN WITHOUT A CREW.

A singular accident, which has just come to light, occurred recently on the Shenandoah Valley railroad, says a Hagerstown (Md.) dispatch to the *Baltimore American*. As the north-bound passenger train No. 2 was nearing Buchanan, a station this side of Roanoke, Va., about five o'clock, some one noticed that the hose attached to the air-brakes was leaking. The train was stopped, and the entire crew left the train for the purpose of repairing the leak, leaving on board the passengers, the express messenger, the postal clerk, and the newsboy. The brakeman was sent back to flag a freight that was coming in the rear. The freight soon made its appearance, and, not having been notified in time to stop on the heavy downward grade, plunged into the hindmost car of the passenger train, which was a Pullman, wrecking the greater part of it and badly injuring the rest of the train.

The concussion was so great that the throttle valve of the passenger engine was thrown wide open and the train leaped forward with an impetus of over a mile a minute. So sudden was the start that the crew was unable to board the engine. The wildcat train ran at a high rate of speed until the steam was exhausted, when it came to a standstill about fifteen miles from the place of the collision. During the flight the passengers were thrown about in their

seats and were almost wild with terror. Apprehending that some south-bound train might collide with the runaway after it had stopped, all the passengers left the cars and built fires in the fields to await the freight, which they thought would bring up the crew of their train. After the lapse of over an hour the rear train hove in sight, and the passenger engineer and fireman were soon at their places.

The brakeman who had been sent back to flag the freight no sooner saw that a collision was inevitable than he struck for the woods and has not yet turned up. Several of the passengers received severe bruises, but no one was seriously injured by the collision. The crew of the runaway train has been ordered to Roanoke on a special, where their conduct will be investigated by the officials of the road.

#### PROFIT-SHARING.

The current number of the *Forum* contains an article by Carroll D. Wright, chief of the bureau of statistics, in which he takes the ground that profit-sharing is the solution of the labor difficulty. The passionate demands, the angry refusals and the efforts to redress real and imaginary wrongs by violent means have practically put the laborer and capitalist on a war footing. "Such a war footing," says Mr. Wright, "cannot be endured for any great length of time without positive disaster; and any method or system, or modification of methods or systems, which will result in bringing the laborer and the capitalist together on the basis of association, without detracting in the least from the dignity of either, or doing the slightest injustice to either, and which will augment the influence and increase the prosperity of all, should be cordially hailed by the two parties directly interested; and by the whole public, whose interest comprehends the whole. The first approach to these results is made through the system of profit-sharing."

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Christ Freese.....	Recording Secretary
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Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U. W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.	
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Wm. N. Darr.....	Vice Master
William Owens.....	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
I. N. Ream.....	Financial Secretary
Edward Collier.....	Treasurer
Joseph Gantz.....	Journal Agent

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings in each month, at Druids Hall, cor. Green and Main sts.	
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Geo. Danforth.....	Vice Master
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South Union st.	
Nic Schrader.....	Financial Secretary
Mike McNearny.....	Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W. hall, 186 Kansas av.	
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William McAllister.....	Vice Master
H. D. Fuller.....	Recording Secretary
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John Nelson.....	Treasurer

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Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and An- gelique sts.	
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William McNichols.....	Recording Secretary
513 Mitchell av.	
Joseph Smith.....	Financial Secretary
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William Hay.....	Treasurer

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George J. Best.....	Financial Secretary
M. J. Curran.....	Treasurer

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161 Oliver st.	
Patrick O'Shea.....	Financial Secretary
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Richard Burns.....	Vice Master
J. R. Murphy.....	Recording Secretary
Sherman House, 19th st.	
J. J. Fishbaugh.....	Financial Secretary
J. J. Fishbaugh.....	Treasurer
J. J. Condon.....	Journal Agent

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 Charles Danforth..... Treasurer

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 A. C. Joseph..... Vice Master  
 J. F. Coughlin..... Recording Secretary  
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 N. L. Stewart..... Financial Secretary  
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 John Kelly..... Vice Master  
 Ed. Morris..... Recording Secretary  
 21 Pine st.  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Financial Secretary  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Treasurer

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Meets 1st and 3d Sunday nights in each month in When Block, North Penn st.  
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 Edwin Manzy..... Vice Master  
 J. F. David..... Recording Secretary  
 131 Huron st.  
 W. H. Willis..... Financial Secretary  
 J. L. Cravens..... Treasurer  
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**22. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

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 A. B. Clark..... Vice Master  
 Barty Kenney..... Recording Secretary  
 601 Lozzell st.  
 James Taylor..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. B. Chamberlain..... Treasurer

**23. CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

Meets second Sunday afternoon in the month at 1 p.m., and last Sunday in month at 8 p.m.  
 P. J. McManus..... Master  
 Jacob M. McFarlin..... Vice Master  
 James H. O'Brien..... Recording Secretary  
 33½ Phelps st.  
 J. W. Reed..... Financial Secretary  
 H. A. Heller..... Treasurer

**24. EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.**

Thomas Bowles..... Master  
 J. J. Kenbley..... Vice Master  
 U. G. Gibson..... Recording Secretary  
 John A. Anderson..... Financial Secretary  
 Corey Nesbitt..... Treasurer  
 S. Wightman..... Journal Agent

**25. PEORIA, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons in the month at 2:30 p. m., at A. O. U. W. hall, Main st.  
 Pat C. Ryan..... Master  
 J. M. Davis..... Vice Master  
 James S. Lee..... Recording Secretary  
 230 Eaton st.  
 Fred Heath..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Brown..... Treasurer  
 J. M. Davis..... Journal Agent

**26. CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

Meets every Sunday afternoon at Anderson's hall, 192 W. Fifth st.  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Master  
 Joseph A. Wallace..... Vice Master  
 Wm. Schachleiter..... Recording Secretary  
 32 Culvert street.  
 Wm. Barrett..... Financial Secretary  
 Jacob Bressler..... Treasurer  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Journal Agent

**27. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.**

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at Fireman's hall, corner Second and Adams streets.  
 John K. Black..... Master  
 Wm. M. Singleton..... Vice Master  
 Dave J. Donelson..... Recording Secretary  
 Corner Seventh and Carolina streets.  
 J. S. Warren..... Financial Secretary  
 James Hunter..... Treasurer  
 Chas. E. Moore..... Journal Agent

**28. DULUTH, MINNESOTA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings in each month.  
 Henry Stang..... Master  
 Henry Gephart..... Vice Master  
 E. E. Johnson..... Recording Secretary  
 518 Superior street, East.  
 Frank Maxfield..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles L. Avery..... Treasurer  
 George Penman..... Journal Agent

**29. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.**

John M. Corbin..... Master  
 E. E. Hodgins..... Vice Master  
 J. A. Long..... Recording Secretary  
 Lincoln, Neb.  
 P. W. Pigott..... Financial Secretary  
 P. W. Pigott..... Treasurer  
 P. W. Pigott..... Journal Agent

**30. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.**

Frank Sweeney..... Master  
 Henry Falls..... Vice Master  
 J. G. Donovan..... Recording Secretary  
 11 Second st., N.  
 J. F. Smith..... Financial Secretary  
 J. P. Lantry..... Treasurer  
 J. E. Sullivan..... Journal Agent

**31. CRESTON, IOWA.**

P. F. O'Garra..... Master  
 A. A. Simpson..... Vice Master  
 D. F. Toomey..... Recording Secretary  
 505 Maple st.  
 J. M. Eckert..... Financial Secretary  
 G. S. Hobbs..... Treasurer  
 E. E. Harner..... Journal Agent

**32. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.**

Daniel Coughlin..... Master  
 P. W. Hishon..... Vice Master  
 Frank Hull..... Recording Secretary  
 222 Chestnut st.  
 J. W. Morrison..... Financial Secretary  
 George McCann..... Treasurer  
 George P. Hinceline..... Journal Agent

**33. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.**

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays in the month at G.  
 A. R. hall, between Nos. 14 and 16 Pearl st.  
 J. T. Hurley.....Master  
 W. H. Kelley.....Vice Master  
 Charles M. Hobbs.....Recording Secretary  
 1008 Fourth ave.  
 J. W. Jacobs.....Financial Secretary  
 Elmer Pratt.....Treasurer  
 Richard O'Brien.....Journal Agent

**34. JAS. L. MONAGHAN,**

Michigan City, Indiana.

E. D. Nichols.....Master  
 T. Phalen.....Vice Master  
 G. W. Weayer.....Recording Secretary  
 Michigan City, Ind.  
 John Hurd.....Financial Secretary  
 A. F. Schrum.....Treasurer  
 E. D. Nichols.....Journal Agent

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133 W. Madison Street,

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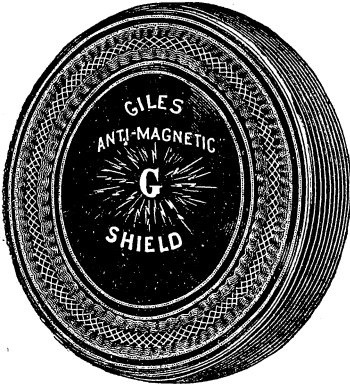
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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

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No. 11.

## DEATH OF THE LABORER'S CHILD.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Yes, it's straight and true, good preacher, every word that you have said;  
Do not think these tears unmanly—they're the first ones I have shed!  
But they kind o' beat and pounded 'gainst my aching heart and brain,  
And they would not be let go of, and they gave me extra pain.

I am just a laboring man, sir—work for food, and rags, and sleep,  
And I hardly know the meaning of the life I slave to keep;  
But I know when times are cheery, or my heart is made of lead;  
I know sorrow when I see it, and I know my girl is dead.

No, she isn't much to look at—just a plainish bit of clay,  
Of the sort of perished children that die 'round here every day;  
And how SHE could break a heart up you'd be slow to understand,  
But she held MINE, Mr. Preacher, in that little withered hand.

There are lots of prettier children, with a face and form more fine—  
Let their parents love and pet them—but this little one was mine!  
There was no one else to cling to when we two were torn apart,  
And it's death—this amputation of the strong arms of the heart.

I am just an ignorant man, sir, of the kind that digs and delves,  
But I've learned that human beings cannot stay in by themselves;  
They will reach out after something, be it good or be it bad,  
And my heart on hers had settled, and—the girl was all I had!

Yes, it's solid, Mr. Preacher, every word that you have said—  
God loves children while they're living, and adopts them when they're dead;  
But I cannot help contriving, do the very best I can,  
That it wasn't God's mercy took her, but the selfishness of man!

Why, she lay, there, faint and gasping, moaning for a bit of air,  
Choked and strangled by the foul breath of the chimneys over there,  
It climbed through every window and crept under every door,  
And I tried to bar against, and she only choked the more.

She would lie there with the old look that poor children somehow get;  
She had learned to use her patience, and she did not cry or fret,

But would lift her little face up, so piteous and so fair,  
And would whisper, "I am dying for a little breath of air!"

If she'd gone off through the sunlight, 'twouldn't have seemed so hard to me,  
Or among the fresh cool breezes that come sweeping from the sea;  
But it's nothing less than murder when my darling's every breath  
Chokes and strangles with the poison from that chimney-swamp of death!

Oh, it's not enough those people own the very ground we tread,  
And the shelter that we crouch in, and the tools that earn our bread;  
They must place their blotted mortgage on the air and on the sky,  
And shut out our little heaven, till our children pine and die!

Oh, the air is pure and wholesome where **SOME** babies coo and rest,  
And they trim them out with ribbons, and they feed them on the best;  
But the love they bear is mockery to the gracious God on high,  
If to give those children luxuries someone else's child must die!

Oh, we wear the cheapest clothing, and our meals are scant and brief;  
And, perhaps those fellows fancy there's a cheaper grade of grief;  
But the people all around them, losing children, friends and mates,  
Can inform them that affliction hasn't any under rates.

I'm no grumbler at the rules of "this free and happy land,"  
And I don't go 'round explaining things I do not understand;  
But I know there's something treacherous in the workings of the law,  
When we get a dose of poison out of every breath we draw.

I have talked so much, good Preacher, and I hope you won't be vexed,  
But I'm going to make a sermon with that white face for a text;  
And I'll preach it, and I'll preach it, till I set the people wild  
O'er the heartless, reckless grasping of the men who killed my child.

## THE JEWEL THAT JOHN FOUND.

It was about five minutes after the second and last whistle had blown at Dart's shoe factory when Annie Velga came running up the street, panting and red of face. John Dart, standing on the steps talking with two strangers,

smiled as she came up, and said in slightly surprised tones:

"You are late this morning, Miss Velga—something never before known."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry, but I overslept myself."

"Up late last night—had a beau, perhaps?" suggested John roguishly.

"No, sir," retorted Annie, promptly and rather snappishly, for, even though he was the nephew of William Dart, the great shoe man, and the prospective heir to all his wealth, she considered he was taking a liberty, especially before strangers. Perhaps pretty and prim little Annie had some other reason, too for resenting his remark.

"Pretty girl," said one of the strangers after she had passed.

"Yes," assented John, "and about the neatest, quickest girl ever in the workroom," and then the stranger began talking again very earnestly as before Annie came up the steps.

"Well," said John, "of course you may satisfy yourself, but I can tell you beforehand there is not one of our girls whom we do not trust. It will take you about all day, for they live in all directions from here, if you have to search their rooms. As uncle says I must go with you in that case, the sooner it is over the better for me." Then they all three went up-stairs to the girls' workroom.

"Will those who stopped at Dingus' jewelry store last night, on the way home from work please stand up?" said John. Over half of them stood up, while John took down their names and the numbers of their rooms, and the detectives watched each face keenly. So far no one was disturbed by a guilty conscience. After ascertaining beyond a doubt that all who had been in the store reported, John announced:

"We have received word that a valuable amount of jewelry was stolen from this firm last night at about the hour you were there, therefore suspicion has fallen upon you, and each girl must allow her room to be searched if

the goods are not previously found upon her person."

So the search began. A quiet, trusty girl, much older than the others, and who had not been with them the evening before, was appointed to conduct the personal investigation in another room. One after another left the workroom to return in a few minutes declared innocent, until the officers were satisfied none of the goods were at the factory.

"Now," said John, when the last girl had returned, "will each one of you give me your keys in turn, for I must accompany this officer in his search while the others remain here."

"Not this morning," spoke up Annie Velga, quickly, while the smart detective felt the jewels in his grasp, so to speak, and the reward in his pockets. John looked surprised—some said he turned a trifle pale as he looked into Annie's flushed, guilty face.

"Yes, of course this morning," he answered gravely. "What difference is it, Miss Annie?"

"None," answered Annie, hastily; but as John took her key the detective, thinking it best to search her room at once instead of in her turn, she burst out crying and seemed so broken down the remaining officer felt justified in placing her under arrest.

John had visited Annie's room before, just once, not many evenings before. He had taken her a book to read and a small basket of fruit, thinking that as neat a way to begin his courtship as any. He had thought as he left that evening it was the prettiest, brightest little room he had ever seen, far exceeding any in his uncle's grand mansion. He had little thought the next time he climbed the stairs to room No. 32 would be upon such a painful errand. He could not believe sweet little Annie guilty until it was proved, yet he climbed the steps unwillingly, and with more unwilling fingers turned in the lock the key Annie had surrendered. When the door was open he stood for a moment irresolute. The room seemed the same, yet not the



same, either. Where, the evening he had called, a pretty Japanese screen had stood, was now a rather shabby though scrupulously clean little stove, and thereon a skillet with a few potatoes left from the morning's meal; and a dainty bed, with covers thrown back and pillows airing, was drawn out where had stood a small book cabinet he had particularly noticed. John reassured himself he was in the right door by several little articles on the walls, and while the busy detective was diving around in Annie's one trunk and the bureau drawers looking for the lost treasure John was looking around at this little jewel of a room, a fairy's paradise as it seemed to him. Across the foot of the bed was a dainty nightdress, to be sure, made of cheap muslin and trimmed in crochet lace; but John did not know the difference between it and one of linen trimmed in finest thread. Two small slippers were set precisely under the bed and over a stool by their side was a pair of red stockings, turned wrong side out as though to air. Indeed, I am telling the truth when I tell it, that while the detective's back was turned searching Annie's small dish cupboard John quickly stuffed that pair of red stockings in his coat pocket. Why he did so he could never satisfactorily explain. Then, as he sat there on the bed looking around upon the tidy disorder, it came across him what was the reason of Annie's confusion and distress, for, astute as mankind is generally believed to be, he could dimly imagine that no little woman as neat as Annie could endure to have her castle caught in such confusion. Perhaps had it been the detective alone she would not have cared; and then John smiled complacently to himself. It was her neat-fitting dress and dainty linen collars and always spotless white aprons that had first attracted John's attention; and then it was the pretty face, with its pleasant smile and independent eyes, that had increased the interest until it had culminated in his meanly pocketing her red stockings.

At last the detective gave up in despair.

"She has hidden them some place else," he said shortly.

"She never had them at all," replied John, calmly.

"Then what made her act so guilty?" questioned the other, almost believing himself in her innocence.

"Don't know," answered John, laconically. When they returned to the factory there was quite a confusion and hubbub, for the jewels had been found by another detective employed by Dingus in the possession of a notorious pick-pocket, who, disguised as a woman, had slipped into the store with the crowd of factory girls. Everybody was glad, and congratulated Annie—even the smart detective did, although he could not help wishing she had been so considerate as to assist him to gain that reward. But Annie could not look John straight in the face. Poor child! what feelings would have been hers had she known the enormous bulge in John's jacket pocket was caused by her very identical red stockings laid out to air that morning? John, of whom she never dreamed as other than "Mr. Dart," even though she worked faster when he came her way, and perhaps felt more anxiety about the smooth masses of light-brown hair than at any other time!

Well, when the two officers had gone, and all had settled to work again, John came to Annie's chair and said, kindly:

"Miss Annie, that detective turned everything in your room in such awful confusion it will take you all day to straighten it up again, so, if you like, I have gotten permission for you to take the remainder of the day, and no reduction to be made."

"Thank you—you are very kind," she murmured, but she would not look at him, and seemed so confused that big, good-natured John turned away in pure kindness and let her make her escape unnoticed.

Annie fled homeward, dashed into No. 32, glanced wildly over the room, then burst into tears.

"O dear! O dear!" she sobbed, "There was my night dress on the bed, and my slippers, and my bed not up—and, O! potatoes in the skillet! O, he will think I'm a regular sloven! Why couldn't it happen any other time than when I had to sleep so late I couldn't even eat my breakfast! O, dear, he will never like me again! He couldn't after seeing such a looking room." She did not stop to think that her castle looked worse when they had left than when they entered. But as the disorder worried her so much she could not sit still and cry she began her task. It was some time before the detective's work was undone—everything in trim order, with the mattress rolled up and the bed folded against the wall like a book cabinet and the few dishes washed and the tiny stove blacked and the screen set around it, and the one table covered with a gayly embroidered cloth, all of which transformed the kitchen and bedroom into a cozy little sitting-room as though by a fairy's wand. It was a dainty little place, nothing expensive, but exquisite in the taste and tact displayed. The prevailing colors were deep red and pale blue and gold, with many neutral tints blended in the various bits of fancy work. On a bracket was a bit of white statuary set on a delicate matting of the tender green leaves of a growing vine—the only costly extravagance in the room, and Annie well knew how long it took her to save enough to buy it. She had selected her room for its south window, and therein were standing two geranium plants in full bloom—one a deep double red, the other a soft single white flower.

As Annie was viewing these little luxuries with commendable pride and gradually plucking up spirits, she suddenly bethought her of her stockings. She did not remember of picking them up, and as she only had three pairs, it was important that none of them should be misplaced. Therefore she began to search diligently, and was beginning to get tired and puzzled in the useless

search, when a loud rap, which she had heard once before at the door, caused her to glance hastily in the glass and then timidly open the door to the knocker. It was noon. The whistle had blown just a few minutes before, and, instead of going to his dinner, here was Mr. John Dart standing at her door.

"Won't you come in?" asked Annie, with a downcast face.

"That's what I came for," responded John, honestly, and in he walked. Then he turned around, and, taking her hands in his own in the time-honored and approved fashion, he said:

"I have been thinking of you this long while, Annie, and now I feel I cannot wait any longer. You are alone in the world and I am almost so, although uncle is very good. Let us make each other happy, and have a pretty home like this with"—glancing around the room—"with posies in every window."

O, of course, Annie said "Yes"—who wouldn't? And when the quarter to 1 whistle blew John (who was very punctual) went from room 32 to the factory as one walking on air—mayhap his empty stomach had something to do with the lightish feeling, but he never thought of that, of course. Annie sat and laughed and cried to think how happy she was, and spent the remainder of her holiday until evening building air castles until John came back and began to put solid foundations to the same by means of his pocket book.

They were married two months afterward, and the next day John gave his wife a small bundle rolled up in white paper and tied with blue ribbon. Full of wonder Mrs. John untied the ribbon and beheld—her lost red stockings!

"Why, John!" she exclaimed, instinctively running her hand down to the toe. But there were no holes—only two or three dainty little darns. and it is safe to predict that John's socks will never suffer.

## THE DYING BEGGAR.

He was only a poor old beggar, with tattered clothing and burst shoes, who lay bleeding upon the stretcher at the depot room. Only a poor old man, and the pain caused his weary frame to quiver, and moans forced themselves through his half-closed lips. The doctor showed none of that skill and attention which he bestowed upon the wealthy patient, but with careless hand touched the cruel wounds, and let others wash away the cinders and dust from the bleeding form. "He may live," he said, coldly, and applying a few plasters and giving a few stimulants, he passed away from the stretcher. The old man lay with his eyes half open, his gray, unkempt hair falling in straggling curls over his brow. His face showed marked traces of intelligence and culture. It was sad to see his pale face, and to notice how he attempted to recognize those who spoke kindly to him. For days after he was removed to pleasanter quarters he was unable to speak. But one day he rallied and spoke to us.

"Where am I?" he asked in a surprised tone. Then all the past rushed to his memory and a shudder ran over his frame. After resting for a few minutes he raised his head and spoke.

"Stranger," he said, "mine has been a rough journey through life. I am a poor beggar, but I was not always such. My early youth was blessed with happiness and kind, loving friends. I had a happy home far down in the sunny South, but many long, long years have fled since I have seen that home. I lived pleasantly there until I reached nineteen; then I fell in love with Maud Vincent, a poor girl of our village, and we became engaged. I went to father, told him about it and asked his consent. I shall never forget what followed. He was a proud, haughty man, and at once flew into a passion.

"'You young scamp!' he said, 'what do you mean by loving such a poverty-stricken creature? Don't ever mention her name to me again.'

"'But, father, I love her and will marry her,' I protested.

"'Then leave this house and never dare to enter it again!'

"I shall never forget his words and his angry face, as he stood there cruelly pointing toward the door. With a low, unsteady step I obeyed, and left the room, passing out of the house. I could not see mother, for she was far away visiting her parents. The night was dark and the air bitterly cold. I went to Maud's home and told her what had happened. She put her arms about my neck and begged me to return to my father, but I was proud, and hurt in feelings, and would not heed her advice. The next week we were married. I passed my father often, but he never even noticed me.

"Stranger, Maud and I struggled bravely for a livelihood. We left the old village and settled in Dakota. But Maud was a delicate little creature, and when two years rolled away the snow lay in a white shroud on her grave. It almost broke my heart, mister, when she placed her little wasted hand in mine and asked me to meet her in heaven. My life was lonely without her, and I sold the little home I had made for us, and commenced my wanderings. Forty years—dark, cheerless years—have gone by since I laid my Maud in that lone grave in distant Dakota, and all these years I have been a beggar, with no loving friends to sympathize with me, so lonely and unhappy"—a tear stole down the old man's cheek.

"The morning I was hurt I was walking up the track. I did not look at the steel rails stretching away, like my wretchedness, without an end. My thoughts were wandering far off. I was thinking of my old home in the sunny land of my boyhood. I determined to go back to it again. I could see the woods that lined the cotton fields; the lawn and its beautiful trees and flowers. My brothers and sisters all seemed to be around me, and father—cold, cruel father—was there, too.

My heart grew bitter as I saw his face. Curses came to my lips. But they were unuttered, for another face flitted across my memory. Mother was there, too. Then I wondered if she still lived; if she even thought of her once petted boy, now an old, ragged beggar; and my heart almost burst within my bosom. I had never heard from her. But, oh, stranger, often when my only bed was a hard board, and the stars were my only light and company, that tender, kind face has comforted me, and I have talked with her in my dreams. As I walked along the track the world was lost to me. I slipped my hand in the inside pocket of my old coat and drew forth the picture of my mother. That picture had made an honest beggar of me. It had melted my heart time and again into sadness, and I kept it as a gift from heaven. I was looking at my mother's picture. I saw the same pitiful eyes I loved to look into when a child; as she rocked me to sleep on her bosom. The pretty little mouth—so much like Maud's—was as natural as when it first pressed my infant lips. The more I looked at the picture the more my heart ached. Then my thoughts reverted to that lone western grave, and to the dear little wife sleeping there. Stranger, I was so wretched that I just cried out: 'My God, take me to her!'

"Was it an answer to my prayer? I know not; but suddenly there came a confused rushing and rumbling, a sharp pain—and the iron wheels had rushed over me and I lay unconscious beside the track. The rest has been a blank. But last night my mother came to me in the form of an angel, and with her came Maud. They beckoned to me, and when I stretched forth my arms they vanished and I lay here all alone. But I'm dying now, stranger. I'm going home."

His head slowly sank back upon the pillow; his eyes half closed; his face grew pale and ashy. It was a sudden change for worse, and those who watched his wasting breath and glazing eyes

knew that death was silently claiming another victim.

Suddenly he started up. "Mother, have you no words of love for me? Call Maud! Father, forgive your wandering boy—I have come—back home—to—d—!"

There was a shudder; the head dropped heavily—and all was over with the poor old beggar. The cruel iron wheels had done their work well, and the weary pilgrimage had ended at last. The visions of the home in the sunny southland had faded into the reality of the beautiful heavenly home. A cruel father might repent and write and search for an absent boy; that cold, silent heart would never again beat to thoughts of home, or a mother's face and love animate it. He was only a poor, old beggar who lay there, but his life had been pure, and his lips had closed forever, murmuring words of home and loved ones. Oh, death, thou dost not always come amiss and horrible; sometimes the shadows of thy wings are refreshing, and the touch of thy leaden scepter is a touch of blessedness.

The old southern home no doubt presents a scene of beauty. The family circle has long since been broken. The aged father has gone to his God; but the body of the old beggar—the discarded son and brother—lies moldering in a cold, northern clime, and the stranger who relates this story alone knows him and weeps over his sad life and neglected grave.—*Grant Pitzer in Detroit Free Press.*

#### WIFE AND HUSBAND.

Women never get full honor for anything they do. It is always divided with some man who did nothing. When Jael, for the deliverance of her country, slew Sisera, the old chronicler embalms in the immortal story of the daring patriot one Heber, the Kenite—"Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite," took a nail of the tent, and did thus and so. Now, what under the sun had

Heber to do with it? Why should he be dragged into the story? He never did anything, but marry Jael, and while that may indicate the good taste and judgment of the man, it doesn't entitle him to immortality in patriotic story. If he must come into the narrative why should he not come down to us as "Heber, the husband of Jael"? That would sound something like. However, we are doing things somewhat better now, and there are several men in America who are known only as the husbands of their wives. In fact, that's all that some men, like Heber of old, ever will be remembered for. Brigham Young was kind o' that sort of a man, also.—*Burdette*.

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE INSANE.

The insane asylum at Indianapolis has confined for some time a husband and wife whose pathetic story has been suppressed until recently. The couple are Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Raubb. Mrs. Raubb is the daughter of Cyrus Allen, a commission merchant of Chicago. Raubb has until recently been a dealer in real estate and extensive stock raiser at Chalmers, Ind. Last November, during Mr. Raubb's absence from home, tramps entered the house, and what followed is not precisely known. It is believed the gang threatened to murder Mrs. Raubb if she did not disclose where her husband's money was concealed. Early next morning she was found a mile distant, wildly beating upon the door of her brother-in-law's house. The poor woman was clad only in a night dress, was numb with cold and was a raving maniac. There was a sad scene when the husband returned in answer to a telegram. He brought Mrs. Raubb to her father's home in Chicago, where she was apparently recovering, when one night she managed to escape from the house. Meeting her husband she ran at him like a wild beast, biting him fearfully on the hand and shoulder. For a time after the paroxysm the wife seemed better, but

the shock was too much for the distracted husband, and two days later he became insane. He was not violent, however, and was unmolested. Two weeks ago he caused the arrest of his wife and her mother for insanity, but dismissed the case a few moments before the trial was called and then disappeared. Some days subsequently he was discovered in Danville, Ill., a physical and mental wreck. Friday he was conveyed to Indianapolis, found to be hopelessly insane and was committed to the asylum, where his wife was then taken the succeeding day.

#### A MODEST MAIDEN.

Said Seth Green, the fish culturist: "I was trout fishing on Pine creek, Pennsylvania, below Smith's dam. The creek below the dam was about five rods across, and the bottom covered with 'hard heads,' from the size of a goose to a barrel. The water was three feet deep, and ran like a mill tail. About ten rods below it ran into a hole ten feet deep, and whirled around like the whirlpool of Niagara. There was no escape there for anybody if he was unlucky enough to get in, unless he was a very expert swimmer. There were sawhorses placed across the creek, and planks fastened to them for a foot-bridge. I stood on the bridge fishing. I had a twelve-pound basket nearly filled when I saw an eighteen-year-old girl come on the bridge. When she got to me I stepped on one of the sawhorses to let her pass. I watched her as she continued, and don't think she had got more than thirty feet from me before I noticed her head began to swim. She gave one of those peculiar screams such as is natural to all girls when in danger, tottered for an instant, and fell head foremost down stream, and being buoyed up somewhat by her clothing, the swift current carried her rapidly along toward the deep hole. To drop my rod and jump into the waters was but the work of a second, and I made my way over the 'hard heads' in three

feet of water, as fast as I could. I went down twice, but kept going, and overtook her about fifty or sixty feet from where she went in, and then began the struggle. I grabbed her, turned her around and the first thing she did was to clutch me with one hand and push her clothing down with the other, and when she had got them below the surface we were both taken off our feet and went slipping and floating down. We went three rods before I gained a footing. The girl must have been very fond of me, for I never got such a hugging in my life as she gave me. I had my trout basket with the strap hung over my shoulder, I kept swinging it around, and it looked at one time very much as though we three would go into the deep hole. Well, I finally got a firm foothold, and then I had a painful duty to perform, and that was to stop that girl hugging me and get her quieted down so that she knew what she was about. I told her that she must take hold of her garments, and with both hands raise them above the top of the water, or we never could get back to the bridge against the current. I placed her in front of me, and put my arms around her, and we went lock-step back to the bridge. I tell you, it was a severe wrestle with the bowlders, current and basket of fish, but we reached there at last, and then continued the same step to the edge of the bridge at which she came off. She wouldn't consent to go to shore unless I turned my back. 'I'm old enough to be your grandfather,' I said. 'I don't care,' says she, and began to cry. 'Dammit,' says I, swearing for the second time in my life. And I turned round and stayed in the water while she climbed out, arranged her skirts and ran off. There I stood, with my long rubber boots filled with water, and wet from head to foot, my fish gone out of my basket, and three miles between me and the hotel."

FAMILY jars often grow out of family jugs.

#### LAPLAND BABIES AT CHURCH.

I want to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister Sunday. Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, while the parents go decorously into the church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough! But how would our soft, tender, pretty pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—*Wide-Awake.*

#### THE RICHEST AMERICAN ACTRESS.

Lotta owns in her own name and without incumbrances the Park Theater in Boston and the International Hotel property in front of that place of amusement. For this she paid \$350,000 in cool cash in addition to \$25,000 that she paid Henry E. Abbey for the movable property it contained, such as scenery, furniture, carpets, etc., opera chairs and gas fixtures. The theater is said to be the best stocked in this country. There are over twelve complete sets of stage furniture, one costing \$800, another \$500, another \$350, and so on.

In addition to the scenery in the theater, over forty complete sets were found stored in an outside warehouse. All these "properties" were estimated to be worth not less than \$50,000, so that prudential Miss Lotta and her ma, with the wary financial eye, were not driving a bad bargain. In addition to this Lotta has \$100,000 invested in different manufactories and dwelling houses in New York and Harlem. She has one house and lot covering nearly a square and, originally costing \$90,000. She has a house and property on Staten Island, and in Akron, Chicago, Kansas City and San Francisco. Add to all this the \$400,000 worth of jewelry, and you'll see that the sum of \$1,000,000 does not fully represent her possessions. —*Boston Letter.*

#### MAKING LOVE IN MEXICO.

Speaking of the señoritas, notwithstanding the fact that they are prone to flirt, they are very circumspect as to some things to which we Americans never give a thought. For instance, Mexican ladies seldom go out without some one of the family or a servant. They do not have gentlemen visitors. There is no chance for a gallant youth to burn the midnight oil or gas at his prospective father-in-law's expense. If a young man has been acquainted with a girl from childhood, or by some accident is allowed to visit the family and becomes a lover, he is immediately forbidden the house, and must continue his courting as best he can. It is then the balcony is of service. A signal is agreed upon, and the señorita with ears alert hears it and appears upon the balcony and converses with her lover below in the street. Notes are secretly exchanged, but never through the mail. To give you an idea of Mexican courtship, and how Cupid breaks down the barriers made by ignorance and superstition, I will explain what is here termed "playing the bear." This is a very popular game—at least it seems so among the Mexicans. It is played

by two persons, a lady and a gentleman. Both are usually young—in their teens as it were—though there are instances of the game being played by couples who had passed that period by several years.

A young man becomes smitten with a fair charmer at the opera or at church. He follows the lady to her home. Having that located, he makes it his business to be in that neighborhood as much as possible. He will stroll by the house with his eyes expressive of the state of his heart, and if he should catch a glimpse of his fair one he is happy. If he receives a smile he becomes intoxicated with love and is ready to play the "bear" for an indefinite period of time. If the lady is seated on the balcony when Romeo arrives upon the scene she usually withdraws, after exchanging glances with him. This programme is kept up for months. At last he receives a smile from fair Juliet. From smiles they get to exchanging a few words. There have been actual cases where the bear has frolicked about for a year or two before the fickle maid would exchange a word with him. Very often there are two or three bears casting longing eyes in the same direction. This frequently causes bad blood. As soon as the couple begin to know each other's voices matters progress rapidly. After they arrive at an understanding the persevering lover hastens to the padre. The kind priest, finding that there is no reason for objection on either side, proceeds to intercede with the girl's parents and gain him admission to the domicile of his lady love. As soon as a young man enters the house he is considered engaged to the daughter. A wedding quickly follows, and there is no more "playing the bear" so far as that young man is concerned.

A great deal depends upon the girl in this game. She can make it a short or a long game. There has been a case brought to my notice of a young man who has never missed an evening for nearly three years, and he is still only

in the first stage of the game, posing or walking up and down in front of the señorita's home hoping to receive a smile. Close observers say that, so far, she only condescends to let him see the least bit of her white dress through the half closed French windows that open on the balcony. He was asked why he played the bear so long when he met with so little encouragement. His reply was: "O, I love her so dearly! And she is so rich!" I passed by a house a few evenings since and saw a lover standing in the shadow of a friendly doorway. He had a guitar. I moved off in the shadow to see the by-play. As the soft notes broke the quietude of the evening I saw a window open in a house adjoining and a señorita step out on the balcony. The music continued for a few moments and then ceased. I saw the fair one drop something over the balcony. The lover caught it and retired into the shadow again. I strolled up the street, crossed over and went toward them. As I passed I saw he was holding something to his ear, and I knew that telephone communication was perfect between those two loving hearts.

There is no such thing as being introduced, even though the lover be accompanied by a relation. Should the parties meet on the promenade, and the relative desires to speak with his fair relative he excuses himself and joins her, leaving the lover out in the cold, as it were, until he gains admittance to her parents' house through the intercession of the priest. If while walking in the Alameda or Zocolo he sees the object of his affections he keeps at a respectful distance, hoping that his presence may be noticed by her. If while riding he sees her in a carriage he places himself as near as possible and feels rewarded for his trouble if he catch a glimpse of her face at each turning, or receives a sly glance of recognition. An engagement broken in Mexico is considered a serious matter. The lady is looked upon as disgraced and seldom has another suitor.

MOTHER—SHE WAS GOOD TO US.

"But after all she was good to us." It was a son who said this of a mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was hard working through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy, half madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for good. His work by day and his vigil by night wore on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it, and be always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom, and foreboding and unrest. And the answer came—

"But after all she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her; when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them" one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable boy myself the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said, 'Yes, she would'; and she tended me day and night, for three years, till I began to grow strong again like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow; and she shall have them."

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs which the doctors can



recognize that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt that before long she will be her old self again. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

To many mothers, worn by long care, such years of melancholy and nervous prostration must come. And the sons and daughters who find their homes saddened by such sorrow should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless, and mother was "good to them."

#### VISIONS OF WEALTH.

The treasure hunters along Long Beach, from Seaside Park to Beach Haven, who have for years been carrying on a desultory search for gold supposed to have been buried in the sands by Captain Kidd, will take fresh courage from a story made public yesterday by Hon. John G. W. Havens, Superintendent of the Life Saving Service. The occurrence mentioned took place several weeks ago, but was kept quiet by Superintendent Havens, who hoped to obtain more information.

Two men, who represented themselves as surveyors, left Beach Haven one morning in the direction of Life Saving Station No. 22. One of them carried a bag on his shoulder filled with some bulky material. After they had gone some distance they met one of the patrolmen from the station, of whom they inquired the location of the old inlet; and, on being told, said they were looking for two cedar trees standing about 100 yards back from the inlet.

On meeting the next patrolman, Captain Brown, they plied him with questions concerning the old inlet and the cedar trees, and in response to his questions they said they were a party of surveyors sent down to locate some lots at Beach Haven; that they were combining business with pleasure, and had made arrangements for a yacht to meet them at that point. He told them there was a big marsh ahead, and urged them to accept the hospitality of the station

for the night, and after some persuasion they consented.

The next morning the strangers started off early, and the station men became convinced that the talk about the cedars was only a blind to hide their real intentions. Several hours later one of the patrol men on going to the lookout and leveling his glasses toward the cedars saw the two strangers digging in the sand between those trees. At the same time one of them stopped work, and scanning the lookout through his glass they at once made preparations to leave.

The station men at once started for the scene, but they had to make a wide detour in order to avoid the marsh, and when they reached the cedars the strangers had departed. Near by were two large holes in the sand, and in the bottom of one could be seen an impression of a box or chest that had been removed. Close by was a handsome sword of ancient pattern, the hilt of which was ornamented and inlaid with gold.

The relic was taken possession of by Superintendent Havens, who still retains it. Since then nothing has been heard from the strangers. It is believed by some that they were possessed of the secret of the location of the treasure and were successful in securing it. As to the value of the find there can be only conjecture.

SOONER or later, and sooner than later, woman will have the ballot, for she generally gets whatever she wants, once she makes up her mind to have it. Heretofore she has not been sure that she wished to vote, but now she is pretty confident that she wishes to do so and that she must. She feels it to be her mission to make the polls as decorous as her parlors, if not as holy as her churches, and to have a general housecleaning in politics. As for us, we shall welcome her with respect, if not with enthusiasm; while it is certain that she will lend graces and charms to politics that they have never yet possessed.—*Petersburg Index Appeal.*

## HUMOROUS.

Hard to discourage—The banana peel; the public has always sat down on it.

“What are the wild waves saying?” was asked of a Chinaman, and he answered, “Washee, washee.”

In mineralogy class: Teacher—“Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond.” Johnny—“The ace.”

“The prevailing veil halts at the chin,” reads a fashion note. Not even a veil can pre-vail over a woman’s chin.—*New Haven News*.

When you see a couple on the streets, if the man carries the bundles they are engaged. If the woman carries the bundles they are married.—*New Haven News*.

Young lady (expecting, to brother)—“Bob, what is the most fashionable color for a bride?” Bob—“Well, sis, I don’t know about fashion, but for me, I should prefer a white one.”—*Life*.

“Have you the time?” asked a Burlington woman of a man who was rather unsteadily pursuing his way up Church street. “N—no, madam,” was the reply. “But I had it last night.”—*Exchange*.

A chair of domestic economy has been established at a western college for the benefit of the female students. We’ll wager the chair is a rocker, large enough for two, and has a nice stuffed back.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

Jennie June has seen the women of all nations, and has made up her mind that American women stand at the head for health, complexion, taste and good temper. She believes that American men should patronize home enterprise.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a movement in Chicago to do away with all labor on Sunday, and thus far everything is peaceable. But let them attempt to prevent the young men of Chicago from sitting up with

their girls Sunday night, and there will be a riot.—*Texas Siftings*.

A doctor at Schenectady had a female patient with a nervous trouble. He ordered her to sit in a boiler shop for two hours a day, and the racket cured her. Detroit boiler shops will make special rates to good-looking women this summer.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a woman in Philadelphia who no sooner enters the Zoölogical gardens than every animal begins to howl and roar and become furious, and a tiger which she looked squarely in the eyes for sixty seconds had a fit of some sort and lost his appetite for two days. She is probably a book agent.—*Detroit Free Press*.

“Bread-and-cheese-and-kisses” was the way in which the refreshments were announced at a young ladies’ social in Detroit recently. And every gentleman present looked as if butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth and wished he had never touched a cigar. But the kisses were only French confections, and not the genuine thing at all.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A little tot who had advanced to words of four letters was told that when spelling words like good, wall, seed, he was not to say o-o or e-e, but double o, double e, and so on. One day, in his reading lesson occurred the sentence: “Up! up! Ned, for the sun is up,” when the bright little fellow electrified his mamma by reading: “Double up, Ned, for the sun is up!”—*Babyhood*.

A Fond du Lac man, who was looking about Dakota last fall, came across a deserted sod house, and on the door was written with chalk, the following: “Two hundred and fifty miles to the nearest railroad; one hundred miles to the nearest postoffice; six and one-half miles to wood; three miles to water; six inches from hell. God bless our home. Gone to live with wife’s folks.” Volumes could not say more. And yet that man was a kicker. Did he expect to have water right in his door yard,

and a uniformed letter carrier to deliver his mail? Some men want the earth.  
— *Peck's Sun*.

It is Mr. Blumenthal's deal, and Mr. Cohen polishes his glasses hurriedly with a view to making a careful survey of the shuffle.

Mr. Blumenthal's friend, Mr. Dunkelstein, considers it an appropriate occasion for a remark:

"Mister Cohen, I heart you vas a goot chudch of diamonts. Vill you gindly look at dis chenuine blue-vite, seffen-karat—"

"Oxguse me," replies Mr. Cohen, without removing his eyes from the pack: "I giffs no addention to diamonts on Chakey Blumenthal's deal. I vas lookin' for glubs."— *New York Sun*.

#### LIKE IT VHAS IN SHERMAN.

I doan' belief half I hear—onless it vhas scandal. Den I belief it all, and more, too.

Der fact dot our neighbor can haf a new coat while we haf to wear our old one vhas blenty excuse to hate him.

When a young man who vhas oudt of work and money und in rags comes to you for help, tell him "dere vhas room at der top." It vhas good advice—and werry sheap.

If somebody robs me of two cents I vphant him arrested for der principle of it. Der shsmaller der sum der more I stick for principle. You can buy a whole car-load of it for a cent.

When a man begins to pelief dot he owns der earth, it vhas time to put him up for candidate for constable und let him see how few admirers he has.

When I meet a man who hungers to reform der human race, I took notis dot he vhas somebody who vhas tired of honest labor, or he vhas scart out of a wicked career by der police.

When I find a womans whose soul vhas wrapped up in der foreign heathens, I find her shildren vhas on der high road to shail for vphant of moral teaching.

When I goes into a grocery and sees der sign dot honesty vhas der best policy, I doan' buy some coffee dere. It vhas sure to be half chicory.

If we lose a dollar on der shstreet we vhas madt pecause der finder vhas not honest enough to return it. If we find fife dollar we feel dot der owner ought to lose it for his carelessness.

If you gif somebody advice find out first how he believes, und den make your advice to agree with it. Der man whose advice doan' tally mit our opinions vhas no good.

I doan' shudge a Christian man by der length of his prayers or der loudness of his song. Der question vhas if he pays his debts und keeps his hens mit his own yard.

If we vhas in der coal peesness und giving eighteen hoonered pounds for a ton, we keep an eye on der wood man dot he gifs full measure mit his wood.

If I vhas a good man I like to haf der fact kept off my tombstone. Der graveyard critic gifs nopody credit.

Anticipation vhas a big dinner which we eat up und shtill feel hungry all oafter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### A WOMAN'S WAY.

An agent with three or four rugs in a strap had called at a house on National avenue, and rung the bell without arousing anybody, when a woman called to him from across the street:

"No use ringing there."

"Lady gone?"

"They are too poor to buy rugs."

He was about to pass on, when a chamber window was raised and a woman stuck her head out, and said:

"I'll show 'em whether we are or not! I think a carpenter's wife is just as good as a drayman's wife, and has just as much money for fine things. Which is your best rug?"

"This one, ma'am—for \$8."

"Hang it on the fence, where everybody can see it. Now take this \$20 bill and call at all the houses around here and ask for change. You won't get it,

but I have the right amount to hand you when you come back. If you happen to say to 'em as you go around that this is the first \$8 rug you've sold within a mile of here I'll give you a piece of pie and a glass of milk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### A CAR DRIVER'S FATE.

"You fellah," he exclaimed as he followed a street car down to Jefferson avenue and shook his fist at the driver.

"What ails you?" was the gruff query.

"Behold me! See this collah—this shirt-bosom—these pawnts!"

"I see. You have been splashed with mud."

"And you did it, sah—you are the fellah! I was crossing the street back heah and was about to meet a pwety gurl—a pwety gurl, sah, and she would have returned my bwow, sah—my bwow, when you came along with your old canary-colored vehicle and dashed this mud over me—over me, sah!"

"And you didn't get to bow to the girl?"

"No, sah, of course not! How could I, sah, when I was made wediculous in her eyes? And it was you, sah—you are the fellah?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, sah—nothing except that I shall nevah recognize you as a gentleman, sah—nevah, sah! I shall give you the cold cut—the direct cold cut, sah!"  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### AN EDWIN FORREST ANECDOTE.

When Clark Mills was casting his statue of Gen. Jackson on a balancing horse, now in Lafayette square, Edwin Forrest, then playing an engagement at Washington, asked permission to witness the casting of a large part of it. On the day appointed for casting the statue, Mills notified Forrest, who with other gentlemen and ladies assembled within the enclosure. The party gathered around the pit, while Forrest placed himself on a plank laid directly across the pit. At a given signal, Mills

removed the plugs from the furnace, and the molten bronze began to pour out from the furnace into the mold below. Unfortunately some water had got into the mold, and a terrible explosion took place; the earth, sand, and molten metal flew in all directions. Mills was knocked heels over head; one of the sides of the enclosure was blown out; half the guests were knocked down or covered with earth; some were scorched, the others fled in dismay. When the smoke and steam had cleared away, Mills rose from the earth and discovered Forrest still standing on the plank across the pit. "Great heavens!" exclaimed Mills, as soon as he could get his breath. "Mr. Forrest, I hope you are not hurt." "Hurt!" replied Forrest; "what is there to hurt anybody?" "Thank God!" cried Mills. "But ain't you frightened?" "Frightened!" replied Forrest; "why should I be frightened? I thought this was a part of the performance."—*Boston Budget.*

#### HOW LITERARY MEN DIE.

Literary men, as a rule, die nobly. They seem to meet death with philosophical quietude, as did the great Victor Hugo not long ago. Rousseau, it is said, when dying ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold the setting sun, and take his farewell of earth. Petrarch was found dead in his library, with his head upon a book. We are not told that that book was a Bible. Barthélemy was reading Horace, we are informed, when, his hand becoming cold, he dropped the book, his head inclined to one side, and he seemed only to sleep. His nephew, however, discovered that he was dead. Bayle expired while correcting the proof sheets of his dictionary. Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil. Although taken away in the "midst of life," Keats' end did not come so suddenly. When near death he was asked by a friend how he felt. "Better, my friend," said he, "I feel the daisies

growing over me." Disraeli, too, describes Sir Thomas More's execution. "Sir Thomas," says he, "did not forego his love of jest, even when mounting the scaffold." The stout-hearted knight, it appears, disturbed the oppressive solemnity of the scene by exclaiming, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

#### THE TALLEST MAN OF MODERN TIMES.

There appeared at the London Pavilion last evening (January 10), for the first time, the tallest man whose height has been recorded in modern times.

The new giant is an Austrian named Winkelmeier, and his height is 8 feet 9 inches, which is over one foot more than that of Chang, the Chinese giant. Winkelmeier was born at Friedburg, near Salsburg, Upper Austria, in 1865, his parents being in a humble station of life. He is the youngest of a family of five children, none of whom are of abnormal stature, nor are his parents or grandparents unusually tall. His fingers span two octaves on a piano, and the stretch of his arms is enormous.

He showed no development of this extraordinary growth up to the age of fourteen, but since then he has been growing rapidly, and medical authorities in Berlin and Paris have expressed the opinion that he is likely to increase till he is twenty-five.—*London Standard*.

#### ALL ABOUT A NAME.

One of the most novel cases that have ever occurred in the history of courts is about to be brought in a town situated only a few miles from Hartford. Six years ago a gentleman of respectable character, and who moves in the best society, obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of adultery. The case attracted wide attention at the time on account of the respectability of the parties concerned. Although the divorce was granted, the parents of the

young woman have always maintained that their daughter was innocent, and, although the divorce took from her the right to bear her husband's name, they have always insisted that she should be known by no other. Less than a year ago the woman died, it is said, of a broken heart, and on her death-bed maintained that she had never been guilty of the crime charged by her husband. Her body was laid away in the churchyard, and a neat but modest gravestone marks her resting place. Faithful to their belief, the parents caused the inscription on the stone to bear the name of their daughter's husband, and this has caused the suit. The man is about to bring action in court to force the parents to erase his name from the tombstone, claiming that, as he was divorced from the woman, she had no right to bear his name, even in death. It is doubtful if a similar case can be found in any state or country.

#### ADELAIDE NEILSON'S CHILDHOOD.

A lady prominent in the social life of this city has in her employ as parlor maid a woman from the little village of Yorkshire, England, where Adelaide Neilson was born. The woman says the actress had neither Spanish nor gypsy blood in her veins, as she claimed, but was the child of a basket-maker, a poor, drunken fellow, and a Yorkshire woman, a decent soul, but wretchedly poor. Lizzy Jones, as Miss Neilson was then known, was noted in the village for her beauty and her idleness. She spent all her time hanging about the shops and gathering all the news travelers and peddlers brought from the outside world. When she was twelve years old her uncle was going up to London, and Lizzy coaxed him to take her with him in his market wagon to see the great city. When they reached London bridge the girl dropped off the tail end of the cart and her family never heard of her again until they learned that the great Adelaide Neilson was their daughter Lizzy. Only

five years had passed between the time that the barefooted country girl, who spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent, had dropped from the back of the cart and the time when she appeared as Juliet. In those five years she had attained the education and bearing of a gentlewoman, and had mastered French and Italian and the still more difficult tongue for a Yorkshire peasant, pure English.—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### WOMAN.

A handsome woman is dangerous.

Woman is the sweetest and bitterest gift of God to man.

A woman has neither love nor respect for the man she can rule.

One bad woman can keep a whole neighborhood in hot water.

A woman who is not jealous of her husband is not in love with him.

This world is full of beautiful women, but a truly good woman is a rarity.

Nine cases out of ten when a woman says she hates a man she is in love with him.

A woman will confess to almost anything but to the fact that she is growing old and ugly.

The devil is never as black as he is painted, and a woman is never as innocent as she appears.

If you want to keep a woman's love keep up a slight but steady flirtation with her most hated rival.

D. BLODGET left here to visit and bring back with him his aged parents, who have been residing at San Jacinto. The advanced age which this couple has reached is wonderful. Mr. Blodget's father, born in Canada, is 99 years of age, and his mother, a native of Vermont 97 years. They have been married seventy-nine years, and raised a family of thirteen children, eight of whom are still living. The eldest is a man of over seventy years of age. The elder Mr. Blodget has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for

upward of seventy years, and acquired some repute as a local preacher. The elder Mrs. Blodget's mother died at the age of 112. The old couple are somewhat feeble, but both still in possession of their mental faculties to their full extent.—*Gilroy (Cal.) Valley Record*.

DR. RIEGLER of Pesth has just made a very curious experiment in photography, and one that to many people will appear almost incredible. He has photographed a bullet after it had been fired from a rifle, and while it was proceeding with a velocity of 440 metres—rather more than a quarter of a mile—a second. A Werndl infantry rifle was the weapon selected for the purpose of conducting the experiment, which was in every way successful, a perfect reproduction of the bullet being the result. A horse at full gallop, a swallow in its flight, and even a flash of lightning have succumbed to the photographer's art, but his last triumph is still more marvelous.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TALKING about busy men, who leave their homes early and get back after dark and never see their children, a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him, and went to business. Child went in howling. The mother said, "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here Sundays."

"GIVE an example of an immovable obstacle," said the teacher. And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class suggested three girls on the sidewalk. The teacher, who usually had to walk in the middle of the street herself, sent him right up to the head of the class and told him to stay there for a week.—*Burdette*.

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

Correspondents will bear in mind that under no consideration will we give their names to any inquirers. Write on one side of the paper, and give us your name with your *nom de plume*. Address

SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL,

Room 19, 164 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

DENVER LODGE, No. 15, is flourishing like a "Green Bay tree."

REPORTS from Denver say that business is booming, and the boys all making good time.

THE New Mexico legislature has passed a law making attempts to wreck railway trains punishable by death.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad company in the course of a year or so will have four tracks between Philadelphia and New York.

NINETY-THREE railroads show an aggregate increase of \$30,000,000 in their gross earnings for 1886 over those of 1885.

REPORTS from the Fort Wayne road state that business is good, and all the boys happy. Lots of overtime and a short month.

BROTHER JAMES RANDALL, of Peoria Lodge, No. 25, had two fingers pinched off in the yards of the C., R. I. & P., recently.

A BILL has passed the Alabama legislature requiring locomotive engineers to be examined by a board appointed by the governor.

BROTHER A. G. STARBUCK, of Lodge No. 4, Kansas City, called to see us February 14. Al. is on a visit to our city and we would not be surprised to hear of him "pitching his tent" in our midst.

THE Texas State Senate has passed a bill requiring railroad companies to give thirty days' notice before reducing wages of employes. Employes are also required to give fifteen days' notice of their acceptance.

ON Sunday, February 6, brother Henry Hale, of Quincy Lodge, No. 18, while coupling cars, had his hand and wrist severely mashed. At last accounts it could not be definitely stated whether he will lose his hand or not.

ST. PAUL Lodge No. 32 is flourishing. It now has about all the good men in the city within its folds, and the outlook is very encouraging. By-the-way, we need someone to send us the news from that city.

THERE are at least a dozen agents "neck and neck," so far, in the race for the gold watch we offer for the one who sends us the largest number of subscribers by November 1. The query as to who will win the capital prize remains an uncertainty.

EVERYBODY is going to attend the ball given by Town of Lake Lodge, No. 36, Monday evening, April 11.

There are some old-time members of the association in the new lodge, and the boys are all going to see the infant walk—or dance.

It is gratifying to know that there is at least one man that has the courage to attempt to throttle the blacklist. A member of the legislature of Arkansas—Grandbury by name—has introduced a bill to prevent railroad companies from blacklisting employés.

MR. SPARKS, of the Missouri State Senate, has introduced a bill, and it has been favorably reported upon by the committee on railroads, requiring railroad companies to use the best and most approved inventions and appliances for frogs and switches.

THE Grand Organizer and Instructor has organized three lodges since our last issue, viz.: Toronto, Can.; Town of Lake, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. All three were instituted with large charter membership, and the greatest interest manifested in the association.

ON the afternoon of February 27, a switchman named Connors, working for the Michigan Central at Wagon Works Junction, Toledo, had an arm so badly crushed that amputation will be necessary. It was his misfortune not to have been a member of the association.

WE had the pleasure of a call from Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Knox, of Auburn Junction recently. Mr. Knox is a member of Lodge No. 1, and a good one, too. He shows good sense in preparing for all emergencies as regards to

the future happiness of his estimable wife.

ON January 31 Brother S. Busby, of Memphis Lodge, No. 29, lost his right arm above the elbow. He was employed in the M. & T. yards at Memphis, and was knocked down by a car, the car passing over his right arm. He was a good member of Lodge 27, and his claim for total disability has been allowed.

BROTHER JOSEPH F. DAVID, Recording Secretary of Indianapolis Lodge No. 21, had the flesh on his right arm caught between the deadwood of two cars recently and about three inches square “pinched” out. Joe is quite thankful that no bones were touched, yet his injuries will lay him up for some time.

WE acknowledge our obligation to Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 17, for an invitation to attend their First Annual Ball, held at Woodward's Hall, February 22. We are sorry we found it impossible to attend. A correspondent informs us that their ball was a great success in every respect. A big crowd, good order and a fine time.

ON February 9, Brother J. H. Dillon, working in the U. P. yards at Denver, while in the act of jumping upon the brake beam of a car, missed his footing, but fortunately escaped with only two toes severely mashed. His injuries will lay him up for repairs for some time. Brother Dillon is a new member, having joined the association January 24.

OUR old friend Mose Clark, of the K. C., St. J. & C. B. road, Kansas City, has been promoted to night yard-



master. He has become so fat that he found it quite difficult to run a day crew, and he, as well as his many friends, rejoice at his promotion. We are glad to hear of your good luck, Mose, but don't attend any more yard-master's banquets.

THE coroner's jury that held the inquest on the body of Wm. Burns, who was run over by a N. Y., C. & St. L. train, after getting his foot caught in a guard rail, recently recommended that all guard rails be blocked. This is all good enough, but nothing more will be heard about the matter until another coroner's jury has a similar case, and then they will recommend also.

A CARD on our desk reads, "M. J. Keegan, General Insurance, Collecting and House Renting Agency, 5031 Butterfield street, Chicago. Notary public." We are glad to know that "Mike" has at last got at a business that will call into requisition all his well known energy and capability; and the insurance companies he represents are old and reliable. May success be yours, "Mike," in your new field.

OUR old friend and brother, W. E. Green, who represented Clinton Lodge, No. 12, at our last convention, called upon us February 2. Brother Green is now located at Savanna, Ill., and is train master there for the Chicago, Burlington & Northern road. He looks well and contented. It is said, however, that "coming events cast their shadows," which evidently accounts for his serious demeanor. We expect an invitation, and will give a full account of the affair.

RICHARD MCGEE, better known as "Funny old Dick," has been hard at work in the lower end of the Fifty-fifth street yard, of the P., Ft. W. & C. road for several weeks. He has gained the reputation of keeping his end of the yard clear during one of the greatest rushes that has ever occurred on the Ft. Wayne road. Good boy, "Dick." Keep a clear track in the yard and everything will be O. K.

THE map on a folder just issued by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway shows thirteen different extensions under construction or projected. The principal one of these is the line through Dakota to Fort Benton and Helena, Mont., about 500 miles. The extensions already avowed aggregate at least 1,100 miles, and these alone, when completed, will make the mileage of the Manitoba system about 3,000 miles.

THERE seems to be no drones in the John W. Drury Lodge, No. 36, of the Town of Lake. The Lodge has decided to give a grand ball at Casino Hall, Englewood, Monday evening, April 11. Prof. Bolger's orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music. All are promised a great treat, and the energetic members of Lodge No. 36 never make any promises that they do not fulfill. All friends are cordially invited to attend.

CINCINNATI Lodge, No. 26, will have a grand ball Thursday evening, March 17. We are in receipt of an invitation, and tender our thanks for the same. It is with pleasure we note that the different Lodges are getting to understand that S. M. A. A. was established

for the "purpose of extending our social relations" as well as many other commendable features. We hope to hear of a great turn out at Cincinnati, for the boys promise a great treat.

MR. PHIL CASEY, yardmaster of the P., Ft. W. & C. road at the Fifty-fifth street yard, met with a painful accident on February 3. He was standing on the cupola of a caboose looking over the yard, when he slipped and fell to the ground. He was taken to his home and upon being examined by a physician it was found that no bones were broken, but his back was severely injured. He was laid up for some time, but we are glad to know he is around again. Look out in future, Phil, for icy roofs.

THE Pennsylvania Company has issued an order that all conductors and engineers shall have their watches examined, and receive certificates to the effect that their timepieces are O. K. This order will no doubt prove a hardship among some of the boys. Their *Waterburies* will have to go. *Blue Line*, poor fellow, says it will ruin him as his ticker will not pass inspection. He claims his watch is a standard movement, and the boys say they can prove it, as it has stood stationary for the last four months.

THE new hand at the helm of the Weather Bureau at Washington seems to have got things badly mixed. On the night of February 2 a snowstorm was due at Tiffin, Ohio, and came in on time. But imagine the surprise of the citizens of that little burg when waked up in the middle of the night by ter-

rific peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning—in the midst of the snowstorm and the thermometer at the freezing point. We would respectfully ask the President of the United States to immediately discharge this "plug operator."

AND now comes Secretary Christopher, of Rock Island Lodge, No. 2, with a request for the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, to change the endowment certificate of brother Henry Lempfert, to read, "to his wife, Mrs. Annie Lempfert." We have no objections to offer as to making the change, yet we protest against the cunning yet vague way of announcing the fact that he has but recently deserted the army of bachelors. Not letting us know about the matter has kindled the fire of revenge within us, and we will get even with brother Lempfert if we have to go to the extreme of declining to announce the arrival of the first boy.

THE Financial Secretary of Creston Lodge, No. 31, writes the Grand Secretary and Treasurer "to please change the endowment policy of brother Thomas Cutter to read *wife* instead of *mother*." It is the old, old story. Notwithstanding the pathetic appeals of that grand old song of "Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom," it seems that our friend Tom has "forsaken parent" and is now "cleaving unto a wife." Secretary Eckert writes that the young lady whose charms captured Tom was Miss Iona Haley. And that the boys all wish Tom and his fair bride a long and happy journey. A journey with a Cutter is usually considered a happy

one. And we can see no reason why it should not be a long one also, especially when Tom can enthusiastically say, "*I own a (Iona) Cutter.*" Somebody smile!

ABOUT 1 o'clock one afternoon recently, as Phil Casey was returning from dinner, he discovered one of the palatial residences on the Boulevard on fire. And knowing that one of the loveliest of beings resided there, he resolved then and there to become a hero. He rushed frantically into the house, gave the alarm, and, going into the yard, he seized a ladder, placed it against the building, and, with a pail of salt proceeded to extinguish the flames. His efforts proved successful in more ways than one. Besides extinguishing the fire, he has made himself solid with his "Venus," and we hope to announce in the near future something more gratifying as the result of his heroic attempt at being a fire laddie.

WITH our April number the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL will have completed the first year of its existence. And we desire to especially call the attention of all agents, and those competing for the premiums we offer, that renewals are now in order, and that they count as much as new subscribers. Quite a number have taken advantage, also, the last month, of the advantages we offer to subscribers with regard to jewelry, watches and books of all kinds; and in no case has anyone been dissatisfied with the quality or prices of the goods we have procured for them. The houses we have made these arrangements with are first-class, and we can furnish prices that will be an inducement to all who

desire anything in the line of watches, books, etc.

FROM a correspondent from Cincinnati Lodge No. 22 we glean the following matter of interest to switchmen: The C., W. & B. R. R. work six engines days and three nights; C., C., C. & I. three days, and three nights; C., H. & D. five days, and three nights; O. & M. four days, and three nights; C. S. four days, and three nights; Little Miami four days, and six nights; L. & N. four days, and four nights. They all pay \$2.10 for day and night helpers, and \$2.75 for day and night foreman, except the Cincinnati Southern, who pay \$1.95 for day helpers, and \$2.05 for night helpers; \$2.65 for day foreman, and \$2.75 for night foremen, the foremen having the best of the helpers in both cases.

THE boys on the C., W. & B., C., H. & D. and C., C., C. & I., at Cincinnati, believe there is some significance in a name. A correspondent tells us they recently inaugurated a new boarding house and have christened this "haven of the bachelor's rest" the "Sink or Swim." We interpret from the name that if one don't sink, there is no possibility of their ever being able to swim out of it. There are quite a number of the boys domiciled at the "Sink or Swim." And brothers William Barrett (better known as "Buck") and John Mulvey are the chief end men, while brothers P. Burnett and Link Gould shake a "nasty tambourine," and brother Sam Whalen fills the position as interlocutor with dignity and grace! "Ladies and gentlemen — The performance this evening will begin by the

singing, by brother Link Gould, in his inimitable style of that stomach-stirring ballad "There Is a Boarding-house, Not Far Away." At its conclusion, great applause echoes from the pit — of the stomach.

ON the night of February 26, in the yards of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, at Toledo, O., James J. Mahon, a switch engine conductor, was standing in the middle of a track knocking a pin out of a draw-head, when a switch engine pushed some cars up behind him without attracting his attention. The approaching cars caught him between the bumpers and crushed him fearfully. He was thus held a couple of minutes before his cries attracted his companions. He was finally extricated from his precarious position, and carried to his home on Germania street, and a physician summoned. He was so severely injured that from last accounts there was no hope of his recovery. He was not a member of the association, and when not long ago he was asked to join it, he replied: "To — with the association, I can live without the association." He leaves a wife and two little children, who we believe would join us, through their tears of sorrow, and heartaches over the dark future, in the assertion that it may be easy to live without the association, but it is not so easy to die without any provision for the future for those we love and pledged ourselves to protect.

WE are pleased to chronicle the fact that the switchmen of St. Louis have now a lodge of the S. M. A. A. of N. A. The Grand Organizer and Instructor organized them. The Grand Master

accompanied him to St. Louis. There seems to have been a misunderstanding among railroad officials in St. Louis about our organization, and there has been some opposition among the officials to the switchmen organizing under the banner of "Benevolence, Hope and Protection." This is attributed to their not having made sufficient investigation to be able to distinguish between our association and the labor organizations that have caused more or less trouble in that locality. We feel, however, that when they have fully examined our constitution and its workings, the suspicion they now have will pass away. We are not organized for the purpose of fomenting trouble; neither are we in any way connected with any organization that has that object in view. Our principal object is benevolence. We pay \$600 for total disability or death. We look after the sick, care for the needy; provide for widows and orphans, and teach our members that there are other ways of settling differences besides striking.

ON the evening of February 16, at about 7:30 o'clock, at Columbus, O., brother Christopher Doyle, yard foreman in the I. B. & W. yards, in charge of engine No. 134, had backed his engine out of the roundhouse, at the west end of the yard, and the engine had just passed over the switch going east. He went to step upon the front of the engine, when he missed his hand hold and fell in the middle of the track. The engine passed over him, the ashpan crushing him to death. Lodge No. 22 attended his funeral in a body, presenting a fine appearance. Brothers Weise, Ryan, Ream, Sands, Quarly and

Fitzgerald, of Lodge 22, acting as pallbearers. It was a very large funeral, over 150 carriages being in line. Brother Doyle was well liked by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. But again it pains us as much as those who were nearer and dearer to brother Doyle, to chronicle the fact that his great fault proves to have been negligence, and we are forced to write "unfinancial" after his name. Stop, brothers, and reflect! See what a world of meaning there is in that one word "unfinancial," when written on so sad an occasion.

#### MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 17, Rev. J. LaGee, S. J., of the Holy Family Church, tied in a simple but feeling manner, the silken cord that binds two lives for all time together. The parties thus forsaking all else and "cleaving one to another" were Mr. John Foley, a prominent worker in the labor cause and manager of the Knight of Labor Coöperative Cigar Company, and Miss Maggie Cecilia Carney, a well-known West Division young lady. The bride was elegantly attired in a rich, cream-colored satin dress, with Oriental lace trimmings, garnished with roses and lilies of the valley. The groom wore the conventional attire. And as they stepped up to the marriage altar, one could not help from thinking, after looking into their happy faces, that they fully realized the sacredness of the marital pledge that they were about to take, the realization of which, as a rule, is but the pulling aside of the curtain that hides the future, and permitting the sunbeams of happiness to point the way.

Mr. Edward J. Carney, a prominent

and zealous member of the Young Men's Sodality of the Jesuit Church, and brother of bride, and Mark L. Crawford acted as groomsmen; and the Misses Belle M. and Lizzie Carney, sisters of the bride, performed the same services as bridesmaids.

After the ceremony the couple and numerous invited friends were driven to their new home, 812 W. Taylor street, where a wedding feast was spread, awaiting the arrival of the bride and groom and their invited friends. The presents were numerous, costly and in good taste, the one attracting the greatest attention being an elegant oil painting of the bride's deceased mother, presented by her sisters, Belle and Lizzie.

Among the guests we noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Misses Annie McBardin, Mamie A. Minehan and Allie L. Kiley, and Messrs. Thomas J. Keane, Edward J. Downey and M. J. Gallagher.

The evening was spent very happily by all, vocal and instrumental music, dancing, etc., being the order. At a late hour in the evening—just before the breaking up of the party—lunch was served, ye reporter partaking freely and enthusiastically of some delicious and seemingly inexhaustible strawberries, the first he had had for lo! these many months.

Well, good-bye, John, your old bachelor haunts, we suppose will know you no more. You have always advocated arbitration as a settlement for all disputes. See that you practice what you have always preached. You will be watched closely by your former colleagues. We are all awaiting anxiously and prayerfully to see how you are going

to arbitrate a dispute about a spring bonnet, a scuttle of coal, and as to who shall build the fire when the thermometer touches thirty below or thereabouts. And in the near future, should little circumstances require a midnight walk upon a cold, cold carpet, while the moon smiles upon the beautiful snow and the black cat sings bass in a garden wail concert, we are anxious, aye, breathlessly anxious, to know how you are going to arbitrate.

#### AN OUNCE OF PREVENTATIVE.

The railroad stove is at this time receiving its periodical lampooning. When a train is wrecked and many lives lost it is always laid at the door of the railroad stove. We are not disposed to apologize for or defend the railroad stove. Quite the contrary; we believe the railroad stove should go. But we never heard of a railroad stove causing a train to leave the track. To prevent trains from leaving the track should be discussed, rather than exhaust ourselves in damning the stove. The recent terrible accident near White River Junction, on the Central Vermont road, wherein so many lives were lost, should stir railroad managers up to their fullest limit of power in the future to obviate similar accidents. It seems strange to us that one simple and inexpensive preventative, well known to practical railroad men, and one we believe would have prevented this terrible accident, as well as many others similar in character, has never been mentioned by the press. Was it because it might possibly locate the responsibility? The preventative we speak of is nothing else than an extra, or guard rail over all bridges. In other

words, four rails, the outside or guard rail extending some distance on either side of the bridge. Had the bridge over the White river had these guard rails, when the cars left the main track the guard rails would have prevented the coaches from going off of the bridge.

We firmly believe that this, as well as many other accidents, would have been averted had the preventative we speak of been applied. Many lives would have been saved, and that son would have been spared the terrible sight of seeing his father slowly burn to death. Oh! what a sight was that! Is it not high time that railroad officials should consider this question, and see if their respective treasuries cannot afford this slight expense, and thereby make the traveling public and railroad employes more safe from these terrible calamities?

#### LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relating to railways have been issued since last month, as reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624 F street, Washington, D. C.

Automatic car brake—C. H. Poor, St. Louis, Mo.

Automatic car brake—W. O. Cooke, New York, N. Y.

Car brake—R. Randolph, Baltimore, Md.

Car coupling—S. Haltom, Henderson, Tex.

Car brake—H. R. Wolfe, Louisville, Ky.

Car brake—A. L. Kirkland, Boston, Pa.

Locking device for railway switches—E. H. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Method of operating electric brakes—E. E. Ries, Baltimore, Md.

Railway switch or other casting—Wm. Wharton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Railway switch—Wm. Wharton, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Railroad switch—A. E. Ege, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Railway switch stand—D. H. Foreman, Lancaster, Pa.

Railway switch plate—C. H. Twist, New York, N. Y.

## THE G., O. AND I. ON THE ROAD.

On my last trip east I was much pleased at meeting many of my old friends at Toronto, Canada. And you may be assured that I received a right royal welcome; one that only Canadians know how to give. As for Toronto, it is a beautiful city, and to my mind only second to Chicago. And I think if all Canadians were like the Torontonians, we would not have any trouble in getting at least a few fish without fighting for them. But I told the boys of Lodge 35 that I did not believe there would be any trouble, for if we wanted the fish very badly we Chicagoans would send over our battle-scarred veterans of the First Regiment and take Canada, fish and all. Of course, I meant cod-fish. You can pull the bell on this. On relating the above at the office, one of our associates asked me if I brought him a squirrel. I did not, but hope some of my Canadian friends will send him a chipmunk, as he needs one very badly to crack the old chestnuts dumped in onto him every day.

I am not much of a ladies' man, but know a handsome lady when I see her, and will say that the ladies of Toronto are as beautiful as their city. And as for the boys of No. 35, they can't be beat.

I had the pleasure of meeting that old veteran passenger conductor, Joseph Draper. He has been running a train for thirty-four years, and has never had an accident. This is a wonderful showing. Joe looks as young as he did fifteen years ago, and his voice is as mellow as ever, especially when he shouts: "Berlin—tickets, Berlin, Berlin—tickets—Berlin!"

On arriving at Toronto I went to the

Brunswick hotel, and found that genial blonde and his estimable wife, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Shipman, as host and hostess, who, as caterers to the public wants, are second to none in Ontario.

Stratford, my old home, has got to be a very pretty little city, and its denizens still uphold their reputation for hospitality. And with the new addition to the Grand Trunk shops, now under construction, and which, I understand, is to be something near 700 feet long by 60 wide, giving increased employment in these works, Stratford ought to rush to the front ranks of western towns, and bring to the beautiful city that prosperity its natural location invites.

Before dismissing this particular subject I desire to acknowledge my obligation to my many Canadian friends, as well as to the genial editor of the *Stratford Times*, for courtesies received while sojourning in their beautiful city.

While traveling over the country (having given the greatest part of my life to railroading) my thoughts naturally run to railroading. And it seems strange to me that after so many years have elapsed, and so many lives and limbs been sacrificed by those most fatal of all fatalities—the frog and guard-rails—that the railroad companies have not devised some preventative from these needless sacrifices. In talking with one of the Chicago officers of one of the trunk lines, recently, the only excuse he offered for not blocking the frogs and guard-rails with wooden wedges, was that the frost would heave them out of place. This is a poor excuse, but I suppose he considered it better than none. I at once said to him that an iron wedge could be cast with an eye in the heel, so that it could be riveted to

the main, or wing, rails, and holes made in the body of the wedge, so that it could be fastened to the plate or ties. Or it could be made a solid piece. But I suppose this would cost money, and switchmen only cost about \$2.75 apiece; and, of course, economy is a virtue in railroading.

Another matter which I brought to the notice of one of our railroad officials not long since was the manner in which the stationary pins were placed in the draw-bars on his road. They are placed in such a manner that it requires a switchman to run in between the cars until such time as the cars separate, in order to hold the pins up, thereby requiring the switchman to take unnecessary chances of being caught in a frog or guard-rail. If the remedy against these flagrant risks of life and limb required any amount of money consideration there would be some excuse for it not having long ago been applied. But the facts of the case are, that it would not cost a song. All the said company would have to do to alleviate this wrong would be to simply turn around, or reverse the pin, at no cost worth mentioning.

There is one more matter I desire to speak about in this connection, and that is the careless manner in which old iron and ties are left scattered around the yards. It is not so much of a hardship on the day as it is on the night men, who unfortunately are compelled to carry the only light they have to guide them in their hands, and frequently stumble over these unnecessary piles of laziness, or into holes that could be just as well filled up as not. It is to be hoped that our very generous executive officials

will interest themselves in removing these obstacles, which in most cases the switchmen have to jump over. It is hardly necessary for me to portray the dangers encountered by those who unfortunately, I might say, have to follow the vocation of switchmen. And, therefore, it is but reasonable to expect railroad officials, even at this late date, would interest themselves in seeing that these dangerous obstacles are removed. If I were a railroad official I would feel very sorry if the facts were presented to me and I found that I had been indirectly the cause of the loss of an arm, a limb, or worse still, a life, through permitting a subordinate to allow these obstacles to remain in the different yards. Statistics as to limbless switchmen, to say nothing of the dead, would astonish the public. I speak of switchmen because they are more subject to these great dangers, from the fact that they handle more cars in one day than roadmen do in a week, and I hope the above will be read by our officials, and will result in at least some good.

JOHN W. DRURY.

A VIENNA tailor wagered recently that it took more than 40,000 stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, also to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,063; sewing collar on, 1,763; button-holes, 2,520; sleeves, with lining, 980; pockets, 924; silk lining of body with wadded interior, 17,863; braiding, 2,726; total, 39,619 stitches.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 26.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I will write you briefly, just to be imitable and in style.

Our membership is increasing acceptably. Every railroad entering the city, except the T. H. & I., is represented, and that one will soon succumb. We have made no special inducements to secure membership, but allow natural forces to develop individual interest.

William Broderick, our worthy Master, is a most dutiful and conscientious official, whose chief aim is the association's good.

Ed. Manzey, Vice Master, gives his greatest attention to lodge work, and his zeal is only equaled by his energy.

J. F. David, Corresponding Secretary, lives by and is willing to die by the Order.

H. Willis, Financial Secretary, is never too tired after a day's labor to hunt up anyone liable to become delinquent, and secure the back finances.

John Cravens, Treasurer, carries the implicit confidence of each member, and never misses a meeting.

Brother J. F. David very narrowly escaped losing an arm while coupling cars in the C., St. L. & P. yards, the 19th inst, but luckily he suffered only a flesh wound, which will not confine him long.

Brother Byrness, admitted by card at last meeting, was seriously injured the 22d while coupling his engine to a coach in the C., C., C. & I. yards. He was removed to St. Vincent's hospital, where every attention was given him to relieve his suffering.

Brother Uhles sends greeting to his

many friends in Chicago, and is happy in his having become identified in the good work as exemplified by Lodge No. 21.

Brother U. G. Stofer now wears his pants outside his boots, because in his official capacity as chairman of the B. of D., in securing the lease of a hall for the ensuing year, he was put to some trouble to convince the rental agent that he was not a stock drover from the stock yards, but a full-fledged dignitary from Lodge No. 21 on an official mission.

Brother F. J. Stricker has become a resident of Chicago, working for the Wabash road. He leaves a large circle of intimate friends here, who wish him success in his new field of labor.

Brothers F. W. McClelland and S. D. Nelson are manifesting great zeal in the cultivation of a luxuriant and patriarchal flow of beard. At present Mac has the advantage in all but color.

Brother L. L. Darnall has shown recent signs of architectural fever, so constantly has he applied his energies in explaining the beauties of the coming new union depot, now seen only on paper.

I must obey my first sentence in regard to brevity, and write more anon.

Respectfully,

RHOM RHODY.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 29.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

While looking over the November and December issues of your excellent journal, I did not see anything from this part of the world. And so I concluded to let the readers of the JOURNAL know that we are all alive. Possibly this is owing to the summer weather

we are having at this time—the thermometer registering fifty degrees above zero at 10 A. M.

We have at present in lodge No. 29 thirty members. And a finer lot you cannot get together. We have for Master, J. K. Black, of West Memphis; Vice-Master, William Singleton, of West Memphis; James Hunter, our Treasurer, is also from West Memphis, and three better men you can't get. For Financial Secretary we have brother J. S. Warren, of the L., N. O. T., and Recording Secretary, the celebrated Tom Mulverhill.

We have lots to do at present, but it will slack up in the course of a couple of months.

Well, as this is about enough for the first time, I will close. I will give you a few words about the town in my next letter.

The brothers of No. 27 all send their best regards to the other lodges, and wish all a happy New Year. I remain,  
Fraternally yours, E. J. T.

TOWN OF LAKE, Feb. 22.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

On this day we commemorate with honor the one hundred and fifty-fifth birthday of the Father of our country. Speaking from a switchman's standpoint, interest in the day is also added by it being the first anniversary of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association as a national body. One year ago today a small band of honest, intelligent men assembled in Chicago for the purpose of devising ways and means of forming an organization that would take into its folds all honest, sober, competent switchmen, for the purpose of mutual benefit and protection, under

the banner of "Benevolence, Hope and Protection." There were represented at this first gathering representatives from four railroad centers of the United States, viz.: Joliet, Rock Island, Kansas City and Chicago. After several days of deliberation they created a Grand Lodge, and adopted a constitution and by-laws, in which provisions were made for the organization of subordinate lodges throughout the United States. The new organization was named the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the United States of America. At this first gathering it was decided to call a convention to be held at Kansas City, Mo., September 20th, of this same year, believing that by that time the laws they had adopted would have been tested, and could be amended and improved to meet the desired end. At this convention no less than twenty-five lodges were represented. It was then found advisable to enlarge our borders in order that switchmen in all parts of North America could unite with us in perfecting the last but not least link in the operating service of the railways of North America. Here the name was changed to the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America.

And now as we enter the second year of our existence as a national body, let us pause for a moment before the mirror of the past, and see what has been accomplished. Outside of Chicago the association was, one year ago, comparatively unknown. Now there are thirty-seven lodges established throughout the United States and Canada. And, I understand, that there are quite a number of applications at present on file at the office of the Grand Lodge to be

acted upon in the near future. And it is expected that at our next annual meeting at Indianapolis, Ind., next September, we will have at least 100 lodges represented.

The number of death and total disability claims paid during the past year, I believe, has been twenty-one in number, for which \$600 has been paid in each case, making the sum total expended in this way \$12,600. In addition to this, the various lodges have paid to their members, who have been temporarily incapacitated through accidents, weekly benefits amounting to about \$8,000.

Such a showing as this for an organization so young cannot but commend itself to every thoughtful mind. Its motto, "Benevolence, Hope and Protection," is a watchword worthy the respect and encouragement of all men. And it is to be hoped that the order may prosper in its noble work. But its prosperity and perpetuity rests to a great extent upon the strict observance of its constitution and by-laws laid down for its government, and a cheerful compliance with the mandates of our officials.

Then let us all pull together for the grand purpose of our organization, and its success is assured.

M. J. KEEGAN.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Being an admirer of your valuable magazine, I ask that you give place to what I heard a well known engineer say about it. In talking with Mr. Wm. Graves the other day he said he had been taking the JOURNAL for nearly a year, and it had become the most welcome visitor at his fireside. He said

the JOURNAL was one of the most entertaining and pleasing publications devoted to the interests of railway employees published, and was worthy the support of every railroad man in the country. Such an indorsement as this should give you great courage in the continuation of making the JOURNAL equal to the foremost publications issued.

K. J. M.

#### PAN HANDLE DEAD WOODS.

CHICAGO, FEB. 28, 1887.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

By request of Mr. Frank Gill, a member of Lodge No. 1, who had the misfortune to lose part of his hand last month while switching, I beg to be allowed a few lines in the JOURNAL for the purpose of thanking the grand order of the S. M. A. A. for their quick response in forwarding his weekly benefits, and advise all members to keep in good standing; for no man knows the worth of it until misfortune overtakes him and the black cloud hangs over his door. I take pleasure, however, in informing Frank's many friends that he is able to be out (when the weather will permit), but it will be some time before he will be able to report for duty. But we all hope it may be shorter than anticipated.

Business on the Pan is more flourishing than ever. The yards are all full, sidings blocked and every crew on the road away ahead of the month. It looks as though there was no end to it. The company is receiving new cars every day from the order they placed in August, 1886. There will be 500 cars in all, of 50,000 pounds capacity. They expect to place another order in the spring.

We have had no mishaps this month to speak of. The worst disaster of the season that has come to the notice of the correspondent of the JOURNAL, was last week he caught a glimpse of "Paddy Fitts" supporting a \$7 silk hat. "Paddy" is a good boy, however, and is quite the shape that it becomes him. He says "all good, clean people have to have 'silkers.'" It is all right, "Paddy"; but keep off of Kinzie street, or the "gang" will get on, "By giggers cripes." DOCK.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 23, 1887.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

It pleases me to inform you that on Feb. 21, 1887, Brother Frank Archibald, of Lodge No. 5, and Miss Charlotte Berry, of 318 Jackson street, were united in the bonds of matrimony. The ceremony took place at St. John's cathedral, after which their many friends had an enjoyable time during the afternoon and evening. Many and costly presents were received by the happy couple.

We hope that Brother Archie may have a long and happy life

With dear little Charlotte he now calls his wife.

No. 5 is running along smoothly and everything is lovely, but business is pretty slack at present, save on the M. & N. road, which is booming, and the boys are all pretty well satisfied with the present wages. Night firemen are making over \$90 per month, but you bet they earn it.

Brother George Smith returned from Denver, Col., about a week ago. He feels fine and looks five years younger and weighs twelve pounds more.

Brother Sehrt had the first finger on the left hand taken off on the 17th inst.

I am sorry, but they all get it if they don't keep their fingers out.

I hear that Brother James Crimmins is going south for his health. It's a good place to go.

Well, I guess that is all this time.

LODGE No. 5.

TOWN OF LAKE, Feb. 21.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

It is with pleasure that I announce to the readers of the JOURNAL that the John W. Drury Lodge, No. 36, is getting along nicely, and I hope to be able to report at least 100 members within three months from this time. We have made a great many friends since our organization, especially among the ladies of the Town of Lake. And if we continue to hold their good will and friendship we are bound to succeed beyond our greatest expectation, as there is nothing more conducive to success in an association like the S. M. A. A., than having the warm support of such firm and powerful allies. That we have their good friendship I submit as evidence of the same the presentation by Mrs. George W. Clark, the estimable wife of our worthy Recording Secretary, of a very neat and handsome specimen of her handiwork, in the shape of an embroidered case, for the purpose of carrying the books of the Lodge. It is a beauty, having the following inscription, neatly and artistically worked on either side: "S. M. A. A., Lodge No. 36." Such appreciative acts of kindness make us feel that our labors have the indorsement of the ladies, thus giving us courage to continue the good work.

Our motto is "Benevolence, Hope and Protection," teaching us to help

one another in time of need and distress. Also protecting and providing for the widows and orphans of those who may be called away. It should be our purpose to advance the cause of our Association by all honorable means at our command. Every member should take an active interest in his Lodge. Attend all meetings and pay up their dues and assessments promptly, and by so doing you have a guarantee that in time of trouble you have a friend that will care for you, administering to your wants and making you comfortable.

I would also earnestly impress on the members of our association that their duties do not end here. They should also give the JOURNAL their hearty support. Contribute items of general interest to the switchmen, and submit their views on questions of importance. So that all may become familiar with the matters that interest switchmen, and thus invite a friendly discussion from all quarters on questions the solution of which is of vital importance to a large class of earnest and hardworking railroad men. The JOURNAL is our champion, and it advocates our cause, makes known our wants, and is deserving of our most generous support.

Respectfully,

"JEEMS."

#### LINKS.

—Speaking of car heaters, what is the matter with the old-fashioned pocket flask?—*Puck*.

—He — "Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous, and hit's mostly de las kear what's smashed up."

She — "Why don't dey leave off de las kear, den?"

—The legislature of Nevada adjourned the other day and the train

running out of Carson was filled with members. Some wag imitated the voice of the conductor, and called out, "Passes!" Every person on the train except three mechanically held up their passes, and those three were drummers. —*Salt Lake Herald*.

—How the wicked drummer will do.—Scene — A railway train after April 5. First clergyman—Did you sell old Pepperandsalt at X?

Second clergyman—Naw. Do you know, he's the worst old duffer to sell to on this rou—. Stop—here comes the conductor. As I was remarking, Brother Brown, we had a most refreshing season of grace at X.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

—Our Canadian neighbors are not asleep in the matter of inventions. Mr. John Finley, of Montreal, has patented, both in Canada and the United States, a car wheel "with axle suspended on springs of a peculiar character, extending from wheel to wheel." It is claimed that this will "greatly lessen the danger of accidents from broken rails, spread of track, breaking of axle or wheel and that it will decrease the noise in running."—*Railway Age*.

—It doesn't mean the Passengers.—In the engineer's room on the cars of the Suburban Railway company, the following notice is conspicuously posted: "Engineers must oil travelers every three hours." The sign in question caused many inquiries from people riding in the cars, and to settle the matter definitely and set at rest the minds of many people, it may be well to state that the word "travelers" has no reference to passengers who ride in the cars, but to the little arrangement that runs on the wire above the car, and which conducts the electricity to the motor.—*Scranton Republican*.

—The railroad commissioners of New York have just reported to the legislature that there were killed by the railroads of that state alone during the year closing with September, 30,503 persons,

and 1,138 were injured, though not fatally. What a frightful record for one state in one year. It is safe to assume that half of the casualties reported in New York were caused in coupling cars. The man who can invent some safe and effectual contrivance for coupling cars, can save as many lives in every state annually as have been lost in many battles.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—The Rhode Island Locomotive works have just turned out a passenger engine which is claimed to be the fastest and most powerful in the country. It is for the New York, Providence & Boston Railway, and is to haul the fast Shore Line train from Providence, consisting of eight cars, including four Pullmans. The time now made on the division, from Providence to Groton Ferry Landing, 62.5 miles is 1 hour and 17 minutes. The new engine is to make the run in 62.5 minutes, making but one stop on the run, which will be at the rate of a mile a minute, including two starts and two stops.

—Last winter while the railways through Kansas and elsewhere in that latitude in the West suffered greatly from snow blockades the more northerly routes were comparatively exempt. This year the tables have been turned, and the Union and Central Pacific, Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific, together with most of the lines in the northwestern states and territories, have experienced extraordinary trouble with snow, in some cases trains being detained for several days. At the same time the Southern Pacific lines have suffered from washouts so that trans-continental traffic was for a short time interrupted. These difficulties have now been overcome and it is to be hoped that they will not be again encountered this season.—*Railway Age*.

—Many railroad wrecks are charged to the carelessness of an engineer or other overworked employé. The blame is not always rightfully placed. A dispatch says that the Baltimore & Ohio

railroad narrowly escaped another terrible disaster near Tiffin, Ohio, where the recent wreck occurred. An engineer of a freight train running toward an approaching passenger train failed to see danger signals as he passed a station. The station agent, seeing that the train was not going to stop, threw a stone through the window of the cab and aroused the engineer to a sense of his peril. The train was stopped and turned upon a side track just in time to escape a crash with an approaching passenger train. In this instance the engineer had been on duty twenty consecutive hours, and was so nearly exhausted that he could not notice ordinary signals. It is not surprising that he was almost asleep at his post. The intense nervous strain to which railroad men, particularly engineers, are subjected is a draft upon their energies that few men can withstand very long. It is very poor economy in a railroad company to work its employes up to a point of breaking down. Fewer hours of service, more sleep and rest might save many wrecks with attendant loss of life and property.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—The editor of the Chicago *News* takes this pass bull right by the horns. If the new bill cuts off passes the *News* will withhold its courtesies—it won't play. Here is the *News'* policy unequivocally announced: "It might just as well as not be understood first as last: The railroad men of this country are not going to get any free puffs in the newspapers after the inter-state commerce bill goes into effect. As soon as the free pass system dies, the custom of referring to Col. ———, the general passenger agent of the ——— & ——— railway, as 'a talented, cultured, genial and popular official' will fall into disrepute. There will be no genial—no, nor any cultured gentlemen—in the railroad business unless they pay for their genialty and their culture at regular advertising rates. Nor will there be any colonels in the railroad profession on and after the 31st of March—at

least, so far as we are concerned; every man now enjoying the title of colonel by virtue of his ability to issue a free railroad pass will be degraded to the rank of a plain mister as soon as this inter-state commerce bill becomes a living, breathing, sentient, desolating thing. The grinding monopolists shall be brought down to the business level of the average meek and lowly patrons who stand around our doors waiting to get into line for their turns at the advertising window. When they seek personal notices in the papers they will have to pay for them, and when we in turn find it necessary to patronize the railroads we will walk."

#### SAW HIS FATHER CONSUMED.

One of the first passengers to escape from the burning wreck on the Central Vermont railroad, near White River Junction, recently, was Joseph Maignet, a French-Canadian boy. He was with his father, David Maignet, on their way from Holyoke to their home in Canada. The boy sat three seats behind his father in the third car from the front. He was dozing in his seat when he felt the car shiver. This motion was kept up for a few seconds, and then the car dashed over the bridge upon the ice. By hard work the boy succeeded in getting out of one of the windows. He at once went in search of his father, and discovered him by the light of the burning wreck just above him, pinned down by a part of the top of the car which had fallen directly across his chest and legs. The old man was as firmly held as if in a vice. Joseph was the only one who escaped from the car. As he says, he rushed to his father's assistance and spoke words of encouragement to him. The father was very cool, and told his son to help him out as soon as possible. The boy seized his father and struggled with all his strength to extricate him, but in vain. The flames were approaching rapidly.

"Joseph," said the father, "run and get an axe or a saw," but the boy could not find either.

"Pull me out then," said the father, "even if you have to break my legs to do it."

Joseph tugged away with all his might, but could not stir his father an inch.

With wonderful coolness the father gave himself up to his fate. "It's no use, my boy," he said, "there is no hope for me. Remember the dying words of your father: Always be a good boy. Farewell, my son; I will meet you in the other world."

The flames were then so close at hand that the boy could remain no longer. He left his father and got out of reach of the flames and watched his parent slowly burn to death in the debris.

#### STARTED HIS ENGINE WHILE ASLEEP.

Dennis Mack, engineer on a switch engine in the yards of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, at Scranton, Pa., recently ran his engine into the engine house. As he was to go on duty again at 1 o'clock Sunday morning he lay down in the cab of his engine to sleep until that time. Just before 1 o'clock workmen in the yard were startled by a great crash at the engine house, which is a frame building. Looking in the direction of the house they saw one side of it give way and Mack's engine come tearing out of the breach. The engine ran a short distance over the ground and then toppled over down an embankment twenty feet high. It rolled over and over in the descent and was badly wrecked. The workmen knew that Mack was on the engine, and expected to find him crushed to death in the debris. They found him fast in the wreck, and although he was held so that it took some time to extricate him, he was found to have received but slight injuries. Mack could not explain what caused the engine to start, but it is supposed that he started up in his sleep and pulled the throttle open.

This singular occurrence recalls the fact that one of the most terrible railroad disasters that ever occurred in this

country was caused by an engineer starting his engine while he was asleep. It was in July, 1869, on the Erie Railway, at Mast Hope Station, on the Delaware division. The track was then a single one on that part of the road. Conductor Jud Brown had orders to lie on the switch at Mast Hope until fast express train No. 3, west-bound, passed. James Griffin was the engineer of the freight train. As the express train approached the station at midnight, running thirty-five miles an hour, Conductor Brown was horrified to see his train pulling out on the main track. Griffin's engine reached the main track directly in front of the express, and a terrific explosion was the result. The cars on the express train were piled on top of one another and caught fire. Many passengers were killed outright. A dozen others were held in the wreck and burned alive. The depot caught fire and was destroyed. Griffin discovered the situation in time to jump from his engine. He fled, but afterward surrendered himself and was lodged in the Pike county jail. He was tried for manslaughter in September, 1869. He was defended by the late chief justice George W. Woodward. It was proved on the trial that he had been on duty twenty-four hours without sleep, and the point made by the defense was that while waiting on the switch he was overcome by the strain and fell asleep. He was partially awakened by the approaching train, and pulled open the throttle of his engine before he knew what he was doing. A sympathetic jury acquitted him, against the charge of Judge Barrett to convict, and were publicly censured by the court. The disaster made the name of Mast Hope so notorious all over the country that the railroad company changed the name of the station to Pine Grove, which it retained until a few weeks ago, when it was changed back to Mast Hope. The remains of several of the victims of the catastrophe were never identified. The disaster cost the company \$100,000.

#### A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Some years ago Sacher-Masoch wrote a novel, in which his hero, a Polish count, took a deep interest in a youth, so great an interest as to superintend the education of his protégé and to make him the confidant of his joys and sorrows. When the pupil was intellectually strong enough to discuss the most abstruse subjects with his master the latter discovered that his care and affection had been bestowed upon a woman—and fled. Not long after the publication of this book—but I must tell the story as Sacher-Masoch told it to me. "Some time after this book appeared, I received an anonymous letter asking me to make a compact of friendship with the writer, a compact similar to that made by the hero of my novel. My anonymous would-be friend added, 'as I am a man, there is no danger of a similar rupture.' Every line spoke of sincere, unchangeable friendship, and the final phrase was like this, 'to console a stricken soul, to bind again to life a mind that dreams only of suicide.' Of course I thought the letter came from a woman, and when I received a second asking for an interview and appointing a little village in Bohemia as a place of rendezvous, with the condition that my eyes should be bandaged, then I was certain that only a woman could write in that manner.

"At the appointed time I reached the house, blinded myself, and anxiously expected—I knew not what. One moment after my entrance the rich, well modulated voice of a man said 'Thank you,' and although I confess to a disappointment, I was soon interested in a rehearsal of sorrows, of longings for soul communion with a friend, a true friend. At stated intervals during a year these meetings took place. I saw nothing, as with eyes covered I conversed with him or rather conversed. Whenever it was impossible for me to be at a rendezvous I sent letters according to instructions he had given me to Vienna, Paris and



London, and the replies were always written upon paper stamped with a ducal coronet and signed Anatole. One day I was astonished to hear him say, 'I give you permission to look at me.' Quickly I raised the bandage and saw the handsomest young man I ever beheld. Offering me his hand, he said: 'If you have a little friendship for me you will understand that you ought to save me. To do so, leave your home, come to mine; you will be rich and powerful.' I was stupefied, but declined Anatole's offer. Not long after I was examining some photographs in a shop window, when I was startled to see in a prominent position that of my friend Anatole. Underneath was written, 'S. M. Ludwig II. Roi de Baviere.' Who knows?" added Sacher-Masoch; "perhaps had I accepted his offer King Ludwig might be living at the present time."

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY VESSEL.

The new steamship Pocahontas, the building of which will be begun in a few weeks at Alexandria, Va., by the Arrow Steamship Company, which owns all the patents upon her for not only this country but all the rest of the world, wherever a steamship can be built, will be a most extraordinary vessel. She is to be 540 long over all, with forty feet breadth of beam; will draw twenty feet three inches at the bow, and twenty-five feet three inches at the stern; and her engines will develop in ordinary working a force of 12,000 horse-power, with a capacity for increase to over 25,000. Her lines—sloping 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet each way from her amidships section—are even sharper than those of Herreshoff's famous launch, the Stiletto, and her proportion of motive power to resistance is very much greater than that little wonder possesses. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities about her exterior form and interior construction that, it is believed by competent marine constructors, will make her a very steady vessel. The Pocahontas is to be

of steel and iron throughout, built by a system of vertical transverse and both vertical and horizontal longitudinal walls, upon an iron keel of wonderfully strong construction and weighing 750 tons. She will thus be cellular, consisting of 1,060 compartments, of which 500 are to be below the water line, and could not be sunk, even were she cut in two, or be any more liable to burning than is a safe deposit vault. Not the least interesting feature of the venture is the fact that the new steamer is to be sailed under the American Flag.—*Washington Post.*

#### "YANKEE CATCHER" CAUGHT.

"We've got a 'Yankee catcher' down here."

"A what?"

"A 'Yankee catcher.' Just hauled one out of the river."

The startling report was telephoned to Deputy Collector Hamilton, at the custom house, from the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway wharves yesterday afternoon.

The deputy collector was at a loss for a few minutes to know what to reply. He had no use for anything of the kind himself, and couldn't think of any of his friends that wanted one. Capt. Le Page, who reported the matter to Mr. Hamilton, said that he didn't want the thing at the wharves, and he wanted to know what to do with it.

A few minutes later a gentleman, who came up from the wharves, walked into the custom house and reported that a loaded torpedo, of the "Yankee catcher" species, had been hauled up from underneath the schooner Annie C. Grace. A party of government officials went down to look at it. Several weeks ago the schooner A. Denike, lying opposite the wharves, hauled up on her anchor fluke a huge log, supposed to be a part of the obstruction placed in the river during the war. On one end of the log was a sort of framework, which was cut loose. The log was about thirty feet long, and being an

obstruction in the channel was towed up to the wharf and fastened.

The schooner Annie C. Grace moored outside of the obstruction and yesterday it was hauled out. One end of the log was lifted upon the wharf. It became necessary before the other end could be got out to cut away a heavy framework in the center. After some difficulty this was done and the log was pulled up. When the men saw what was on the other end of it there was no need to tell them to be careful. The costliest china would not have been handled more tenderly than they handled the big log. Bolted fast to it was a huge torpedo. The brass cap was as bright as it was the day the thing was sunk. The affair was what, in war times, was called a "Yankee catcher." To the end of the log was chained a box which was filled with stones and iron. The torpedo was bolted to the other end, so that when the log was placed the torpedo would float just below the surface of the water. It is probable that the location of this one was lost, or it was never taken up, and has been lying at the bottom of the river, where it was sunk during the war. Harbormaster Kennedy took a look at it last night. The railroad people and the men who work on the wharf are anxious to get rid of the thing, but don't know how to do it. —*Savannah News*.

#### SENATOR VEST AND THE JACK POT.

Years ago Senator Vest, when a young man, occasionally indulged in the fascinating game called draw poker. Once on a time Vest had tried a case in a little country seat, and received a large fee for clearing his man. So much money in the hands of the young lawyer was as tempting to the denizens as a cool watermelon to a hungry negro. The result was, a game of poker was gotten up. The boys intended to fleece Vest, and of course stacked the cards. They had no place to play in but a little shed that had no floor but

some fresh, dry wheat straw. It was a five-handed game, and a dry goods box served as a table. It happened to be a jack pot, and Vest opened it on three queens. The cards being fixed, the other fellows had better hands, and of course raised before the draw. Vest stood the raise and drew two cards. As luck would have it, he got the other queen. The betting commenced and grew exceedingly warm. They would raise the young lawyer and he would see them and go a little better. An outsider, who stood in with the gang looked over Vest's shoulder and saw what a formidable hand he had. He held up four fingers, shook his head, and in other ways tried to warn his friends. But to no purpose. He saw that Vest would break the crowd, so he lit a match and set the straw floor on fire and told them to run for dear life. That cool head which serves him so well now, and which never lets him become rattled, did not desert him then. With one hand he raked in the boodle, with the other he exhibited his lovely queens, and as he went out of the door, with his coat-tail on fire, he said:

"Let her burn; the pot is mine."

#### A BLIND CRITIC OF PICTURES.

Detroit boasts of a blind art connoisseur named Coyl, who is also a good patron of art. Whenever and wherever there are good paintings to be seen he can always be found. Meeting him at one of the galleries a few days ago, a *Tribune* reporter found him seated in front of a small Hart, which had just been received and at which he was looking intently, seeming to enjoy it with the rest of the company.

"Here's a new Hart," said he as the reporter advanced to shake hands. "Good, isn't it? He paints stronger than he did. Don't you think so?"

The reporter wonderingly assented.

"The distance here is good," he continued, "and the water particularly so. The picture is small but treated with feeling. Hart's pictures are all alike—

two cows, a red one or a white or two of a color, a bit of water, and foliage."

"Yes," said a lady of the party. "We call his white cows 'Sunday' cows and the red ones every day cows."

"Well," said Mr. Coyl with considerable pleasantry, "these are not his Sunday cows, evidently!"

Neither were they, for they were bright red. But how in the world could a blind man tell a brindled cow from a white one in a picture? Is there a sixth sense?—*Detroit Tribune*.

#### SOCIALISM DEFINED.

The colored population of Texas take a great deal of interest in socialism, but their ideas on the subject are a little mixed. "What am dis heah socialism, anyhow?" asked Jim Webster of Austin Thornton, who is regarded by the negroes as well posted in all such questions. "Lemme 'splain dat ar'," replied Thornton, assuming an attitude. "Yer see, ef we goes into Sam Johnsing's saloon and you order two drams, one for me an' one for you, you has to pay for 'em bofe; ef I, being a socialist, orders the whisky, you has ter pay. You ain't no socialist; does yer see?" "But s'posin' Ise a socialist myself?" "Den de barkeeper has ter pay for de drinks." "But s'posin de barkeeper am a socialist?" "Den we falls on him and jess pound de life outen him, bekase somebody has ter pay for de drinks; does yer see?"—*Texas Siftings*.

#### HE MET MACAULAY.

Not long ago I was talking with an old gentleman who has for years been in the iron business as a commission merchant in a western city, who, early in his career, went to England to make a study of iron manufacture in conjunction with a visit for pleasure.

"One day," he said, "I went to a London book store to find a certain work on metallurgy I could not find in America, and while there a pleasant old gentleman came in and began look-

ing around pretty much as I was doing. We came together presently, and soon were chatting pleasantly on books and other matters, and I told him who I was and what I was seeking. He told me he knew the work, and though it was rare he thought he might find it, and at once began a search through the racks, shelves, and out-of-the-way corners, and finally came up smiling from a dark place with the book in his hands. I thanked him, and, taking the volume to the dealer, I ordered it laid aside, and at the same time ordered the late numbers of Macaulay's works, which were appearing in parts, and some of which I had bought in America.

"I told my new friend that in my estimation Macaulay was the greatest English writer, and that I had read everything he had written, as far as I knew. He smiled pleasantly, and after a few moments' further conversation, we parted, with the hope of meeting again. The next morning I left London for York, and when I had settled myself in the compartment assigned me I found my traveling companion to be the old gentleman I had met in the book store the day previously. I was glad to see him and told him I was bound for York, and he said he was going there, too. This pleased me, and I settled down for a good talk, for he was exceedingly entertaining, and thoroughly the gentleman. We made no stops for some time, and when we did I noticed a large crowd at the station.

"'There must be some distinguished person aboard the train,' I said, 'and these people are here to see him.'"

"'Possibly,' he answered, with a smile like the one he gave me the day before among the books, and we continued our talk. At the next station there was a larger crowd, and getting outside I asked what was going on, and some one told me Lord Macaulay was on the train. I went back to report to my friend.

"'Lord Macaulay is on the train,' I

said, 'that's what brings the people out, and I'd give a good deal to see him myself.' He smiled again. 'I'm Lord Macaulay,' he said, with almost a schoolgirl blush, and I reached out with American enthusiasm and shook hands with him so heartily and earnestly that he laughed till tears ran down his cheeks.

"When we reached York he invited me to dine with him, and at the dinner he extended further invitation for me to visit his home and his family, and I did it, and to this day Macaulay is one of my brightest and pleasantest memories."

#### IN THE OLD ALBUM.

Do you ever open the old album and look over the pictures? Well, the old folks—your father and mother—always look well, for, don't you know, parents are always old-fashioned. But there's your aunt, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and hoops, and her hair pasted down over her forehead and parted in the middle, with a kind of jaundice complexion and bright eyes that show in their pupils nothing but the excited, intense interest of trying to look into the camera for fifty seconds without winking. And you thought she was so pretty then, and you remember as a child when you went and told your mother you saw her being kissed by her beau at the garden gate. Then there's her beau, who afterward married her. He was so handsome, don't you know? Look at him. He wears a long frock coat with lapels that curl up under his arms; he has a flaming necktie and a shirt front showing down to where the coat looks as if it were tied by a string tight around his waist. His trousers don't fit, and his face is all covered with yellow specks, and he looks as if he had swallowed a fly and it was in dying agonies in his windpipe, while he daren't cough for fear of spoiling the picture. Then there's yourself. Well, that's not so bad. You know you were very pretty as a child, and you remember the dress, and—well—you're not quite so old-

fashioned—to yourself—as the others. And you turn the page. There's Fred, whom you jilted. You look at him and you're glad you jilted him. He used to be so beautifully pensive. Now he looks like an idiot, and—well—you doubt if he ever could have been so horrid, anyway. Then your husband comes along and turns the book over and says: "Do you remember that?" You close it on his fingers; it's fearful. You have an old-fashioned, shapeless, black-silk gown that looks like gingham, or something, with wide sleeves and big ruffles, and the skirt is gracefully bunched out like a half-exhausted balloon. And you've had the picture painted, and the beautiful red of your cheeks has become mottled, and the neck is yellow, and the hair is a dirty-brown color, and you've got hold most awkwardly of a green chair. And your husband wonders what he ever could see in you until you show him his own picture. Then he shuts up suddenly like a knife, don't you know.

And the old gray-headed man comes and takes up the book. He has lost the taste for fashions and for styles, and only the faces speak to him. He thinks, as he looks at this faded and yellow portrait—it is his wife when they were both thirty years younger and photographs were not so common—she is for a moment young again and he remembers how he stood in the corner and watched her as the picture was taken, afraid to breathe until the cap was put on, in case some movement of his lips might break the spell and frighten away the sunlight. But he has another picture older than the paper photograph. It is a daguerreotype. He keeps it to himself. It cost him dear. It is of a young girl in the first blush of womanhood, and all the modern cameras in the world, with all the most patent improvements and all the most embellishing effects, can never make so beautiful a picture for him. Well, well. God bless the old folks. They're a trifle cranky, but there's an awfully kindly method in their crankiness.

## SOME FRENCH HORRORS.

There is something of a comfort in knowing that those horrible creatures, the parricides of Selles St. Denis, the couple Thomas, have paid the penalty of their crime. It may be remembered that they were the chief actors in that hideous tragedy, unparalleled in the annals of murder, when the old mother of the woman Thomas was burned alive by her daughter and her son-in-law, her own sons looking on, if not actively aiding and abetting, while the little granddaughter, a child eight years of age, was present at the whole scene, and was, in fact, the chief witness against the murderers. The woman, who had been all along the most hardened and cynical and brutal of the party, broke down utterly when brought face to face with death, shrieking, struggling and crying aloud for mercy from the moment that she was first apprised that the hour of doom had arrived. Only once did she display any trace of womanly softness or of natural feeling; it was when her hair was severed by the shears of the executioner. Looking at the long locks that were laid before her on the table she muttered: "You will give that to my little daughter, will you not?" All the melodramatic formula of the execution of parricides which date from the Middle Ages were observed. The condemned were led out in white garments and barefooted, their heads being shrouded in black veils. Like the hapless Mme. Dubarry in revolution days, the wretched woman never for a moment ceased her prayers and screams and struggles, but the vast crowd that was assembled was not moved to even a momentary pity by her agonized despair. She tried to struggle even when bound to the fatal plank, and it took all the herculean strength of M. Deibler's aids to control her desperate writhing. Her husband, on the contrary, met his fate with calmness and resignation. There is a generally expressed feeling of satisfaction at the retribution thus meted

out to the most diabolical assassins that have ever in modern days left a black and bloody trace on the social history of the hour.

Less atrocious, and yet with a curious sensational element involved in its details, was the murder of a wealthy old gentleman, M. Talabard, for which the jury of the Allier has just condemned a young soldier named Redon to imprisonment with hard labor for life. The evidence was wholly circumstantial and the young man would probably have been acquitted had it not been for two circumstances. One was his previous bad character. The other formed the minute link that connected him personally with the deed. On the towel, with which the murderer had cleansed himself from the bloody traces of his work, was found a single scarlet thread. This thread was proved to be a raveling from the red cloth of a pair of military pantaloons, and this slight but irrefutable evidence brought about the condemnation of the accused.

Another singular affair, rendered noteworthy by the swift retribution that overtook the criminal, took place in the provinces the other day. M. Brulport, a former insurance agent, a man of over 60 years of age, who lives in a lonely spot near the town of Chemaudin, was visited one evening by an unknown individual who asked him if he had any sheep for sale. On receiving an answer in the negative he continued the conversation, and, watching his opportunity, he suddenly dealt M. Brulport a stab in the back. The old man, who, notwithstanding his age, is endowed with great strength, entered into a struggle with his would-be assassin, who, catching up a heavy iron saucepan, stunned him by a blow on the head. Just at that moment some workmen who were passing by heard the sounds of the struggle, and hurried to the assistance of M. Brulport. His assailant at once took to his heels, leaving his victim insensible and bleeding, but still not seriously injured. The police, on being warned, at once set out in search

of the criminal, and in a very brief space of time his body was found on the railroad, having been cut in two by a passing train. His foot had slipped on the frozen earth in his precipitate flight, and he had paid for his evil designs with his life.

#### THE STRIKE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Chairman Curtin, of the special committee of the house, appointed at the first session of this congress, on the southwestern railroad strikes, submitted a report today. It is taken up largely in a review of the strike, its inception and progress, with which the country is familiar, and states that the loss to the 9,000 men engaged in it for the fifty days they were out aggregated \$900,000, while the non-striking employes suffered to the extent of \$500,000, and the railroads by loss of property and revenues suffered to the extent of \$2,800,000. The loss to the public cannot, the report says, be computed. Combined labor against combined capital is indorsed. The committee observes that whatever may be the defects of the interstate commerce law, an enlightened commission soon to be appointed will recommend prompt legislation to give the protection which is needed to those who are interested only in the regular and proper operation and management of the railroads. The committee concludes that arbitration cannot be effective, for the reason that there must be two parties to the arbitration, and either may decline, and when disturbances occur it would not be effective in immediately redressing wrongs or restoring the means of transit of persons or property to the people of the country. It is concluded, further, that the Missouri Pacific employes had grievances of which they had just reason to complain, and these may have extended or enlarged the strike. The general oppression complained of was generally by subordinates who had power over certain persons employed on the road. They were asked to work without pay and without sufficient sleep and rest.

The Texas & Pacific had a "black list," which contained the names of some of the persons who had grievances, and the committee declares that by no combination of capital or to no extent of incorporate power can the listing of an American citizen as being unworthy of employment be justified. The report is a unanimous one, but some of the committee reserve the right to differ from the conclusions of the report.

#### PUNISHING CRIME IN GERMANY.

In Germany a law breaker has a hard time. What would be regarded as a small offense in this country is there punished promptly and severely. An ex-consul is reported as saying: "To illustrate the stringency of the criminal laws in Germany, it is made a penal offense in that country to strike a man who wears spectacles or eyeglasses. A case in point occurred not long ago, in which an American of wealth and excellent social position in our country became involved in a trifling dispute with a German in one of their beer gardens. In the course of the altercation he, for the moment, lost his temper and struck the man, who wore glasses. He was not aware of the extent of the offense which he had committed, but he was at once placed under arrest, and was informed of the nature of the law. He at once did all in his power to right the wrong which he had done and avoid the penalty. He caused the man's eyes to be examined by one of the most celebrated oculists in Germany, who pronounced them in good condition. He also presented the man with a large sum of money, about \$1,500, with which to go into business. All this was of no avail, however, as the machinery of the law, once set in operation, continued its work, and the American was condemned to serve two years in the penitentiary. The American consul at once began efforts for the release of the man, but it was not until he had served eight months of his sentence that the influence of the consul

with the emperor prevailed, and the man was pardoned. This will illustrate the severity of the laws for the punishment of crime in Europe. If the states of the Union would adopt similar measures with criminals the statistics of crime would tell a different story from that told today."

#### WHY THE MAIDEN WAS PENSIVE.

He was rather sentimental, and he and his friend were in the park. A little way off two ladies were seated. One of them was very pensive, and extremely pretty. She was resting her cheek on her hand, and her eyes were full of far-off contemplation.

"She is pretty, isn't she?" said he. "By Jove, I'm falling in love with that girl. I wonder who the fellow is she's thinking about? I say, wouldn't it be pleasant to think a pretty girl like that could sit and dream about you as she's dreaming about somebody? Let's walk past and look at her."

So they walked slowly past. The maiden was still wrapped in contemplation, and, as they passed, her companion said quite distinctly:

"Now, Emily, this is all foolishness. Let's go in to Dr. — and let him take the tooth out."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

#### TOO MUCH FOR THE JUDGE.

I have just heard the following good story on Chief-Justice Bleckley. Nobody appreciates a good thing more than Judge Bleckley, and, as he told this story on himself, I know he will not be offended at its publication. All who know Judge Bleckley and recall his long, waving hair and beard will appreciate the story. Judge Bleckley was on his way to the supreme court one morning, when he was accosted by a little street gamin, with an exceedingly dirty face, with the customary "Shine, sir?"

He was quite importunate, and the judge, being impressed with the oppressive untidiness of the boy's face,

said: "I don't want a shine, but if you will go wash your face I'll give you a dime."

"All right, sir."

"Well, let me see you do it."

The boy went over to an artesian hydrant and made his ablution. Returning, he held out his hand for the dime.

The judge said: "Well, sir, you've earned your money; here it is."

The boy said: "I don't want your money, old fellow; you take it and have your hair cut"; saying which he scampered off. The judge thought it so good a story that he told it on himself.—*Augusta Chronicle*.

GIRLS look pretty on horseback, and we love to see them. We popped the question to the lady we now board with while we were gaily cantering side by side in the long ago. She jumped at the chance, and we've been jogging on together ever since. In a town like ours, where horses are plenty and other outdoor amusements not very numerous, we think all the girls should be encouraged to become accomplished equestriennes. Let your girls ride horseback. It will make them healthy, strong, active and self-reliant; and, gracious, don't they look handsome prancing along on a spirited charger.—*Quitman (Ga.) Free Press*.

A MINISTER in the country had some clothing repaired by a local tailor, and in conversing with him said incautiously: "When I want a good coat I go to Boston. That's the place. By the way," he added, "do you ever go to church?" "Yes sir." "And where do you attend?" "Well, sir, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to Boston. That's the place.—*Boston Record*.

ACCORDING to Bible teaching it is proper always to return a kiss for a blow, and all young men agree that a pretty girl does very wrong when she returns a blow for a kiss.

## GRAND LODGE

# Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association

OF NORTH AMERICA.

## March Assessment Notice.

NOS. 21 AND 22.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 1, 1887.

*To Subordinate Lodges :*

DEAR SIRs AND BROTHERS, — You are hereby notified of the following claims :

No.	NAME.	No. OF LODGE.	CLAIM.	DATE.	CAUSE.
21	S. Busby.....	27	Disability.	January 31.	Lost arm. Run over by car.
22	John Rush.....	12	Death.	February 7.	Run over by C. B. & Q. engine.

The amount of seventy-five cents is due on the above two assessments. A strict compliance with the Constitution and By-Laws is earnestly requested. All Lodges who, on March 20th, are in arrears on any of the assessments prior to these last two, will stand suspended until such claims are paid.

I am fraternally yours,

WALTER S. CONDON,  
Grand Secretary and Treasurer.



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

TO HAVE what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath"  
— Few of us care to kick a fool.

ANGELS of midnight may be horrible-looking things in curl-papers in the morning.

TRAIN a boy to be brave and to speak the truth and you have done your best by him.

IN Paris there are 490,000 unmarried men and only 380,000 married, while there are 416,000 unmarried women.

SOME "pure ground coffee" analyzed in New York was found to contain only five per cent of genuine coffee, and was adulterated with seven different ingredients. It was a favorite brand with hotels and restaurants.

A GERMAN paper says that with a funnel of thick manilla paper about sixteen inches long and six inches wide at the mouth, the smaller end being put into the opening of the receiver, one may talk in whispers through the telephone.

NATURAL gas is by no means a recent discovery. Even its utilization for the purposes of the mechanic arts was long ago successfully attempted in China, where, by pipes of bamboo, it was conveyed from natural wells to suitable furnaces, and, by means of terra cotta burners, consumed.

SOMEBODY has said that every person who would be happy in this world must keep two pet bears. They are called bear and forbear; that is, each one of us if we expect to have friends and happy homes must learn to bear patiently unpleasant things, and forbear doing or saying things unpleasant to others.

THE period which lies between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five is preeminently the character-building era of almost every life. Few characters

assume their "final permanence" before fifteen. Few are changed in their essential elements after five-and-twenty. —*Rev. J. Huston Bomberger, in the Interior.*

SAID Prof. Boss: "The star Alpha Cygni is moving towards the sun at the rate of fifty miles a second; it is also moving laterally at the rate of perhaps half a mile a second. In the course of 100,000 years it may be 300 times as bright as it is today. But the chance of another sun or comet colliding with the earth is a thousand times smaller than bringing down a bird by firing a rifle at random in the sky.—*Albany Argus.*

JACK FRANKLIN, an old colored porter in a Louisville tobacco warehouse, was sent into the cellar to remove a pile of dirt that had been long accumulating. While at work he picked up a battered army canteen, very heavy. He broke it open and found \$362 in nickels, dimes, paper quarters, half-dollars, gold dollars and five-dollar gold pieces. No one knows whose the money is, and the old man is richer than he ever expected to be.

MR. AND MRS. WM. GOOSE, of Jeffersonville, Ind., recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. They were both born in the county and have lived for fifty-seven years on the farm where the anniversary was celebrated. They have nine children, the oldest in his sixtieth year and the youngest in his forty-first. There were also present thirty-five goslings in the name of grandchildren and nineteen as great grandchildren.

IN his will the late Gen. Durbin Ward gave to his niece, Ella Ward, the jewel-mounted sword which had been presented to him by the privates of his old regiment. He enjoins her that she shall "deliver it to her eldest son, should she ever be blessed with one, and if he should die, to the next eldest in succession, and with it the charge never to

draw it in a bad cause, and to never leave it sheathed should a good one require its aid, and command him also to send it down to posterity to the eldest son in the direct line so long as any Ward blood can wield a sword, until that blessed time shall come when all swords shall be beaten into ploughshares."

#### A BRAKEMAN'S GOOD FORTUNE.

James De Forest, of No. 103 Lake street, Allegheny, a brakeman on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, will start for New York tomorrow to find out how many thousands of dollars he is to have from a fortune of 4,000,000 francs which was left by a relative of his who died in France recently. About three weeks ago an advertisement appeared to the effect the heirs of one Baron de Forest were requested to communicate with the London Claim Company of New York, where they would hear of something to their advantage. The family of the De Forests is one of the oldest and noblest in France. Josef Carlton De Forest was a celebrated general in the army under Louis XIV. He amassed great wealth in his campaigns and retired from active life into the provinces—where he lived as a retired nobleman until 1717. In the revolution of 1789 the De Forests remained unmolested, and it was not until the "reign of terror" and the government of Danton, Robespierre and Marat that the heir of the De Forests had to go into exile. But as soon as Napoleon I was proclaimed Emperor, Baron De Forest returned to his native country.

In the revolution of 1848 another Baron De Forest left France for this country and drifted to the town of Rochester, Pa., where he started a general store. From Rochester the De Forests came to Allegheny, where at the present time there are seven members of the family living, who constitute the heirs. They are all poor. They are James De Forest, Maggie Miller, Lizzie Creese, Ina Hamilton, Robert

Jackson, Carrollton Jackson and Mary Ellen Curtis.

Mr. De Forest, while telling the story to the *World* correspondent, said: "One of my relatives wrote a letter some time ago stating that money would be left us, but we had not heard anything of it until the appearance of the advertisement. I have not the slightest doubt of the truthfulness of the statement regarding the amount. It must be in the neighborhood of at least \$1,000,000. My Rochester relations have given me the full power of attorney to act in their behalf, and with the documents that I have got I shall be able to fully prove my identity."

#### Are You Going to New Orleans or Florida?

If so you can go via the MONON ROUTE via Louisville or Cincinnati, and see the Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Blount Springs, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and the Gulf coast for the same money that will take you through the dreary uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select a line to the South enjoying half the advantages that are possessed by the MONON ROUTE and its Southern connections.

No one should think of going South without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this world-famous wonder, that it is impossible to say anything new in regard to it—it cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest natural curiosity—Niagara not excepted—and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottos must either be a fool or a demigod. From Mobile to New Orleans (141 miles) the ride along the Gulf coast is alone worth the entire cost of the whole trip. In full sight of the Gulf all the way, past Ocean Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, and Beauvoir, the home of Jeff Davis.

When you decide to go South make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the MONON ROUTE, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville and the Cincinnati Southern Railways, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches, double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full information, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address E. O. McCORMICK, General Northern Passenger Agent, Monon Route, 73 Clark street, or WM. S. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent, 183 Dearborn street, Chicago.

**GRAND LODGE.****OFFICERS.**

James L. Monaghan .....	Grand Master.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
Alexander Ewart .....	Vice Grand Master.
Milwaukee, Wis.	
John W. Drury .....	Grand Organizer and Instructor.
3633 Wentworth av., Chicago, Ill.	
Walter S. Condon .....	Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
<b>BOARD OF DIRECTORS.</b>	
James A. Kelly .....	Chicago, Ill.
W. A. Simsrott .....	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas F. White .....	Chicago, Ill.
D. N. Collins .....	Detroit, Mich.
John T. Hurley .....	Omaha, Neb.

**SUBORDINATE LODGES.****1. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at Plasterer's Hall,	
cor. Lake and LaSalle sts.	
James L. Monaghan .....	Master
Thomas F. White .....	Vice Master
M. C. O'Connell .....	Recording Secretary.
330 Walnut st.	
William A. Simsrott .....	Financial Secretary
5438 School street.	
John Downey .....	Treasurer

**2. ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 4th Sundays, at cor. Nineteenth	
st. and Second av., third floor.	
J. L. Heyer .....	Master
A. A. Rogers .....	Vice Master
Thomas Christopher .....	Recording Secretary
2408 Sixth avenue.	
Thomas Pender .....	Financial Secretary
Frank Weigand .....	Treasurer

**3. JOLIET, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at 122 Jefferson st.,	
third floor, over Joliet City Bank.	
Byron R. Pierce .....	Master
Edward Whitney .....	Vice Master
W. R. Davison .....	Recording Secretary
P. O. Box 937.	
John F. Boles .....	Financial Secretary
John H. Clark .....	Treasurer

**4. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings, at Forest-	
ers' Hall, West Ninth st.	
J. W. Larkin .....	Master
Charles Greig .....	Vice Master
James Manning .....	Recording Secretary
Argentine, Kas.	
John W. Reed .....	Financial Secretary
John B. Snyder .....	Treasurer
John W. Reed .....	Journal Agent

**5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at cor. Reed and	
Lake sts.	
William Murray .....	Master
Benjamin Zwick .....	Vice Master
Christ Freese .....	Recording Secretary
549 Scott st.	
F. W. Archibald .....	Financial Secretary
Mat. L. Johann .....	Treasurer

**6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U.	
W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.	
William Nevius .....	Master
Wm. N. Darr .....	Vice Master
William Owens .....	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
I. N. Ream .....	Financial Secretary
George C. Miller .....	Treasurer
Joseph Gantz .....	Journal Agent

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings in each	
month, at Druids Hall, cor. Green and	
Main sts.	
G. F. Andrews .....	Master
Geo. Danforth .....	Vice Master
W. A. Brown .....	Recording Secretary
South Union st.	
J. B. Crites .....	Financial Secretary
W. A. Brown .....	Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W.	
hall, 186 Kansas av.	
L. G. Hammond .....	Master
J. C. Eversoll .....	Vice Master
H. D. Fuller .....	Recording Secretary
79 Adams st.	
P. J. Sweeny .....	Financial Secretary
John Nelson .....	Treasurer

**9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and An-	
gelique sts.	
Charles Chowning .....	Master
James T. Main .....	Vice Master
William McNichols .....	Recording Secretary
513 Mitchell av.	
Joseph Smith .....	Financial Secretary
Michael Fitzgerald .....	Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sunday evenings in the	
month.	
John Mahoney .....	Master
James Coleman .....	Vice Master
James H. Rogers .....	Recording Secretary
609 Shawnee st.	
Charles R. Parish .....	Financial Secretary
James Melvin .....	Treasurer

**11. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

P. H. Meehan .....	Master
John P. Mulvahill .....	Vice Master
G. M. Palmer .....	Recording Secretary
1418 S. Fifth st.	
Josiah Henry .....	Financial Secretary
William Hay .....	Treasurer

**12. CLINTON, IOWA.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. of	
L. E. hall, Fourth st.	
W. O. Raymond .....	Master
Robert C. Swails .....	Vice Master
W. F. Williams .....	Recording Secretary
905 Third st.	
W. H. Schmitz .....	Financial Secretary
Thomas H. Kilduff .....	Treasurer

**13. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**

David Collins .....	Master
Thomas F. Lynch .....	Vice Master
D. P. Smith .....	Recording Secretary
Detroit Junction.	
George J. Best .....	Financial Secretary
M. J. Curran .....	Treasurer

**14. TOLEDO, OHIO.**

Eugene Sullivan .....	Master
E. B. Lewis .....	Vice Master
Wm. A. Parks .....	Recording Secretary
161 Oliver st.	
Patrick O'Shea .....	Financial Secretary
J. H. Winslow .....	Treasurer

**15. DENVER, COLORADO.**

Meets first and third Sundays in each month	
at Red Men's hall, cor. 17th and Larimer sts.	
Edwin Smith .....	Master
Richard Burns .....	Vice Master
J. R. Murphy .....	Recording Secretary
Sherman House, 19th st.	
J. J. Fishbaugh .....	Financial Secretary
J. J. Fishbaugh .....	Treasurer
J. J. Condon .....	Journal Agent

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. L. F. hall, corner Third and Commercial sts.  
 Joseph J. McGee..... Master  
 J. E. Enright..... Vice Master  
 Henry P. Ming..... Recording Secretary  
 1400 Main st.  
 H. P. Ming..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Danforth..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

W. F. Wilson..... Master  
 Henry Lafrantz..... Vice Master  
 W. F. Wilson..... Recording Secretary  
 17 South Fourth Street.  
 J. E. Tobias..... Financial Secretary  
 G. H. Rohrbach..... Treasurer  
 W. E. Burns..... Journal Agent

**18. QUINCY, ILLINOIS.**

A. C. Joseph..... Master  
 James F. Gaffney..... Vice Master  
 J. F. Coughlin..... Recording Secretary  
 212 Spring st.  
 N. L. Stewart..... Financial Secretary  
 P. Hines..... Treasurer

**19. FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

Meets first and third Thursdays, at 27 Calhoun street.  
 W. W. Wilder..... Master  
 John Kelly..... Vice Master  
 Ed. Morris..... Recording Secretary  
 21 Pine st.  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Financial Secretary  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Treasurer

**20. SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.**

W. A. Stetson..... Master  
 Henry McDaniel..... Vice Master  
 T. B. Curran..... Recording Secretary  
 Savanna, Carroll Co., Ill.  
 Thomas Curran..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Robinson..... Treasurer

**21. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday nights in each month in When Block, North Penn st.  
 Wm. Broderick..... Master  
 Edwin Manzy..... Vice Master  
 J. F. David..... Recording Secretary  
 131 Huron st.  
 W. H. Willis..... Financial Secretary  
 J. L. Cravens..... Treasurer  
 W. J. Blizzard..... Journal Agent

**22. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

Henry Spiers..... Master  
 A. B. Clark..... Vice Master  
 Barty Kenney..... Recording Secretary  
 601 Lozzell st.  
 James Taylor..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. B. Chamberlain..... Treasurer

**23. CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

Meets second Sunday afternoon in the month at 1 p.m., and last Sunday in month at 8 p.m.  
 P. J. McManus..... Master  
 Jacob M. McFarlin..... Vice Master  
 James H. O'Brien..... Recording Secretary  
 33½ Phelps st.  
 J. W. Reed..... Financial Secretary  
 H. A. Heller..... Treasurer

**24. EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.**

Thomas Bowles..... Master  
 J. J. Keabler..... Vice Master  
 U. G. Gibson..... Recording Secretary  
 John A. Anderson..... Financial Secretary  
 Corey Nesbitt..... Treasurer  
 S. Wightman..... Journal Agent

**25. PEORIA, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons in the month at 2:30 p. m., at A. O. U. W. hall, Main st.  
 Pat C. Ryan..... Master  
 J. M. Davis..... Vice Master  
 James S. Lee..... Recording Secretary  
 230 Eaton st.  
 Fred Heath..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Brown..... Treasurer  
 J. M. Davis..... Journal Agent

**26. CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

Meets every Sunday afternoon at Anderson's hall, 192 W. Fifth st.  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Master  
 Joseph A. Wallace..... Vice Master  
 Wm. Schachleiter..... Recording Secretary  
 196 Betts st.  
 Wm. Barrett..... Financial Secretary  
 Jacob Bressler..... Treasurer  
 Frank B. Kearns..... Journal Agent

**27. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.**

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at Fireman's hall, corner Second and Adams streets.  
 John K. Black..... Master  
 Wm. M. Singleton..... Vice Master  
 Dave J. Donelson..... Recording Secretary  
 Corner Seventh and Carolina streets.  
 J. S. Warren..... Financial Secretary  
 James Hunter..... Treasurer  
 Chas. E. Moore..... Journal Agent

**28. DULUTH, MINNESOTA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings in each month.  
 Henry Stang..... Master  
 Henry Gephart..... Vice Master  
 E. E. Johnson..... Recording Secretary  
 518 Superior street, East.  
 Frank Maxfield..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles L. Avery..... Treasurer  
 George Penman..... Journal Agent

**29. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.**

John M. Corbin..... Master  
 E. E. Hodgins..... Vice Master  
 J. A. Long..... Recording Secretary  
 Lincoln, Neb.  
 P. W. Pigott..... Financial Secretary  
 ..... Treasurer  
 P. W. Pigott..... Journal Agent

**30. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.**

Frank Sweeney..... Master  
 Henry Falls..... Vice Master  
 J. G. Donovan..... Recording Secretary  
 11 Second st., N.  
 J. F. Smith..... Financial Secretary  
 J. P. Lantry..... Treasurer  
 J. E. Sullivan..... Journal Agent

**31. CRESTON, IOWA.**

P. F. O'Gara..... Master  
 A. A. Simpson..... Vice Master  
 D. F. Toomey..... Recording Secretary  
 505 Maple st.  
 J. M. Eckert..... Financial Secretary  
 G. S. Hobbs..... Treasurer  
 E. E. Harner..... Journal Agent

**32. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.**

Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month, at G. A. R. hall, 183 E. Sixteenth st.  
 Daniel Coughlin..... Master  
 P. W. Hishon..... Vice Master  
 Frank Hull..... Recording Secretary  
 222 Chestnut st.  
 J. W. Morrison..... Financial Secretary  
 George McCann..... Treasurer  
 George P. Hincine..... Journal Agent

**33. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.**

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays in the month at G.  
A. R. hall, between Nos. 14 and 16 Pearl st.  
J. T. Hurley..... Master  
W. H. Kelley..... Vice Master  
Charles M. Hobbs..... Recording Secretary  
1008 Fourth ave.  
J. W. Jacobs..... Financial Secretary  
Elmer Pratt..... Treasurer  
Richard O'Brien..... Journal Agent

**34. JAS. L. MONAGHAN,****Michigan City, Indiana.**

E. D. Nichols..... Master  
T. Phalen..... Vice Master  
G. W. Weaver..... Recording Secretary  
Michigan City, Ind.  
John Hurd..... Financial Secretary  
A. F. Schrum..... Treasurer  
E. D. Nichols..... Journal Agent

**35. TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at  
corner Queen and Cameron sts.

James B. Johnston..... Master  
Joseph Wode..... Vice Master  
Henry Collyer..... Recording Secretary  
36 Turner avenue.  
J. F. Goodike..... Financial Secretary  
R. J. Elward..... Treasurer  
Wm. R. Walker..... Journal Agent

**36. JOHN W. DRURY.****Town of Lake, Illinois.**

J. W. Callahan..... Master  
James D. Correll..... Vice Master  
George W. Clark..... Recording Secretary  
5135 Atlantic street.  
Thomas Winn..... Financial Secretary  
Jerry Travis..... Treasurer  
M. J. Keegan..... Journal Agent

**37. ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.**

C. W. Sargent..... Master  
F. J. Galler..... Vice Master  
J. R. Doy..... Recording Secretary  
1430 Poplar street.  
J. E. Shellenburg..... Financial Secretary  
Henry J. Dailey..... Treasurer

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25. W. H. Janeway and Michael McNamara, for non-payment of dues and assessments.
2. Jerry McCarthy, for non-payment of dues and assessments; John Lane, for same cause; Wm. VanDyke, for same cause; John Tobin, for defrauding the Lodge; Sam Bordeaux, for same cause.

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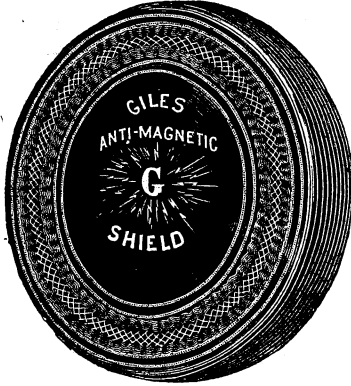
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  - 3d. Against magnetism caused by dynamo machines, electric wires and the multiplied electric and magnetic devices of the present day, which place any one in daily danger of coming within their influence and having their watches affected thereby.
  - 4th. A protection for railroad men who are constantly under the influence of electricity and magnetic influences caused by the moving trains.
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  - 6th. Protection for breaking main-springs, caused by the so-called electric storms, or magnetic influences of the atmosphere.
  - 7th. A dust-proof case keeps the watch in much better order, the oil fresh and clean, thereby reducing the friction, giving better time, and rendering the watch more durable.
- This Anti-Magnetic Shield in a new dust-proof case, made together, costs but little if any more than an ordinary case of same size; but to fit it into another case costs from \$5 to \$25, complicated works costing the most.

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# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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## DELIGHTFUL MARCH.

Spring, spring, beautiful spring,  
Is made of a little of everything.  
One moment the sunbeams salubrious glow,  
And then in your face flies a shower of snow.  
The blue-birds pour forth a most musical flood,  
And they hop on the ground till they're froze in  
the mud.  
The oriole pauses in building his nest,  
And wishes he had on a corduroy vest.  
The violets will shortly empurple the field,  
And keep on empurpling until they're congealed.  
The wren at the door-step will daintily toot  
Until he's cut short by the coy epizoot.  
Spring, spring, beautiful spring,  
You're made of a little of everything.—*Puck.*

## LITTLE RUTH.

I know I was a selfish old idiot, now, when I look around me and see the mercies given me in my helpless old age, feel the warm love around me on all sides, and realize the desolation my own hand reached forth to grasp; but I was blind to the future in those days when I so nearly wrecked all its happiness.

This was how it happened. After Martha died — my wife, I mean, with whom forty happy years of my life were spent — and all my children were dead or married, excepting Ruth, there fell upon me the heavy misfortune that has chained me to this chair or my bed for fifteen weary years. I had been a hard-working man all my life — a wheelwright by trade — with a large family to rear, to clothe, to feed, to educate, and, ah me! one by one to bury in the old churchyard, till only Mary, James and Ruth, our baby, were left to me. Mary married and went with her husband to the far West. James took his small fortune of a few hard-earned dollars and left us for the golden land of promise, California, and only little Ruth was left us. Then the angel of death came for Martha, and only six months later I was stricken helpless with paralysis.

I am reconciled now to my hard fate, and can sit here happily, glad that my eyesight is still good, my right hand free, and that I have learned in my old age to love books, to enjoy reading and even writing, as I never did in the hard-working days of my youth. But in those first months of helplessness, when even to toss and turn in my nervous torture was denied me, my sufferings were simply horrible. No agony of pain, nor torture of flesh or bone could equal the dreadful pressure upon my strong limbs that held them motionless, dead, in spite of my efforts to move them one little inch. I have fainted with the frightful efforts I have made just to lift once the feet that had carried me miles in a day with unwearied ease.

But even in that time of rebellious murmuring, of bitterest repining, there was some consolation. First, there was the house and five acres of land, my very own, free of debt or mortgage, and a small sum in the bank, the interest of which lifted us above actual want. Then I had Ruth.

She was just twenty when her mother died, and others besides her father thought her face the fairest one for miles around. She had the bluest eyes, like the little patches of summer sky, and hair that was the color of corn silk, and nestled in little baby curls all over her head — rebellious hair that would not lie straight under any coaxing, but kinked up in tangles that were full of sunlight. Her skin was white as milk, with cheeks like the heart of a blush rose, and her smiles showed the prettiest rows of pearly teeth that I ever saw.

She coaxed me from my wicked re-

pinings by coming to me for directions, making me feel that my head was still needed to direct the work, though my feet would nevermore carry me over the doorsill. Then she fitted up for me a large back room that overlooked most of the farm, and had Silas, our head man, lift me up every morning and put me in a deep cushioned chair by the window, where I could see the barn, the poultry-yard, the well, and the fields of waving corn and wheat. She made me feel myself of importance by giving me thus the master eye over my own little domain; and she brought up her own meals to eat with me in the room where my infirmity held me a prisoner.

You must understand what Ruth was to me or you will never understand the simple story I have set myself to telling you. She taught me to use my right hand without the left; and, if you want to appreciate the difficulty, tie your left arm down for one single hour and try how often it will unconsciously strain at the cords. She brought me books from the village library and opened to my old eyes and brain a field of pleasure never before explored. I had read my Bible and the newspaper all my life; but I never even knew the names of books, now my greatest treasures, till Ruth thought "reading would be company" for me. Little Ruth, even she does not know the world she peopled for me in her loving care for my loneliness.

When she was busy about her housework, her baking, her washing and ironing, she left all the doors standing open that I might still hear her cheery voice as she sang or talked to me. Then, when all her work was done, she would put a clean white apron over her black dress and sit close beside me, stitching busily on the household linen, while I read aloud whatever had most pleased me in my morning studies.

She devised little dainty dishes to tempt me to eat; she put saucers of flowers on my table, that I might cheat myself into fancying I was outdoors, as

their perfume crept out on the air; she assured me, petted me, loved me, till even my misfortunes seemed blessings drawing us near together.

And when she was all the world to me, all that saved me from misery, John Hayes asked me to give him Ruth for his wife. I could have struck him dead when he stood before me, a young giant in strength, with his handsome, sun-burnt face glowing with health, and wanted to take away my one blessing, my only home-child.

"I will be a true son to you, Mr. Martin," he said earnestly. "I will never take Ruth from here; but let me come and share her life and lift some of the burdens from her shoulders."

I laughed bitterly. I knew well what such sharing would be when Ruth had a husband, and perhaps children, to take her time and her love from me. But I was not harsh. I did not turn this suitor from my house and bid him never speak to Ruth again, much as I longed to do it. I worked more cautiously. I let him go from me to Ruth; and when he left her and she came to me, all rosy blushes, to tell me, with drooping lids and moist eyes, of her new happiness, I worked upon her love and her sense of duty till she believed herself a monster of ungrateful wickedness to think of leaving me or taking any divided duty upon her hands.

I wept, asking her if she could face her dead mother after deserting her helpless father. I pointed out to her the unceasing round of wifely duty that would keep her from my side, and proved to her that the duties of child and wife must clash, if undertaken under such circumstances as were proposed.

The loving, tender heart yielded to me, and John was tearfully dismissed. Through the warm autumn months, when the corn ripened and was garnered—when our crops were blessed and the little bank fund was increased by the price of the farm produce—



Ruth grew very quiet and subdued. She was not sad, having always a cheery word and pleasant smile for me; but the pretty rose-tint left her round cheeks, and I no longer heard her singing at her work. When I read the best pages in my books to her, I would see her eyes fixed dreamily on some far-away thought, her work lying idle, till she woke with a start at my fretful questions.

For I grew fretful and trying in those days. I wanted her to give up woman's dearest hopes and sweetest affections, and be the same sunshiny Ruth she was before my hand tore away her love dreams. I wanted her to put away all the loving, tender ties of wifehood and motherhood, and pass her life in devotion at the armchair of a paralyzed old man. And when she complied with gentle, touching submission, then I wanted her to be the bright, happy girl who had resigned nothing, and who could nurse sweet, girlish fancies, with John for a hero. An unreasonable old tyrant, wasn't I?

The winter came in early that year, and before Christmas everything was frozen up tight and the cold was intense. We piled up coal in the stoves, listed doors and windows—that is, Ruth did the work, and I enjoyed the result; but there came one cold day—one Friday—when it seemed no coals, no listing, could conquer the cold. Children froze on their way to school that day, and were found, stiff and stark, leaning against the fences. Food froze on the tables. Ask any one in Maine if they remember that Black Friday, and see if some mothers' eyes will not fill as they think of the little scarlet-hooded figures brought to their doors, white and rigid, that had lifted rosy, round cheeks for a kiss only a few short hours before.

This cold Friday Ruth hurried through her work in the morning, making my room the warmest place in the house, covering my armchair with soft woollens and moving it near the stove. I would have it face the win-

dow, for my glimpse of outdoor life was too precious to resign; but I was not, as usual, near it, for Ruth said there might be a draft.

When all was done indoors I saw from my chair Ruth, with a scarlet cloak and hood thrown over her, going to the well with an empty bucket. She stepped along quickly over the hard frozen ground, and I was admiring the trim little feet and the dainty figure, when I saw her slide to the two steps that were above the well walls and fall. She had slipped, and she lay doubled up between the two wooden steps and the rough sides of the well, as if she could not rise. Two or three times her hands clutched the lower step, and she raised herself half-way up, only to fall back again, as if her limbs would not support her.

And I could only look on, powerless to move to aid her. Oh, the idea of it! To know she was hurt, unable to rise, and I helpless as a log. I screamed and called for help. Silas was somewhere, I could not tell where, and I called loudly for him. I could see, after a time, that Ruth, after her frantic struggles was growing drowsy with the death sleep of cold. The scarlet hood drooped more and more, till it rested against the well side, and the blue-veined lids closed over her eyes. The sight called from me such a cry of agony as I thought must be heard for miles.

It was heard. A moment later John Hayes, panting and eager eyed, burst open the door.

"What is it?" he cried. "I heard you calling on the road."

"Ruth! Ruth!" I screamed. "She is freezing to death by the well."

He stopped to hear no more. Out upon the hard, slippery ground, down the steps with swift, rapid strides, and then I saw him stoop and lift the little scarlet-cloaked figure in his strong arms, and come swiftly back, bending his face down over the senseless one on his arm, while hot tears rained down his brown cheeks. He put her on a lounge

near my chair, and then dashed out for snow.

"Rub her, rub her!" he said. "I am going for a doctor and for my mother."

Before it seemed possible he could have crossed the lots to his home, his mother was with me and lifted Ruth away from the fire to the bed. The doctor came, and the two worked till my heart sank with utter hopelessness before the blue eyes opened again or the breath fluttered through the pale lips.

But it did at last, and John joined me in a fervent "Thank God!"

But Ruth had broken her leg, and we knew she must lie helpless for many weeks before she could be our active, bright girl again. It was an appalling truth for me to face, but she was not dead, not lying frozen against the rough well curb, and I could not but feel thankfulness far, far above the pain of knowing her suffering. I was trying to settle it all in my mind; to understand the doctor's words, while Mrs. Hayes and the doctor lifted Ruth to her own room, that opened into mine. They were away a long time, and John sat beside me, holding my hand in his, and comforting me as if I had not taken the very hope of his life from him.

"Don't grieve so," he said gently. "She will live."

"Thanks to you," I said. "O, John, if she gets well, she is yours. Give her your strong arm for life, John, instead of my helplessness. I see today where my selfish love has nearly cost her her life."

"Do you mean that?" John asked, with a little trembling in his voice; "do you really mean that?"

"I do, indeed. Let her stay here, John. I will not be a burden on your purse, for the house and farm and all I have saved are Ruth's; but let her give me what time and love she can spare from you."

"Gladly," he answered. "But we will not wait till she is well, Mr. Mar-

tin. Let me have Ruth for my wife now, today."

"With a broken leg, sick, helpless?"

"Does she not need me the more? Give her to me now."

But he had to wait until the bans were called in church three times, though he came to us that day, caring for me with the tenderness of a son, while his mother nursed Ruth. They were alone together, as we were, and they had shut up their house and come to live with us, never to leave again. For one morning, propped up with pillows, Ruth was dressed in white by Mrs. Hayes, and we had a wedding in the little room. My chair was moved in, and the neighbors came from far and near to hear the solemn words that made John and Ruth man and wife.

And happiness has shed its true light upon our home ever since.

#### A NEGRO BURIAL.

Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina. I and a friend were taking an afternoon stroll into the adjoining country. We had proceeded some distance and were passing through a dense wood, when suddenly my companion stopped and nervously inquired: "What's that?" I came to a halt and listened. A weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached our ears. It seemed to come only a short distance; appeared to emanate from the copse on the other side of the road. We crossed over and followed, bent upon investigating what it was. We had scarcely gained the opposite thicket when we encroached unexpectedly into one of those country burial-grounds which are to be found near every hamlet in South Carolina.

It was a strange picture that met our sight, and one that belonged more to heathen lands than to our own civilized country. There, around a newly made grave, about twenty-five negroes were collected. They all held hands and were slowly moving to and fro, while they wailed forth dirges, and at intervals would ejaculate wild, incoherent

words. In the midst of the circle, at the head of the grave, an old woman sat who rocked backward and forward, her eyes rolled wildly, and she moved in a mechanical way. This was the widow of the deceased, and it was her required part of the ceremony to loudly moan at appointed intervals during the singing. Something in this way their hymn sounded, as nearly as I could catch the words :

De white horse he rode,  
Wid de sickle in he hand,  
And slew down our brudder  
From among our earthly band.  
A moan ! Sister, moan !

And here the widow would reintroduce her heathenish incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground while the minister, a tall, very dark negro, stood and offered up a prayer. After the "Amen" was uttered they rose, and two of the number took from a basket near some articles, with which they decorated the grave as if they were placing upon the tomb floral offerings. They then slowly formed in procession and silently marched out of the inclosure. My friend and I, curious to decide what the peculiar mode of grave decoration was, proceeded to the spot, where an old man was shouldering his spade to quit the place.

"Why, old man," said I, "what are those things they have left on the grave?" Bottles, shoes, a jug! Why, what does it all mean?"

"Well, boss," said the ebony gravedigger, with an air of importance, "you see we puts de articles dat de departed brudder use to use on de grave for to keep away de bad sperrits, and I s'pose it is a sort 'ob 'spectful way ob treating de memory of de lost sister or brudder. You see, dars de bottle dat he take de medicine from when he be sick. And dars de jug, it had de last dram he drunk 'fore he jined de temperance meetin', an' de boots, I s'pose de shoes dat he gwine to change for de golden slippers dat he put on when he jine de ban up yander," and a beam of

placid faith illumined the old black face.

It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the same picturesque decorations. Childrens' graves were covered with broken toys, tin horns, gaudily-colored clay cats, dogs and owls. One mound was almost beaten to the ground with age, and on it rested in dilapidation an old hat and the remains of a banjo, also a clay pipe and a coon skin. Near by them was the grave of a blacksmith, with the implements of his craft wedged in the ground, and rusty horseshoes formed a circle around the mound.—*Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

#### FOR HUSBAND AND WIFE.

It is not infrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labors of the day, who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home. This is the man's story.

A woman's advice is generally worth having, so if you are in trouble tell your mother, or your wife, or your sister all about it. Be assured that light will flash upon darkness; women are commonly judged inexperienced in all but pure womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions or insight are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal there is no cat there. A man should keep none of his affairs from his wife. Many a home has been saved and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is

far more a seer and a prophet than man if she be given a fair chance. As a general thing wives confide the minutest of their affairs and thoughts to their husbands. The men who succeed are those who make confidants of their wives. This is the wife's story.—*The Half Moon*.

#### HIS LITTLE BOOTS.

Up in the cemetery on the hill this morning, I picked the pebbles from off his grave and smoothed the new-made earth with my hand and brushed away some dead leaves that had fallen there. I think there was a tear dropped on the grave as I bended over it, and there were little rivulets of tears running down both my cheeks as I came away from the lonely cemetery.

And I entered the house again. O, how quiet it seemed without the patter of his little feet, and his little cry of welcome. Ah, my precious one, papa misses that sweet and tender greeting. And on the mantel I saw his little pair of boots—the first and only pair he had ever worn. I put them on the mantel with my own hands the night before he died. Such little boots! How I have looked at them, and how *she* had taken them in her hands and kissed the stiff, black, heavy-soled things, and shed her tears upon them. How his little eyes did shine with joy and happiness when I brought them home. How those red tops and brightest copper toes enchanted his youthful heart. Then when she made his first pair of pants to wear with the boots, how his little body swelled with pride. Dear little boots! On the mantel there in silence they seem to speak sweet and tender words to me. I love them because he wore them. And she loves them even more than I, for every morning she kisses them and every evening she wipes away her tears with their little red tops. Oh, dear little boots! The kingdoms of the world could not buy them from us; they are the sweetest memories of our dead boy that God could give to us. His little boots! Even now I hasten to the man-

tle, and I touch them again with my rough fingers, and the tears are falling thick and fast upon his little boots.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### TAXING BACHELORS.

The Republic of Switzerland is the European country whose system of taxation most resembles our own. It is the only country where there is any considerable tax upon property. The countries in which the aristocracy is more powerful generally raise most of their revenues by indirect taxes. In Switzerland the indirect taxes are of comparatively little importance. Commerce with the surrounding nations is practically free. In the assessment of local taxes the democratic cantons are not content with a property tax, but most of them assess at a higher rate the property of the rich man than the property of the poor. A good many years ago this principle was adopted by Basle, Zurich and several of the smaller cantons, and a law has recently been passed in Vaud by which this canton also adopts the system of progressive taxation. The Vaud law divides real property into three classes and personal property into seven classes. The lowest class in each division includes property under \$5,000. The rate of taxation is 1 per 1,000. Estates that belong to the second class are taxed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per 1,000, and those belonging to the highest class are taxed 4 per 1,000. There is also a retrogressive tax upon earnings, and in this each individual is allowed in returning his income to deduct \$80 for each person dependent upon him. It is easy to see how different is the working of such a tax from the working of an indirect tax. An indirect tax upon sugar and salt, for instance, falls almost as heavy upon a man who has \$300 as upon a man who has \$30,000. According to the principle of the Swiss tax, the man who has \$30,000 ought to pay more than 100 times as much as the man who has \$300. By the Swiss principle, the man with an income of \$300, who has a

wife and two children dependent upon him, would pay no taxes at all, while a bachelor with the same income would pay upon \$220. If, on the other hand, the revenue was raised by a tax upon sugar and salt, the man with a family would pay a great deal more than a bachelor. The social justice of the Swiss principle is recognized by almost all recent writers on taxation, and we notice that it is gaining more and more favor here in America. One of the results of the Swiss system of taxation is the remarkably equal distribution of property in the country.—*Christian Union*.

#### A MONASTIC NAVY.

According to a Russian newspaper, an engineer has just arrived at Motala, in Sweden, to take over a steamer that is being built for the monks of Solovetsk. This vessel will make the sixth steamer belonging to the monks, who use them to convey to their monastery the 30,000 pilgrims that annually repair to the place. The monastery is situated on the largest of the three islands forming the Solovetsk group. The island measures fifteen miles in length by ten in breadth, and is only accessible from the middle of May until the middle of September. During this period steamers owned by the monks run regularly to Archangel and back, charging very little for the double voyage, and, in the case of very poor pilgrims, nothing at all. Each pilgrim, moreover, according to ancient custom, is boarded and lodged for nothing at an inn belonging to the monastery. Besides its shrine, Solovetsk is famous for its mines of talc, large quantities of which are exported to Russia and abroad. A peculiar feature about the Solovetsk steamers is that they are all manned by monks and commanded by monastic captains. The mainmast of each steamer is surmounted by a golden cross. In the time of Peter the Great the walls of the monastery were defended by ninety cannon, and during a

rebellion against the government sustained a siege of two years. During the Crimean war the monks claim to have driven off the English fleet by firing some of the old cannon remaining, and marching in procession round the monastery walls. Although the fleet owned by the monks does not pay expenses, the offerings of the pilgrims make up for the loss, the monastery being one of the wealthiest in Russia. At present the number of monks exceeds two hundred.

#### LONDON NEEDLE WOMEN.

The women engaged in the shirt trade are to the full as ill off, as badly paid, and as much to be pitied as were their sisters in the day when Hood sang their sorrows and sufferings. The woman who is solely dependent upon slop shirt-making starves rather than lives by it. She soon becomes in very deed,

The seamstress, lean and weary and wan,  
With only the ghosts of garments on,

who,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sews at once with a double thread  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

Happily many of the shirt hands are not wholly dependent upon the earnings of their needle. Numbers of the married women of the poorer classes work at the shirt trade with a view to supplementing the scanty wages of their husbands, and the additional income thus gained, though it may be but three or four shillings a week, sensibly increases the comfort of the household. Considering the wretched prices paid for the work, the surprising thing is that the women should earn even so much at it as some of them do. Take the button-holing—the leading branch of the work in Tenement street. The holes are rough punched in the factories, the work of the outdoor hands being to stitch them round. This button-holing is admittedly “niggling work,” and yet the rate at which it is paid for by the sweaters is a penny per dozen collars. As each collar has

three holes, the hand, who finds her own needle and cotton, has to stitch thirty-six holes for a penny. Even so, some of the experts, by working long hours, by rising early on summer mornings, and sitting late on winter nights, by living on food that is "ready to be put into the mouth," chiefly bread and butter, and eating as they work; by acting on these lines some of the button-holers will earn as much as eight or nine shillings per week. The prices paid by the manufacturers who give it out in the first instance are probably such as would enable a skilled and industrious hand to make a living wage; but as matters stand such men are almost compelled to employ middlemen, and the tender mercies of the sweater are cruel.—*All the Year Round*.

#### A JANITOR'S TALE OF GHOSTS.

Martin Crawford, janitor of the court house at Ann Arbor, told the following story. He says that about 3 o'clock Saturday morning he heard indistinct and muffled voices, as if half a dozen men were engaged in angry debate, and also a sound as of wheels being rolled over the tiled floor of the corridors. Crawford lives in the basement with his family, and he went to investigate the noises. Without awakening his wife he slipped out of bed and entered the hall. The noise then seemed to come from the room set apart for the Pioneer society. Crawford is not superstitious, and he attributed the disturbance to flesh-and-blood intruders. He claims that when he opened the door of the Pioneer room three forms stood in the center of the room, and that he distinctly recognized as one of the group ex-County Surveyor Pettibone, who has been dead many years. Another of the party resembled the late Judge Kingsley. The third form, Crawford says, was that of an unusually tall and thin man. This one pointed to the floor, where some object lay, but at this moment the janitor swooned. He was clad in his night-shirt, and was very

cold when he regained consciousness. The figures had disappeared. Crawford is a sober man and entirely truthful. The people think he was dreaming and walked in his sleep, but the janitor declares that he was perfectly wide-awake.

#### LADIES OF LIMA.

The ladies of Lima are all eyes. They have the reputation of being, as a class, the most beautiful in the world, and meeting them on the way to mass in the morning, or shopping later in the day, one can see how they obtained it; but knowing them in their homes the opinion changes, and you conclude, after calm reflection, that they are not so pretty as the women of New York. It is the manta, which they wear in such a coquettish way, that gives them their reputation for beauty, for it conceals every feature except their bewitching eyes and lovely olive complexion. No matter how ugly her mouth or her nose is; no matter how high her cheekbones or large her ears; no matter whether she is as scrawny as a scarecrow or as bald as a bat, a manta will make any woman with pretty eyes look handsome, and, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. This garment, which is peculiar to Peru, and is worn by ladies of all ages and social positions, from the President's wife to the laundress who comes after your linen, is a sort of foster-sister to the mantilla of Spain. It is usually of crepe from China, and costs anywhere from \$10 to \$500, according to its quality.—*Buenos Ayres Herald*.

THE first meerschaum pipe was carved in the early part of the Thirty-Years' War, and Wallenstein is said to have bought it. Now the average number of pipes turned out in the center of pipe manufacture in Germany is 540,000 real meerschams, 500,000 imitation meerschams, 500,000 wooden pipes of great variety, and many millions of clay bowls.

## AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

The following description of the earthquake which resulted so disastrously in southern Europe a month ago is from a private letter written by a Chicagoan to relatives in this city: A strange and startling experience has been mine during these past sixty hours, and yet is, for that matter. I have seen and felt the terrors of an earthquake, and am yet living in the midst of an alarmed and panic-stricken people, nearly mad with fear lest they may still be swallowed up in the earth! If I could sit down in your quiet room and talk to you I think that it is possible I might make you see and feel something of the awful sensations and sadness of last hours, but the pen in my hand can but poorly and feebly paint the scene or picture the realities of the horrors! Tuesday, February 22, was a glorious day—so bright, warm and balmy; “the sunset” at evening was sublime and beautiful; such a one as sets the soul of an artist on fire and awakens their keenest desires to catch even a shade of its loveliness! No sign or portend of evil or ill could be seen or felt. Every one was gay and happy, as it was the gala day of all the south of Europe—the closing day of the carnival. All along the Riviera the night was celebrated with grand and brilliant fireworks. So it was here, and my room facing the “promenade” and public gardens was a scene of liveliness, as I invited a number to share its hospitality; not till midnight did I get to bed, or quiet prevail in the house and on the adjoining streets and squares. Suddenly a horrid chill seemed to seize upon me—even before consciousness came fully. I awoke sharply from sound sleep with a start. What means this strange sense of awful terror that I find upon me? Why does my bed tremble, roll, reel and sway? What are these sounds that fall upon my ear? Am I dreaming? I jump upon the floor! It rises and squirms like the deck of a ship at sea in storm under my feet! I grasp a

chair; it vibrates and rocks in my hand! I hear a dull, low, rumbling sound; a distant, muffled roar, as of an enraged beast; the air is stifling, the wall of the house and the ceiling vibrate and tremble visibly; things all about me clatter and fall; great crackling and snapping is heard; and above all, women's shrieks and groans fall upon my ear all about. I realize all; know that it is the terrible earthquake; I cry aloud, “God save me.” Life like a pictured panorama passes before me! All, all; I see it all! I live the past; the awful present; the fearful future; I feel myself crushed and mangled beneath the ruins, and picture the anguish and pain of my dear ones. (Oh what ages are sometimes crushed into seconds.) All these experiences before I moved out of tracks, or dreamed that my house could withstand such a shaking! Will it never fall, or never cease? Oh the agony of suspense! I did put my hand over my eyes to shut out the horrid sight! My window flew open! The end came, and the house stood!

Then I rushed out into the hall! It was full of people; all in their night-clothes! Some kneeling and praying; some wringing their hands—frantic with fear, and unable to move a step! All confusion. It calmed me perfectly and finally! I used such powers as I possessed to help quiet the fears of several, and urged them to dress, which I turned to my room to do, but hardly had I got a foot into my “pants” when “Oh, heaven! save us!” was all I could say, and now, alas! all is over, I thought, for deeper and louder came that peculiar and terrifying roar, and quickly and more resistlessly the hidden furies of the fiends seemed to lift up, shake and rock this great house; and noises as of cracking beams and walls fell upon the ear, and the plaster began to come down. Again, seconds seemed ages, and all was quiet and the house still standing! Now I was cool again, but a power of action was given me such as I never had. I dressed and

fixed myself completely in five minutes. Then I quit the house and went all over the place to see the effects of the shocks and get what news I could gather; besides, I knew the streets were safest. The poor class were objects of pity. Ignorant, superstitious and full of horror of earthquakes, they rushed aimlessly along, with such things as in their fright they could think to seize. Whole families were dressing in the street. All the large hotels were scenes of wild panic, and in half an hour scores of strangers from the various hotels were on the way to the railroad station to go they knew not where—only to fly! Rumors of all sorts filled the air, but the telegraph lines all failed to work. This looked like widespread trouble to me. Soon messengers arrived from the mountains asking for relief parties, saying that the mountain villages were all destroyed and hundreds of people swallowed up. Soon the Mayor, at the head of an armed body of soldiers and a company of citizens carrying shovels, hoes, picks, etc., were off, and scarcely had they gone when the third shock came, but this time, being out by the seaside on the promenade, my fears had no awakening, and I could calmly and clearly analyze the sound, sensations and duration of the disturbances.

The first shock came at 6:20 A. M., the second at 6:30, the third at 9; each of these were about thirty seconds in duration. There was little difference in the force of the first two; the third was lighter, and at 1 o'clock yet a lighter one came, but bad enough for the timid, and several other light but distinct shocks have followed at irregular intervals, two in the night of Wednesday quite severe drove most people into the streets, if they were not there already. Nearly all people slept out or stayed out, some in tents, some in carriages, some in the gardens and squares, and all along the grand promenade. I saw some most cowardly conduct on the part of strong men of great past claim to bravery. Two "English

colonels" were the worst specimens I saw of abject fear. Some of the ladies were splendid and cool, and others objects of pity. Thursday morning at five and six other "quakes" occurred, and all left the house except myself and three others who slept on and did not know it.

Thursday at one o'clock another shock occurred and scared many very much indeed, and at night the scenes of the night before were repeated; but I slept quietly and well in my own room. Today we begin to get the news of what has happened all about, and find that it is frightful. Hundreds are dead and as many badly injured. San Remo seems to have been the exact center of the disturbances. In this "commune" 362 lives are lost and over 400 persons injured Saturday. Last night sixteen engineers, who have been directing the work of exhuming people from the ruins all over this commune, came to this house to get food and rest till 3 A. M., and then resumed work again. Their accounts were heartrending. I was going up to the mountains yesterday to see the ruins, etc., with the English Consul, but the military allow no one to go except the relief force, and I could not go yet.—*J. M. Ormes, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

#### TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Robert J. Burdette publishes in the March *Lippincott's* a paper of reminiscences entitled, "Confessions of a Reformed Humorist," full of the gentle pathos which has always tempered and purified his work, and breathing the fondest love for his dead wife, to whom he pays the following tribute in closing:

"As I close this paper I miss the loving collaboration that with so much grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remem-



ber most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance I owe to the greatest, best and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should not be placed on the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brow of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

#### EFFECTS OF MARRIAGE.

Few men pass through the experience of marriage without some change, for better or for worse, in their outward condition at least. In many cases the change is an improvement, a source of enjoyment to the man himself, and a subject for flattering comment on the part of his friends. This is specially so with regard to slovenly fellows, who often look, after they have come into the hands of a neat and energetic wife, as if they had just gone through a Turkish bath, had their cravats tied and been fitted out newly by a competent tailor. It is with a shock of pleased surprise that one meets a man of this character soon after his marriage, finding him not merely clothed, as of yore, but dressed, brushed and trimmed as to his hair, and well shaved. In fact, he seems to have acquired a new set of bones; his back is certainly straighter, the shape of his head is altered entirely and a pair of well-defined shoulders have emerged from the mass of cloth under which they were formerly concealed. Nor is the change physical only—the married man's *morale* has improved. He looks out upon the world with a face cleaner and brighter than it was in his bachelor days; and the consciousness of presenting a good appearance has raised him fifty per cent in his own estimation, and therefore twenty-five per cent in the opinion of others. And all this is due to marriage—an institution that sages and cynics

in every age have ridiculed! It is true that improvement is not always permanent, for affection may wane, the wife may cease to interest herself in her husband's appearance, and the husband to care for his wife's opinion. When a young man marries an heiress the changes in his outward condition are more subtle but none the less interesting. Very soon—miraculously soon, indeed—he becomes a little stouter, and his walk is slower, his feet being planted more solidly and more carefully than they were when they carried a bachelor. His clothes turn darker by one shade at least, and his watch-chain is certainly a thought heavier. The handle of his umbrella, also, has become perceptibly bigger, whereas his scarfpins are undoubtedly more quiet in character—less fantastic or trivial. Observe him on his way to a church-wedding, for example, and mark how different is his mode of progression from that of an unattached and miscellaneous youth. The rogue knows that a good seat will be reserved for him near the head of the aisle, and that he has no occasion for hurry. When he drives out it is in a substantial dog-cart or mail phaeton, and he escheweth—not perhaps altogether without regret—the side-bar buggy, which he used to think the kind of vehicle that he would have if he were rich. He is now a substantial person in the community—a family man, a capitalist *by proxy*—and he begins to have serious views on political and financial matters, which he is desirous of discussing with older men. In fact, he is rather given to shunning his contemporaries, and is not altogether easy in the society of his former companions. He has deserted their ranks, and although he has gained in dignity he has lost in freedom. His chains are golden, to be sure, but they bind with the force of a less costly metal. No longer for him are the delights of a midnight cigar or refreshing brandy and soda at the club. He is now the victim of times and seasons, and must go discreetly home when the proper hour

arrives. Sometimes, again, the effect of marriage is to transform an exquisite into a sloven, especially if the cares of poverty and of an increasing family rest upon his shoulders; or it may be that he is a sloven by nature, and relapses into that condition when the vanity of youth ceases to act as a spur. Husbands of this kind commonly let their beards grow, never black the heels of their boots, and have an irritating tendency to wear rubbers in fine weather. Their hats, even if not actually shabby, are antiquated, and their trousers, beside being worn too short, invariably bag at the knee. They wear long overcoats, and carry either no umbrellas (relying upon their old clothes for protection) or else umbrellas huge in size, cheap in material, and warranted to turn inside out in a moderate breeze. These men, if living out of town, are almost sure to develop a fondness for poultry, spending their Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings in pottering about hen-coops and watching the strut of their favorite cocks. They care nothing for society, not much for the theater, and are apt to fall asleep over a newspaper in the evening. They usually prefer pipes to cigars, and they are mighty drinkers of beer. To such base uses may matrimony bring its victims! There is still another class of men upon whom the effects of marriage are slow, but sometimes considerable. These are shy fellows, who have no knowledge of womankind, except as they gradually acquire it from intimacy with their wives and from observation of their wives' female friends, who are, of course, much less guarded and artificial with married men than with bachelors. Upon these unsophisticated persons the effects of marriage are very reassuring, and they soon find themselves at ease with young and perhaps beautiful women. Sometimes, indeed, they go so far as to carry on a flirtation, an achievement which would once have been impossible for them; but their efforts in this line are always harmless and arouse no jealousy in wives of sense.

## HUMOROUS.

"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," says the poet. Sometimes misfortune overtakes a man simply because he does smile too often.

There is likely to be another North Pole expedition as an Alabama scientist wants to solve the problem of how far a mule's bray can be heard in a high latitude — *Detroit Free Press*.

"O, give us a rest," said a young man, impatiently, to a little boy who was busy plying him with questions. The little fellow looked at him a moment, and then, with the utmost innocence said: "Well, you rest, and I'll talk." — *Columbia (S. C.) Record*.

Rev. Mr. Whangle. — "My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath day."

The boy. — "Why it's made out of the *Christian Weekly*, an' got a tail of tracts!" — *Puck*.

An old lady in Georgia buried all her money in the garden, and a colored man climbed over the back fence one night, and put the cash in circulation. — *Puck*.

Belmont boasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an ax, but he may be an unusually sharp man. — *Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun*.

Dumley (irately). — "I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey." Robinson. — "I believe I did say something of the sort, Dumley." Dumley (threateningly). — "Well, you will have to apologize." Robinson. — "All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey I'll apologize." — *Harper's Bazar*.

A twelve-year old school boy who had to be called a dozen times in the morning before he came down to breakfast was roused from his matin slumbers the other day by a loud clap of thunder, the electric bolt knocking a big hole in the roof of the house, going through the ceiling, splitting open the

headboard of the bed, singeing his hair, and passing through the floor and out of the kitchen door. The lad partly opened his eyes, faintly murmured: "Yes, I'm coming," and immediately turned over for a fresh snooze.—*Norristown Herald*.

"My dear," said a K street father to his daughter, "who is the gentleman who has been so attentive to you of late?"

"O, papa, he is such a nice gentleman, and he gets \$8,000 a year!"

"Great Scott, child, he must be a Cabinet Minister!"

"O, no he isn't, papa; he is the pitcher in a base-ball nine."—*Washington Post*.

Sarcasticus got up the other morning rather worse mixed up than were the drinks he had taken the night before. When he was ready to start down he cried: "Maria, where's my hat?"

"I don't know, my dear, unless Bridget has it."

"Well, and what the dickens is she doing with it?"

"She wanted a brick to scour the knives on, and I told her to look in your hat and she'd find a brick there."

He wore his last summer's hat down town.—*St. Paul Herald*.

#### JUDGE WAXEM'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Thar's powerful little satisfaction dyin' fer yore country at \$13 a month. That's why I rather be a congressman.

Truth is stranger'n fiction in politics.

I have never saw the American eagle too weak to scream.

Liberty an' union is what we fight fer, but we want 'em balanced.

Good men is mighty skeerce in politics, but it only tuck one Savior to redeem the world.

Sentiment is pattriotism's right-bower. Ef it wasn't fer sentiment the star-spangled banner wouldn't be worth

more'n 50 cents a yard, runnin' measure.

Thar's no use puttin' God in the constitution ez long ez thar is good mothers in the land.

Anarchy rises its hydry head above the wreck of parties.

A railroad pass reppresents a good deal more than the fare a congressman saves.

Ef there wasn't no taxation thar wouldn't be no government.—*Washington Critic*.

#### FRIDAY IS NOT UNLUCKY.

The archivist of the Thirteen Club, Mr. Marvin B. Clark, has furnished some very interesting historical facts concerning the day of the week called Friday, which has heretofore been regarded by many persons as being particularly unlucky. These facts will be published in his annual report, which will be issued during this week, and he has furnished the *New York Star*, in advance of publication, the following, which, he claims, controvert the old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day:

Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

Friday, January 4, 1494, he sailed on his return to Spain, which he reached in safety, the happy result which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage to America.

Friday, June 13, 1494, he discovered the continent of America.

Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII, of England, gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present constitution.

Friday, December 22, 1620, the pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, February 22d, George Washington was born.

Friday, June 16th, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence inducing France to declare in our cause.

Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American army, occurred.

Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion was made in congress by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.

Bismarck, Gladstone, and D'Israeli were born on Friday.

Friday, April 8, 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was published in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, in England.

Thomas Sutton, who saved England from the Spanish Armada, was born on Friday.

Friday, July 1, 1825, General Lafayette was welcomed to Boston and feasted by the Free Masons and citizens, and attended at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument, erected to perpetuate the remembrance of the defenders of the rights and liberties of America.

Friday, December 2, 1791, the Albany library was founded.

Friday, January 28th, the Panama railroad was completed.

Friday, March 20, 1738, Pope Clement XII promulgated his bull of excommunication against the Free Masons. Ever since the allocution excommunicating indiscriminately all Free Masons, the order has received an immense forward impetus in Italy, France and Spain.

Friday, June 30, 1461, Louis XI humbled the French nobles.

Friday, January 12th, Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was born, the richest sovereign of Europe.

Friday, June 10th, Spurgeon, the celebrated English preacher was born.

Friday, March 25, 1609, the Hudson river was discovered.

Friday, March 18, 1776, the stamp act was repealed in England.

Friday, November 28, 1814, the first newspaper ever printed by steam, the *London Times*, was printed.

Friday, June 12, 1802, Alexander Von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,200 feet.

Friday, June 13, 1785, General Winfield Scott was born in Dinwiddie county, Va.

Friday, May 14, 1586, Gabriel Fahrenheit, usually regarded as the inventor of the common mercurial thermometer, was born. It was he who first noticed that water boils at different degrees of temperature, according to the weight of the atmospheric column resting upon it—that it requires, for instance, less heat to make it boil on the summit than at the foot of a high mountain. Wherever the English language prevails the gradation of Fahrenheit is generally preferred.

Friday, December 25, 1742, Sir Isaac Newton, the illustrious philosopher, was born.

Friday, November 10, 1543, Martin Luther was born at Elsleben, in the county of Mansfield, in Upper Saxony.

Friday, September 5, 1752, the first American theater was opened at Williamsburg, Va.

Friday, June 3d, the first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, the

Savannah, sailed from Savannah to Liverpool.

George Stevenson, the father of railways, was born on Friday.

To these, continues the report, may be added innumerable other happy coincidences that happened on Friday, demonstrating the fact that it is not an unlucky day.

#### A LEAF FROM A BACHELOR'S LIFE.

What a comfort there is in a good fire—oak and ash! It seems even to impart a genial warmth to the soul within. As I sit in front of my fireplace and watch the curling flames and feel warmed and cheered, I could almost, I believe entirely, forgive my worst enemy. The ancients believed wood to have a soul, and I have often wondered, when I made a fire, if I were not the instrument of an all-rewarding and all-judging Providence for consigning these wood-spirits to their doom. Strange fancy is it? Perhaps it is, yet “There are things in Heaven and Earth undreamt of by our philosophy.”

I have work—hard, mental work to do tonight, but there is a kind of fascination in the glowing coals and high-springing flames which enchants me, binds me with the silken chord of fancy, and carries me to the realm of day-dreamland. Like Father Ryan, I see within the golden bed of coals “A face, a heart and a name,” and these three are connected most closely. It is only the romance of my dry, old bachelor life, but this evening it comes softly back to me—the sunny days of my youth, the springtime of life, where a “young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.” She was a maiden so rare and radiant that my pen quivers and hesitates when I try to describe her. Dark, soul-revealing eyes, bright, quick, playful, yet capable of all tenderness, and revealing the everlasting truth and sublime depth of her soul. Graceful in person, delicate in feature, and with that indiscrible *something* which always distinguishes the true

lady. Intellectual she was, most certainly, and capable of rising to exquisite heights in thought and feeling. Shall I go on and lift the years-dusted curtain from before the early life and love of an old man, now dreaming before his fire? Well, I loved her and told her so. It was one night when soft moonlight lit up the old homestead grove with a mellow splendor. She and I, soul to soul, vowed to be always true to each other. She was happy and so was I, and we felt that in love we had entered a new world all teeming with joy and beauty. Then separation came, she went to school, and I to complete my university course. Correspondence still connected us, but after awhile even that ceased, not because either had ceased to love, but each misunderstood something the other had said. Then I waited for three long years, went to her home, and again we were happy. I was a nobler, a better man. Separation came again. I was determined to get wealth, and conduct my bride to a house and home full of elegance and comfort. Alas! I won the house and wealth, but not my home and bride. Each thought the other cold, and by-and-by we ceased writing. That was a dark day to me and nature was suited to my mood. The sky was overcast. Thin spirals of cold mist seemed to freeze things animate and inanimate, and, after days of gloom within and without, I awoke and went about my business in a mechanical way, without energy, without heart, for my Alice had gone from my life.

Tonight, as I sit by my fire, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth, gazing into the coals, a letter lies on my table, telling me that Alice is still unmarried, and that she still cherishes every little gift of mine. My sister wrote that letter, and she said: “Dear brother, Alice still loves you. I feel it, I know it. Although she has not seen you for many long years, she constantly speaks of you, and now I want you to come and see her. Will you?”

Is it possible I have, then, misjudged her? Are all my theories in regard to woman's inconstancy false? Is she still true? Yes, I believe it, and I know that I still love her. Shall I go? My preparations are made and tomorrow I go to claim my bride and to try to make her happy. Good-night, the coals are still picturing her face, and I am still dreaming of the past, though now mingled with bright visions of the future. Good - night. — *Vernon W. Long, in Current.*

#### SHE DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

A well known Center avenue man, who has for a long time worn a very fine beard, had it removed the other day. It changed his appearance so much that few of his most intimate friends would have been able to recognize him. He went home, and when his wife, who had been away, returned she saw what she thought was a strange man making himself at home in her house, and asked him what he wished. As she received no satisfactory answer she ordered him out. As he refused to do this she called on the neighbors for aid. Four or five came in and tried to eject the stranger. Things were in a lively state when his brother came in, and, recognizing him, explained matters. It was a practical joke of the husband's. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

#### CARRIED HIS OWN MONEY.

It was in the days of the early railroad, when it was yet new; the days when the journey to New York was less of a little jaunt than it is now; when greenbacks were not popular here. One gaudy summer morning, just as the early birds were dropping into their offices to lay for the worm; as the stores, chill from their all-night darkness, began to feel warm; as the bank cashier had spread his alluring gold on the counter, where everybody could see it and nobody could touch it except himself; a man, walking in happy and feverish haste, with wild excitement

beaming all over his face, stepped into the financial junkshop of a well-known banker. You couldn't see much, but vague ideas of millions emanated from the big safe.

"I want exchange for this on New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked fearfully around him and then brought out a packet.

"It's \$25,000 in greenbacks."

"I guess I can do it. Going East?"

"Yes. I am going tomorrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft. How much?"

"O, seeing it's you, an old friend, 1 per cent; \$250——"

"It goes."

So the banker made out a draft on New York and took the money.

"You are going tomorrow are you?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind taking a little parcel for me and handing it to my brother?"

"Certainly; I'll do it with pleasure."

The banker went into the other room and presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise and don't lose it will you?"

"I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good-by. Pleasant trip."

Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. Then he presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical \$25,000 in greenbacks he had in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself without knowing it. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

"LITTLE boy, beware!" said a long-suffering Benedict to a little six-year-old friend. "The kind lady who gives you gingerbread to-day, when you come over to play with her little boys and girls, may be your mother-in-law some day in the rosy future."

# SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

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We desire a free and intelligent discussion of all subjects of interest to switchmen and railway employes in general. Correspondence of this character, from all points in North America, is earnestly solicited.

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THE boys at Grand Crossing don't propose to be outdone by the Town of Lake boys, and now they are preparing to organize a lodge there.

BROTHER FRED SANGER, formerly of Atchison, is now located at Topeka, and is doing well. Brother Ming is now sojourning at Kansas City.

A PASSENGER engineer on the New York, Lake Erie & Western road named M. L. Rose, was stricken with paralysis on his engine near Deposit, N. Y., March 1.

By referring to another column, it will be seen that we have two assessments for April; that of John Quinn, of Lodge No. 4, and E. M. Yerrick, of Lodge No. 5.

MRS. GUS HOBLOCK and little Miss Florence Yelland called upon us recently. Miss Florence has but recently been visiting relatives at Waukegan. Call again, ladies.

A BILL forbidding the running of railway trains on Sunday between the hours of 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., passed the Connecticut legislature recently, and will go into effect June 1.

MINNEAPOLIS Lodge No. 30 is flourishing, and although the winter has been a long and severe one the boys have all been at work all winter. Very few accidents have happened there this winter.

JERRY TRAVIS, Treasurer of John W. Drury Lodge, No. 36, has been on the sick list for a week or so, but will be "on time" when it comes to taking charge of the ducats at their grand ball April 11.

BROTHER W. T. EAST, of Omaha, who was paid a total disability claim some months ago, called upon us March 30. Brother East has been visiting at his old home in Canada, and was on his way back to Omaha.

EDWARD JAMES, a member of Lodge No. 21, Indianapolis, modestly asks to have his certificate changed to read payable to his wife, Mrs. Eva James, instead of his brother. All right, Ed. Accept our congratulations.

REPORTS come from Lodge No. 10, Leavenworth, Kas., that she is flourishing and growing in popularity with the railroad employes. The boys are

all at work and contented. The yardmasters at Leavenworth are an intelligent lot of men and know a good thing when they see it.

SINCE Prof. Proctor has figured out that the sun is 1,200,000 times larger than the earth we suppose the proper thing now is to say, "Do you want the sun." Yet, fathers with marriageable sons should be careful how they spell the last word.

H. S. JOHNSON will please note the fact as related in another column by our Milwaukee correspondent that Lodge No. 5 is going to have another grand time April 20. That same girl will be there, and "Smoky Hill" has been moved.

THE Indianapolis Car Works commenced on March 1st working day and night forces, turning out fifteen new box cars and five new coal cars per day. It is said the works use 40,000 feet of pine timber and 35,000 feet of oak timber per day.

Two new lodges have been added to our list this month: Louisville, Ky., and Buffalo, N. Y. Both cities are important ones in a railroad sense. And the Grand Organizer and Instructor informs us that he found excellent material and much enthusiasm in both cities.

A REPORT comes to us that James Cameron, foreman in charge of engine 447 of the C., B. & Q., has invented a new game that is all the rage on the Q. line. It is called, "Two call it four." It is said quite a number of the boys have become experts at it.

A GREAT deal of complaint comes to us about subscribers not receiving their JOURNAL. It is not our fault, and we are trying to find out where the trouble lies, and we earnestly hope all subscribers will notify us immediately if they do not receive the JOURNAL, giving us their address in full.

THE Wisconsin Central is doing a rushing business. Eleven suburban passenger trains are now being run out of Chicago. And it is stated that over 500 cars remain in the yards owing to not having sufficient power to move them. Some twenty new engines are expected daily. This speaks well for a new road.

THE switchmen of Atchison settled their little dispute with their general yardmaster, recently, and alas! poor Tibbits has been left out in the cold. It seems the visit of the Grand Master was not very well enjoyed by Tibbits. Well, it may be a lesson to him for future study. Success to the boys in Atchison.

THE Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road are working forty-four engines in Chicago, all under the jurisdiction of one general yardmaster, Frank Knight. Something over 130 switchmen alone are employed by the C. B. & Q., and employes, all told, on general yardmaster Knight's list aggregate 268. What road can beat this?

SAM GORDON, of the United States Clothing House, southwest corner of Madison and Halsted streets, is still on top in the clothing business of Chicago. Switchmen, as well as railroad men in general should remember that Sam patronizes us liberally, believing in



"being mutual in all dealings," hence, in-as-much as the United States Clothing Manufacturing Company cannot be excelled in prices and quality of goods, it is your duty, switchmen, to give Sam a show.

ON Monday, March 14th, as John Bippus was pulling a pin at the south branch junction on the C. & N.-W., his right thumb was caught and the flesh stripped from the first joint to the end of the member. The bone was not injured, however, yet he will have something else beside a new wife to pet for several weeks.

JOHN BIPPUS, of Lodge 1, played it pretty well. He went and "dun got married" some three or four months ago, and its only recently the boys got onto the fact. The fair lady who is now called Mrs. Bippus was Miss Nellie Clifford. You are pretty "fly" John, but not enough so to keep your thumbs out — of between the dead-woods.

ON March 4, while at work in the Chicago & Atlantic yard, Phillip Kernan got his right arm caught between two dead-woods, and severely injured. The flesh was considerably lacerated, yet no bones broken. This is the first time in twenty years that Phil was "caught napping," and he says it will be twice twenty before it will occur again.

WE read that "it was the wren which aided Prometheus in stealing the sacred fire of knowledge from beneath Jove's throne in heaven." Humph! what of that? We have a Wren in the Cook County Board of Commissioners who does not condescend

to fool around with the "fire of knowledge," but if you will give him half a show he will have half the earth stolen while you are "monkeying" with the "fire of knowledge."

MISS MAMIE E. HAIGHT, of Kansas City, surprised her papa March 20, by giving a birthday party, on the thirty-fourth anniversary of his birth. A large number of friends and acquaintances attended, and a jolly good time was had by all. None enjoyed themselves more than Mr. Haight himself; in fact, he was heard to declare that he was glad he was born.

CHARLES H. ARNOLD, working at Union street yard of the C. B. & Q. road, had the flesh on the left arm between the elbow and wrist severely bruised by having it caught between the dead-woods of two Fort Wayne coal cars. It occurred while dropping a pin in, at about 11 o'clock, March 29. Charlie will have to eat his dinner with one hand for several weeks.

WE are glad to note evidence of prosperity in the *Railway Station Agents' Journal*. It comes to us in an enlarged and improved form, full of live, wholesome reading, and ably advocates the interests of the railway station agents. It should be in the hands of every agent in the United States. It is the official organ of the Railway Station Agents' Association.

JOHN RELLY, general yardmaster of the C. & G. T. road, is one of the oldest switchmen in Chicago. He has been actively employed as switchman and yardmaster over eighteen years, and has

not lost more than two weeks' time during all these years. John was one of the charter members of Lodge 1, but is not now a member, having, we are informed, joined the Yardmasters' Association.

AL. LYONS, a member of Lodge 1, working for the C., M. & St. P. road, had a narrow escape from death at the Stock Yards, March 5th. He was staking a car, when the stake slipped, and had he not have had presence of mind to drop himself to the ground, he would have been caught between the engine and the car. He was considerably shaken up, but will be around again in a short time.

OUR readers will not forget the John W. Drury Lodge No. 36, Town of Lake's ball, to be held Monday evening, April 11. Trains will leave the Madison street depot, on the P., F. W. & C. road at 8.30 p. m., and from the Van Buren street depot, on the C., R. I. & P. road, at 8.15 p. m., and from South Chicago, on the C. & W. I. road, at 8 p. m. A great time is expected and those failing to attend will miss a treat.

JOHN JOHNSON, a switchman on the C., M. & St. P. road was killed while coupling cars at the Western avenue yard, March 29. He stepped in between two cars to make a coupling, and when the cars came together they did so with so much force that a heavy piece of iron that was loaded on one of the cars slid forward, catching the top part of his head and killing him instantly. Mr. Johnson leaves a wife and two children, living at Janesville, Wis. He was not a member of the Association.

WE acknowledge the receipt of invitations and complimentary tickets to the first annual ball of Council Bluff Lodge No. 33, S. M. A. A. of N. A., to be held at Temple Hall, Thursday evening, April 14. We are sorry to tender our regrets at not being able to attend, otherwise than in spirit. Lodge No. 33 always does things in a proper and intelligent manner, and there is no question but that their ball will add to their reputation. Dance and be merry, boys; life means something besides handling cars.

MATT CAVANAUGH, working at South Branch Junction, on the Northwestern, now supports himself with a cane. The occasion of this is owing to having turned his ankle while getting on an engine. Matt seems to be very anxious for his ankle to get well. The reason, Madame Rumor says, is because he contemplates emigrating—to the state of matrimony. Well, Matt, Mrs. Kate Cavanaugh looks well in print. Did you ever try to see how it would sound when pronounced? And a "silker," tee! he! He just looks too cunning for anything.

DAVID ALT was killed at Savanna, Ill., March 20. He had but recently come there from Burlington, Iowa, and had only worked seven nights. He was uncoupling cars and caught his foot between the two rails going into the head-chair—two cars passing over him, killing him instantly. On his person was found at the inquest an endowment certificate and a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the S. M. A. A., showing he had joined Burlington Lodge April, 1886. The endw

ment was signed to his wife, but in answer to a telegram the officers of Burlington Lodge state that Mr. Alt had been expelled from that lodge. Thus another negligent man hands down the fruits of his negligence to his family.

ED. STRONG, formerly switching in the Western avenue yards of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, but now conductor on the Chicago & Evanston, got his finger in it Friday night, March 25. In making a coupling at the C. & E. junction, the first finger on the left hand was caught between the drawbars and severely injured. It is thought that he will lose the finger. Ed. has but two fingers left on his right hand, and has now began amputating those on the left. If he continues on he will soon not have enough fingers left to say his prayers.

THE "Ho Wong Joss House," of San Francisco, are very much agitated over the decision of the treasury department. The society recently made application for the entry, free of duty, of a figure of a dragon representing the God, or Joss, Ho Wong. The figure is about 150 feet long, and is composed of paper, silk, metal, glass, feathers, tinsel and goat's hair. The department held that the image is not included in the list of articles entitled to free entry. Hence, the "Ho Wong Joss House" will have to pay duty if they desire to worship a genuine Joss.

D. A. YOUNG, a conductor on the Wisconsin Central road, was instantly killed at a side track east of Desplaines station, on March 11. Mr. Young has been in

the employ of the Wisconsin Central company for about fourteen years. He was yardmaster some eleven years at Menasha, and took a train on the Wisconsin Central when that road was completed to Chicago. Mr. Young, when killed, was in the act of getting upon the first car from the engine, missed his footing and fell under the train, twenty-two cars passing over him. He was horribly mangled.

AS THIS month ends the first year of THE SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL, there are, no doubt, many of our subscribers desirous of having it bound in a book form. We have made arrangements whereby we can have them bound for them at a very low figure, *provided* they come in orders of a dozen copies or more. We will have them bound neatly in cloth, with leather corners and back at \$1 per copy, or in fine morocco for \$1.75. Otherwise it will cost about as much again. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this can club together and send them to us and we will have them bound.

BROTHER JOHN DOWNEY, ex-Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge, had a close call from being a subject of the sand-bagger a short time ago. He had been up all night at a wake on the North side, and leaving the house at about 5 o'clock to go home to make arrangements to attend the funeral, and just as he was approaching the Wells street bridge, he met three big roughs, who upon passing him, one dealt him a blow that sent him into the middle of the street, spinning him around like a top. Johnnie says he was in a great hurry to attend the funeral of his

friend, and did not stop to argue the question with the "thugs," and that the blow gave him such an impetus that it was impossible for him to reduce his gait to an ordinary walk until he struck the grade in the street on the South Side. He luckily escaped with only the one bruise on his cranium.

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AND now we are told that the base ball players have organized a protective association. And henceforth do not propose to be bought and sold, blacklisted, etc., at the will of managers. Boston recently paid \$10,000 for Kelly to the Chicago club. The reputation Kelly has made by hard work and conscientious playing of being the best ball player in the United States, the Chicago club reaps the benefit. The managers of base ball clubs have also formed a combination whereby a certain limit is fixed on the amount paid ball players, and if a manager so chooses he can force a player to play with his club or not play at all. It is high time ball players should teach these magnates that it has been a quarter of a century since human souls were bought and sold at the option of presumed owners.

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BROTHERS FRANK ZIMMERMAN and John O'Neil spent Sunday, March 20, in Chicago. They were on their way back to Kansas City from their sad trip to Tunnelton, W. Va., where they were sent by Lodge No. 4, with the remains of Brother John Quinn. Aside from the sadness of their mission, their trip was quite interesting. A trip, almost eleven hundred miles with the

dead is a text that volumes could be written about. One of the coincidents, however, was that the engine that Brother Quinn fired on when he worked for the B. & O. road years ago was the one that brought him to his old home, and back to his aged father and mother a corpse. Mr. Albert Smith is the engineer that is now running it, and its number is 716. Mr. Smith invited the boys to ride with him on the engine, and Mr. O'Neil accepted the invitation and found him a generous, large-hearted, noble gentleman, willing to render them all the assistance in his power. The boys are loud in their praises of the management of the B. & O. road for stopping a through train at Tunnelton for them to unload their charge, and many other courtesies extended to them, and the disposition to assist them in every way. On arriving at Brother Quinn's old home, the saddest scene was enacted. An old father and mother, while almost prostrated with grief, could not lavish enough praise and thankfulness for the noble order that had brought their son almost eleven hundred miles, that they might have the satisfaction of knowing where his dust rested. The scene brought tears to strong men's eyes. There were quite a number of gentlemen that the boys met on their trip that they desire to publicly acknowledge their obligations to for kindness and courtesies extended to them. Among whom we will enumerate Mr. Albert Smith, engineer of engine No. 716, Mr. W. J. Lavelle, telegraph operator at Tunnelton, W. Va., and Mr. M. H. Malloy, Rousesburg, W. Va. These gentlemen were especially kind to them, and are deserving of commendation.

## A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue ends the first year in the life of the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL. The JOURNAL was started as a private enterprise, but in a short time it became apparent that its founder had not fully realized that in order to establish a magazine it not only required careful management, but something of a bank account back of it. And so the alternative presented itself last August as to whether the best interests of the switchmen of the country would better be subserved by allowing the JOURNAL to die, or for the Grand Lodge to take charge of it, assume its liabilities, amounting in the neighborhood of \$1,200. After carefully considering the matter, it was determined by the Grand Lodge to take hold of the JOURNAL and make it the property of the Grand Lodge, publish it in the interests of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., thereby making each member of the order practically a stockholder in it. Owing to having assumed its liabilities, the JOURNAL necessarily has been something of a drain on the funds of the Grand Lodge. But it does not owe a dollar today, and if the switchmen give us that generous support the coming year that they have in the past, we will be able to turn into the treasury of the Grand Lodge no little amount of money. Each member of the Order is pecuniarily and otherwise interested in making the JOURNAL a source of revenue to the Grand Lodge. The JOURNAL has come to stay; and the more liberal your support, the better able are we to make it the more worthy of our noble Order; an organ through which we can reach the railroad officials as well as the public in general, in making them understand

the objects and aims of our Order, is a necessity.

And now we appeal to our subscribers to send in their renewals at once. Let each one do his duty and all will be well. If each subscriber would send in his own subscription accompanied by a new subscriber, we would not only be able to pay into the treasury of the Grand Lodge a handsome revenue, but make the JOURNAL inferior to no railroad publication in existence. Will you do it, or will you require us to pursue a "niggerly economy" that will not add to your reputation or the JOURNAL'S for the next year to come?

To those working for the prizes we offer, we would say that your harvest is now at hand. Renewals count. And we believe no switchman that has been taking the JOURNAL the past year will decline to renew his subscription. All it requires is for you to solicit it. And remember the inducements we offer to subscribers in the way of books, jewelry, watches, etc. We challenge competition in these lines.

Let all put their shoulders to the wheel, and the JOURNAL will flourish like a "green bay tree."

We have been looking for some time for some switchman's daughter to take up the "cudgel" and win for herself a handsome gold watch. Who shall she be?

WE are glad to know that Memphis Lodge No. 27, is flourishing. There seems as much, if not more, interest manifested in the S. M. A. A. at Memphis, as exists in any other locality under our jurisdiction. Interest does not confine itself wholly to switchmen, but extends among all railroad employes

and the citizens in general. Applications for membership, initiations, etc., requires the constant attention of the officers of No. 27. Although the cotton season is over, and many brothers will be compelled to seek "greener pastures," yet Lodge No. 27 continues to grow numerically and in importance.

ON the evening of March 7, there occurred a very pleasant surprise to Mr. James Logan, general night yardmaster of the C. B. & Q. Just before the time had arrived to go to work, the boys sent out two committeemen to bring Mr. Logan to the shanty at Johnson street. When the committeemen found him they told him that there was trouble, and the boys refused to go to work until they had seen him. He could not understand what it all meant, as he has always got along nicely with the boys, the best of feeling prevailing. He hurried to the shanty, however, and upon arriving there he found the boys all congregated, and inquired what was the matter, when Mr. Martin Flaherty stepped forward and, speaking in behalf of those working under Mr. Logan, presented him with a magnificent Queen lamp and case, with the globe filled full of fine cigars. Mr. Logan was completely side-tracked, and on looking all around him he could see nothing but broad, healthy smiles on all faces. After trying some time to catch his breath, which seemed to have a tendency to leave him, he said, "Well, boys, you know I can't say anything, but I thank you," and in those few words from James Logan, the boys all recognize more eloquence and feeling than columns of "taffy" from other sources. As Mr. Logan by his manly treatment

of those employed under him, has won the respect and esteem of all. Since receiving it, we understand that he has not allowed the lamp to go out of his sight and, of course, all the boys in the city must see it. It is a beauty and we don't blame Mrs. Logan, his estimable wife, for falling in love with it also.

A GREEN German, with a letter of recommendation from a farmer down in Guernsey county, put in appearance at the Western Avenue yards of the C. & N. W. and C., M. & St. P. road, recently, and applied for work. Some of the boys concluded to have a little fun with him, so one of them hired him. He was first given an empty can and sent to the shops to get it filled with glycerine oil. He returned in short order and told his employer that the glycerine oil was out, but a telegram had been sent for some. He was then put through a presumable initiation in switching. This was made up of all ridiculous things imaginable. Having no badges, as they explained to him, that is worn upon the caps, lead seals that are used for sealing cars were substituted. One was put around his hat and one put upon his coat. He was then told that he would be recognized by all railroad men by these. He was then started upon his first trip. Giving him a broom they told him to get upon a train just going down town, and sweep off the tops of all the cars. This having been accomplished, upon his return he was given a note to Assistant Yardmaster, C. Connors, of the C., M. & St. P. road, which proved to be a requisition for two flat-car keys, one car load of post-holes, six dozen left-handed monkey-wrenches, one hun-

dred flat links, flags, torpedoes, etc. He reported that Mr. Connors said he would send them up on a sleeper in the evening. He was finally sent out to Pacific Junction, with instructions to take the numbers of all cars passing that point, and we suppose he is out there yet, as he seemed to have indomitable energy.

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JASPER TIPPING, member of Toledo Lodge No. 14, employed by the L. S. & M. S. road, at Air Line Junction, had his left hand crushed Saturday, March 12, by having it caught between the cast-iron dead-woods of cars 7,823 L. S. & M. S., and 31,496 N. Y., L. E. & W., while in the act of coupling the two together. The third and fourth fingers and lower half of the hand had to be taken off, and it is quite probable that the hand will have to be taken off at the wrist. The L. S. & M. S. car had an Ames draw-bar, and it was a little lower than the draw-bar on the N. Y., L. E. & W. car. He took his stick in his right hand to lift the Ames link to enter into the other draw-bar. The Ames link being heavy he placed his left arm under his right to help hold up the link. He held his left hand up and did not notice where it was, and when the cars came together it was caught between the cast-iron dead-woods.

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IN visiting Council Bluffs lodge recently we had the pleasure of meeting as exemplary set of men as one ever meets. Men, too, who take great interest in the welfare of Lodge No. 33. We were agreeably surprised at the amount of intelligence displayed by each and every member. And we feel

that they thoroughly appreciate the fact that education is the principal element in the success of organizations in this country. Brother Hurley makes a splendid presiding officer, and is materially assisted by the members, recognizing the fact that stern discipline is essential in organized bodies. We were told by the railroad officials that since the organization of Lodge No. 33 there has been a more harmonious feeling existing among the switchmen of the Bluffs in the discharge of their arduous duties. A fact that makes it more pleasant for the heads of the different departments, as well as the switchmen themselves. The prospects for Lodge No. 33 are very promising. We would like very much, however, for some one at the Bluffs to drop us a little news each month.

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ON Tuesday, March 8th, at the south end of the Chicago & Alton yards at Kansas City, brother John Quinn, of Lodge No. 4, was instantly killed. At about 10 o'clock he was in the act of getting upon the back foot-board of engine No. 69, when it is supposed he missed his footing and fell under the engine. The tank wheels passed over his left leg, crushing it from the knee down, and his right hand was also caught under the wheels, while the brake-beam of the tank rolled him along some distance, injuring him internally. He died almost instantly, and without uttering a word. Mr. Quinn was a member in good standing in Lodge No. 4 and unmarried. His parents live at Tunnelton, W. Va. Lodge No. 4 took charge of the remains, and sent a committee, consisting of Messrs. Frank Zimmerman and John O'Neil with the

remains to his home in West Virginia. How fortunate it was that Brother Quinn, although among strangers, had an organization that would see that his body was not consigned to the potters' field, but laid beside those he loved in life.

#### THE G. O. AND I. AT BUFFALO.

I arrived all O. K. at Buffalo, March 29, and was met by the committee and welcomed to their beautiful city in a right royal manner. And I will say that the Buffalo boys are entitled to the credit of being able to select the proper committee as a reception committee. I was deeply impressed with what I believe to be a fact, that the Buffalo boys are a conservative and hard-working set of men, the very kind that we desire in the S. M. A. A.

Unfortunately, however, I found they have to contend with many of the hardships mentioned from time to time in the columns of the JOURNAL. Prominent are those abuses I mentioned in my last, viz: Guard rails, frogs and piles of old rubbish, such as old iron, ties and dirt piles, etc., scattered along the tracks in the yards. I found this rubbish more plentiful than even in Chicago. I advised the boys to respectfully petition the officials of the different roads to remove these obstacles. Believing as I do that if their attention is especially called to the dangers to life and limb that surround them on all sides owing to this negligence, that the matter will be remedied. They promised me they would do so.

I also had a look at the L. N. R. R. yard and took a good look at the beautiful dead-wood they put on their cars. But did not

have the pleasure of seeing the great-headed car-builder that invented the man-killer. I told the boys, however, that if he would come to Chicago and get an engagement with the dime museum people, there would be "millions in it." For I myself, poor as I am, would be willing to give up a five dollar note to have a good look at him. I had the pleasure of meeting the genial depot master of the Erie road while there, and must say that the good opinion the boys hold of Mr. Murphy is not misplaced.

I organized Buffalo on the evening of the 29th, and I feel we have a field for a good organization, and from my intercourse with the boys I feel assured that we have got good, conservative, intelligent material for a starter.

Respectfully,

JOHN W. DRURY.

The Atchison boys have formed a social club known as the "Lime Kiln Club." And during the visit of the Grand Master there they initiated him into the secrets and mysteries of their order. It was one of the most pleasant and interesting initiatory ceremonies one could imagine. The meeting was held in Brother McBride's sanctum, and was presided over by Brother McGee, who performed his duty with dignity and grace. He makes an excellent presiding officer, especially when the most interesting duty of his office is to look after the wants of the "inner man." Everything went off pleasantly and satisfactorily, and the only regret the Grand Master has is that he cannot go through another initiatory ceremony soon again. Long live the "Lime Kiln Club."



## In Memoriam.



KANSAS CITY, March 9, 1887

WHEREAS, It has pleased an All Wise Being to remove from our midst brother John Quinn, Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, members of Lodge No. 4, S. M. A. A. of N. A., bow to His will. And that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his parents, who have lost a loving son, and us a worthy brother.

*Resolved*, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days in memory of our deceased brother.

*Resolved*, That we forward a copy of above preamble and resolutions to his parents and the press.

WILLIAM COTTER.	} Committee.
L. W. LOGAN.	
J. W. LARKIN.	

## LIST OF PATENTS.

The following patents relating to railways have been issued since last month, as reported for the SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL by Whittlesey & Wright, patent attorneys, No. 624 F street, Washington, D. C.

Automatic car brake—A. P. Massey Watertown, N. Y.

Car brake—P. W. Rienshagen, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Car brake and starter—H. Hansen, Copenhagen, Denmark.

Car brake and starter—E. Giroux, Woburn, Mass.

Car brake lever—J. S. Whitworth, Norfolk, Va.

Car brake—A. A. St. Clair, Van Buren, Ind.

Car coupling—Jeff. Hill, Freeport, Pa.

Nut lock—P. J. Dimbach and J. S. Hannan, Shawnee, Ohio.

Railway signal—M. W. Long, Harrisburg, Pa.

Safety lock for switchpoints—C. R. Johnson, Allegheny, and H. H. Johnson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, MARCH 13.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal :*

Will you please allow us space enough in your next issue to say that John Arquette, of Lodge No. 23, who left this city last month, is requested to correspond with J. H. O'Brien, R. S., 33½ Phelps street, Cleveland, Ohio, as business of a very important nature awaits him or his address.

J. H. O'BRIEN, R.S.

OMAHA, March 24.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal :*

Last Tuesday morning at 2:30 Brother Edward C. Burns was suddenly killed while performing his duties in the east end of the Union Pacific upper yard. He was in the act of coupling, and one of the cars was loaded with lumber, which projected over the end. He was caught between the timber and a box-car, crushing his skull so that instant death followed. He fell upon the rail, and one arm was crushed just below the shoulder. His comrades soon discovered that something had happened to him, but when they reached him life was extinct. He was placed upon a bier and borne to the office, and from thence to Drexell & Maul's, undertakers, and his parents notified. Brother Burns was 25 years old, single, and resided with his parents. He was well liked by the switchmen of Omaha, and was a good and loyal member of Lodge No. 11. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and his sudden demise will be severely felt by a large circle of friends. This being the first death in Lodge No. 11, the lodge delegated to Brother Meehan the duties pertaining to the arrangement

for the funeral, which he did to the satisfaction of all and credit to the lodge. The funeral took place Wednesday, March 23, and was attended by the lodge in a body. The funeral procession was headed by the Union Pacific band, followed by our Worthy Grand Master, James L. Monaghan, Brother Meehan, Master of Lodge No. 11, and Brother Hurley, Master of Lodge No. 33, Council Bluffs. Then followed over one hundred members of Lodge No. 11 and many visiting members of Council Bluffs Lodge No. 33. Brother John P. Mulvehill, vice Master of Lodge No. 11, was chief marshal, assisted by James Scullen and Henry L. Cassady. The members marched from the residence of the deceased brother's parents to St. Philomenas Cathedral, where services were held, after which the members marched to the city limits, where they took carriages to the cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest that has left Omaha for some time. And the citizens and press are loud in their compliments to the fine display the switchmen of Omaha made, and declare that the S. M. A. A. of Omaha is the personification of an organization.

BYRAM.

ATCHISON, KAS., March 15.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I will try and give you a slight idea of the pleasant time we had at the first annual ball given by the switchmen of Lodge No. 16, and hope it will find space in your valuable JOURNAL, as we wish to let our neighboring lodges know that "they can see there is a Lodge at Atchison without looking in the back part of the JOURNAL."

The committees having charge of the affair were as follows: Committee of Ar-

rangements, J. B. Sheehan, J. M. Baird, J. Walters, Herman Deglow and J. Wm. Lee; Reception Committee, J. J. McGee, D. H. Padgett and Charles Danforth; Floor Committee, James E. Enright, H. Deglow, C. E. Palmer and Elmer Briggs.

The grand march was a brilliant affair, headed by our worthy Master, J. J. McGee, the switchmen falling in line, and all started with the music of Prof. Pryor's band. The attendance was large, and a more good-natured, fun-loving lot of people would be hard to find. Everyone went away satisfied that they had spent a very pleasant evening with the switchmen of Atchison. In fact, I believe the ball has been the means of elevating the switchmen of Atchison in the minds of the public, besides being a great success, financially and socially.

Too much credit cannot be given brother Enright for the neatness and dexterity with which he handled the floor. His "tenor" could be heard all over the hall calling for "one more couple here," "two more couple here," etc. "Jim" is naturally a quiet, say-nothing sort of a fellow, and surprised us greatly at the ball by his efforts to please one and all. I suppose he will make a "kick," though, when he reads this.

We had occasion the other day to smoke a good cigar, donated by Brother John B. Sheehan, on the arrival of a twelve-pound switchman at his house. He says it will add another link to his domestic happiness. Long live the little switchman, say we all.

Hoping this will find space in your valuable JOURNAL I will write again soon.

Fraternally, C. E. P.

## KANSAS CITY "CUT-OFFS."

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

J. B. Critchfield, otherwise "Cady," has been appointed assistant yardmaster at the west end of the Santa Fé yard in Argentine, at what is called the farm.

Frank Zimmerman has got the crew formerly run by "Cady" Critchfield, better known as the "hole crew." Frank's convention baby is now a bouncer.

C. H. Critchfield, better known as "Slip," has been promoted to the transfer crew, there now being two crews running between Kansas City and Argentine.

John Kinney now has the coach crew that "Slip" has been running.

Joe Cullen has the house crew.

W. S. O'Brien still holds his own, and VanTassell still "raw-hides" the smelting crew.

W. Strong and James Manning are helping "Slip" Critchfield hold the cars on the tracks on the transfer.

Thomas Magee and Bradley are now the two stove-pipe men.

And last, but not least, comes Frank Egan, the jolly man, better known as "Big-head." He "farms" most of his time with ties and iron, where they pick up two and cut off four.

There are as jolly set of men here as you would want to meet; and the best yardmaster in the country; his name is Jud Hohl.

COTTON TOP.

GRAND CROSSING, March 3d.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Brother Gilbert, working on the "Nickle Plate," seems to be rather unlucky, as he is again on the list with many of our disabled brothers. On March 19th, while he was in the act of

making a coupling, his left hand was caught between two dead-woods and mashed to a pulp. It is feared by the attending physician that amputation at the wrist will be necessary. This makes three times brother Gilbert has been disabled in the past five months.

The switchmen of Grand Crossing, Pullman and Kensington held a meeting in Turner Hall, Sunday night, March 20th, for the purpose of obtaining money, and selecting officers for a subordinate lodge of the association. The results of the meeting being of the best. The Grand Organizer and Instructor has been requested to be at Grand Crossing the first Sunday night in April. All association men are respectfully invited to attend.

MEMPHIS, March 18.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

I had the extreme pleasure of attending a ball given by the members of Lodge 27, of this city, February 21, and will say that it was one of the most enjoyable affairs I ever had the pleasure to witness, and I enjoyed it hugely, as did all others present. It is only a matter of a short time when Lodge 27 will rank among the first in the Union, for they have the right kind of men, and it is located in the right place.

If you will allow me, I will give the names of some I met at the ball, viz.: J. K. Black, Jas. Hunter, Frank Cox, Chas. Neff, and last, but not least, Lawrence Smith, and many others too numerous to mention, but all first class members.

Messrs. Editors, if you wish to have a good time and lots of fun, just pay the members of Lodge 27 a visit, and if Lawrence Smith don't make you enjoy

it, you can have my "old hat." He leaves nothing undone to make every one enjoy themselves, and will take pleasure in showing you our city.

At the ball they put up a basket of flowers for the most popular young lady, which realized them about \$38 or \$40. And had they held it back for an hour or so longer, I think they would have made it bring them \$50 or more. Anyway every one had a good time over it. I only wish they would have another ball although I can not dance, but enjoy looking at others and trying to make all enjoy it.

For fear of this finding the waste-basket, will close by wishing you one and all a pleasant time and success to the S. M. A. A.

Yours very respectfully,

"IDAHO TOM,"

MILWAUKEE, MARCH 25.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

Brother William Laufenberg and Miss Maggie Shea were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on February 16, but owing to a death in the bride's family recently, it was kept strictly quiet. William was night yardmaster in the C. & N. W. yards until a short time ago, when he changed for day work, and becoming quite lonely at night after coming home from his work, the happy thought occurred to him to take unto himself a wife, to drive away this loneliness. He has made a good choice, for if anyone can make him happy and joyous, it is Maggie.

The members of Lodge No. 5 are going to give a social to their friends at their hall on April 20. It is not only promised, but positively assured that all will have a great time. With such

men as Alex. Ewart, and others of the same stripe, nothing else could be expected.

William Murray, Master of Lodge No. 5, and wife have just returned from an extended tour through the South. He has been greatly improved by his trip, and relates many startling incidents that came under his observation.

No. 5.

MEMPHIS, March 23.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

It is with pleasure that I announce to the readers of the JOURNAL that Lodge No. 27 is getting along nicely, with thirty-two members in good standing and several applications on file. Every road except the Memphis & Charleston is represented.

Our Worthy Master, J. K. Black, is a most dutiful official, and gives his greatest attention to the welfare of the lodge. And in this he is very ably assisted by our Vice-Master, Wm. Singleton. Brother E. W. Walsh, our newly elected Recording Secretary, *vice* T. J. Mulverhill, resigned, takes the greatest pleasure in the duties of his office. And still we have John S. Warren as Financial Secretary (who has just recovered from a severe spell of sickness) with his books in first-class shape. And last, but not least, we have Brother James Hunter for Treasurer, who carries the cash with the utmost confidence of the lodge.

We regret to say that several of our best members are compelled to leave here to seek employment elsewhere, on account of a great reduction of the forces in the yards at this place.

Brother Pat Corrigan had a very narrow escape of being caught between two coaches—receiving slight injuries

— while switching in the K. C., S. & M. yard at West Memphis.

We have had some very fine weather for the past two weeks.

I will close, as I am not desirous of taking up too much space in your valuable journal. More anon.

SUNNY SOUTH.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 25.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

"From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." We know we have "fullness of the heart" in love and admiration of our beloved order, but do not know how wise the mouth may "speaketh." But we speak for patriotism at least, and leave to your kindly assistance the interspersing of wisdom by interlining or erasing. So here goes Indianapolis items.

Let us first give expression of admiration and pride of our JOURNAL. And, Mr. Editors, we have no fear in comparing it with that of any periodical published by any order in the United States. We mean this emphatically. Why does our better half invariably have late supper the night the JOURNAL arrives, when the event is so celebrated with the arrival of no other periodical? This, we take it, means something—the ladies approve of it. And we generally gain by deferring to their wishes. So now let the good work go on.

In our last letter we said every road in the city was represented in our lodge except the T. H. & I. We now have gained the representation of this road. This is of importance, too. We have not at any time pressed upon any one the necessity of joining, but allowed the matter to come by volition.

Brother J. F. David is convalescing to the extent of being able to attend switches at shop crossing. He will not be troubled with a stiff arm we are all glad to know.

Brother Wm. Gambold has left the service of the I., B. & W. William is seriously incline to again prepare for emergency by supplying himself with a Sunday pocket pistol. Police commissioners at present are showing a disposition to enforce the law.

Borther Sim Engleking is not valiantly herding cars in the C., H. & I. Sim thinks that company very unappreciative. He worked one night alone, serving as night yardmaster, foreman and helper combined, and was found fault with for delay of fifteen minutes in leaving of one train.

Brother John Gambold smiles serenely at thought of knee-bouncing a jolly, rollicking boy. Weight, ten and one-half pounds.

Brother Ed. James recently led a blushing damsel to hymen's sacred altar. Ed. is only allowed thirty minutes now to settle financial matters at lodge and return. Still he is happier than before. We sympathize with you, Ed. We know how it is.

Brother Hannapin is circulating permiscuously among various cities. He is looking up a location suitable, we suppose, to sustain a combination of two united as one.

On March 23, Elijah Bowles, while coupling cars near the stock yard on the Belt Road, had his arm caught between the dead-woods and so severely injured as to necessitate amputation. Unfortunately he is not a member of the Association, but was contemplating joining soon.

Please give space to the following, from the *Evansville Journal*: "One great cause of the fearful railroad accidents that occur so frequently is the hiring of 'Cheap John' employ  s, in order to pay dividends on watered stock, also the overworking of employ  s. Some of these days there will be damage to pay on this account that will cost ten times more than the money squeezed out of the helpless employ  s. There may even be indictments of high officials for manslaughter." We commend the sentiment above expressed and cordially shake the writer's hand.

Brother Ed. DeSanno is again on foot and ready for duty. Ed. has been confined to his bed for a long time.

Lodge No. 21 contemplates giving an excursion to Madison about May 1. But the unsettled condition of rates consequent on the enforcement of the Inter-state Commerce bill is greatly interfering with a speedy agreement.

Brother Hollis, of the Belt Railway, has been a busy worker for all interests of the Lodge, and his services are equally appreciated by his employers. We thought of forwarding his name to Washington, with recommendation for his appointment as one of the commissioners of the "Commerce Group."

The watch mania humbug has come upon us, and every switchman feels more or less compunctious grief that he should have given so much attention to *chain* in the past and so little regard to *watch*. The *jewels* are not found in the chain. And, now, could not we as an organization, take a lesson from the exemplification of the above, and so shape our course as a body that when called upon to produce our worthiness of consideration, we would be able to show up

a perfect interior, full of jewels and in pleasant agreement.

This letter is of no interest outside of Indianapolis, we know, and possibly little even here. But we approve the idea of each Lodge having a correspondent who represents his own locality in a brief manner, and think it a good plan of sustaining a common interest in our cause. Respectfully,

RHOM RHODY.

CLEVELAND, March 8.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

As a great many readers of the JOURNAL in Chicago and other western cities are acquainted with our Master, Mr. R. J. McManus, they will be pained to learn that on Monday morning, March 7, while in the act of pulling a pin in the L. S. & M. S. yard, in this city, he had his right foot badly injured, yet still he says he is lucky; and so say all who witnessed the accident. While pulling a pin of a moving train his foot was caught in a switch-rod, throwing him under the train, two cars passing over him. As the second car went over him he caught hold of an axle of it, and after being dragged some distance the train was stopped and he was taken out. Had he not have had presence of mind enough to catch hold of the axle he would have been killed, as the car following was an Empire Line car, which was very low, and would unquestionably have crushed him to death. Luckily, however, he escaped with only a severe injury to the foot. When extricated from his perilous position one shoe was torn to pieces, and his clothing almost all torn from his body. He was taken home, where, after being ex-

amined by a physician he was pronounced not dangerously hurt, and would soon be able to be around again, a statement that caused the members of this lodge to rejoice, he being liked on every side, inasmuch as he is a good, sober, industrious man, and a hard worker for the Order.

Hoping to see our brother around again soon, we remain as ever,

Yours,

No. 23 — R. S.

#### THE SWITCHMEN'S BALL.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 14.

*Editors Switchmen's Journal:*

On February 21 the doors of Cochran Hall were thrown open to the switchmen of Memphis, and ere 10.30 p. m. two hundred couples had gathered together. The hearts of the boys beat with enthusiasm over what proved to be an enjoyable affair. When the music sounded, with its charming influences, those present seemed to be raised above the level of their fellow men. Not by the music alone, but by the presence of so many of the fairest daughters of Memphis, which proved within itself that the switchmen are held in high esteem by the noble citizens of this city. The time passed most enjoyably with all, and when the hour approached for the end pleasure seemed changed to sadness.

The following resolutions were adopted at our last regular meeting:

*Resolved,* That we extend our hearty thanks to Miss Savannah Rock, for the beautiful and fragrant basket of flowers presented by her to the switchmen at their "First Annual Ball."

*Resolved,* That these resolutions be published in the SWITCHMEN'S JOUR-

NAL and a copy of the same be presented to Miss Rock.

JOHN S. WARREN,

LARRY SMITH,

F. F. TIMMONDS,

Committee.

#### LINKS.

—It isn't putting the case too strongly to say that railroad stoves ought to be fired.—*Lincoln Journal*.

—Pinkerton is a monopolist, too. He controls about all the assassins that are to be let out for hire in the country.—*Labor Age*.

—A rooster of Griffin, Ga., tried to cross the railroad track in front of a moving train, but he started too late, and the engine and twenty cars passed over him. After they had passed the cock stepped proudly from the track, gave three defiant crows and walked off.

—When John Swinton began the labor fight he lived in a brownstone front and had a chef de cuisine and \$25,000 in government bonds, the latter saved by hard newspaper work at night. Today he is living on the top floor of a Brooklyn tenement house, his property lost, but his spirit cheerful.

—A frogless switch has been patented by Abraham Culp, of Mount Carmel, Pa. It is so made that the strain incident to the shifting of the switching rail is distributed throughout the length of the rail, instead of falling, as usual, upon one point, and thereby causing a bending of the rail.

—Omaha man—"I suppose you have very carefully examined the Interstate Commerce bill?" Railroader—"Yes; I have read and reread it forty times." "You are then, of course, thoroughly familiar with its provisions?" "Well, I can't find anything in it except that it forbids the issue of passes."—*Omaha World*.

—The boss anarchists of the Lake Shore railroad, who ordered a mob of

their followers to tear up the Pennsylvania company's tracks at Erie, Pa., last week were not arrested nor will they be. Yet they as richly deserve to be punished to the full extent of the law as do those other anarchists for whose blood the satannic press has been so loudly clamoring.

—Twenty-two locomotive firemen of the Quincy, at Creston, Ia., have resigned within the past week, and are scattering throughout the west in search of positions. The dissatisfaction was caused by the order taking off one fireman from each mogul engine. The work being too heavy for one man is causing many of the best boys to look for work elsewhere.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—“How did you get the gout?” asked the conductor, after helping the lame passenger to a seat. “Riding over this road so much,” replied the lame passenger. The man with the punch looked puzzled, and the lame passenger explained, “high fare.” “I see,” said the conductor, making a hole in his ticket; “too much Roamin’ punch.”—*Buedett in Pathfinder Guide*.

—The following circular has been issued by the Baltimore & Ohio: Renewed attention is called to the rules of the company prohibiting the use of intoxicants. No person addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating liquors will be retained in the service, and the use of the same, even in a single instance, while on duty, will result in instant and final dismissal from the company's service.

—Joseph McClellan, an engineer on the Intercolonial railway of Canada, said the other day to a friend: “If I get over this day all right I shall complete my thirty years on the road.” A few minutes later he placed an oil can with a sharp nozzle on the step of the engine, went to get up into the cab, missed his footing, and in falling struck the nozzle of the can, which penetrated the skull behind the ear. In two hours

he was dead. He was seventy-six years old.

—Railroad presidents are very comfortably paid. President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railway system, receives a salary of \$32,000 a year; President Harris, of the Northern Pacific, \$25,000; President Adams, of the Union Pacific, \$30,000; President Strong, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, \$25,000; the presidents of the Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, \$25,000 each.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—“I want to give you something to replace the stove in passenger cars,” he said to the dignified president of a railroad running out of Toledo.

“Well, sir,” was the stiff reply.

“Well, sir, I rode from Chicago to Indianapolis the other day in an unheated car, with the thermometer at zero, and I never suffered a bit. Neither did the girl. We had our arms around each other. Try it, old boy.”—*Wall Street Daily News*.

—Ethel writes to ask “what song do the rails sing to me when I sometimes rest my ear close down to their gleaming surface and listen.” Well, Ethel, the refrain that is most popular to a musically inclined steel rail is, “What fond ties bind us here.” But have a care, sweet child, and do not fall asleep with your ear pressed to the “gleaming surface” of a cold rail. Trains run over sleepers, and snap the fond ties that bind us here with a ruthless whiz that no one but an undertaker can discover any sense or elegance in.—*Smart Exchange*.

—A well-posted railway man says that the obligatory tooting of a locomotive on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, in an ordinary day's run, involves a waste of steam requiring the consumption of 280 pounds of coal to renew. He estimates the whistling expenses of that particular railway at \$15,000 per year. There



is a similar waste in the blowing of the whistles of stationary and steamboat engines. It is a matter worth the serious study of practical railroad men, whether they cannot devise a cheaper noise with which to give notice of the approach of trains to stations and grade crossings.—*Railroad Reporter*.

—Trainmen on the Baltimore & Ohio are much exercised over the alleged appearance of a woman in white carrying a red light who has on three different occasions appeared on the track where the terrible accident occurred near Republic, Ohio, January 4. It is asserted that on March 1 the limited express train was stopped by this ghostly visitor at the identical point where the accident occurred, and the trainmen were so sure that they saw the signal that the train was run back to Republic to ascertain if the operator had sent a signal out.—*Railway Age*.

—The Isle of Wight has many blessings, natural and artificial. It has even a superfluity of some of them. Its railway companies, for instance, are out of all proportion to its population and the traffic to be carried. There are half a dozen separate and distinct organizations, with nineteen directors, six secretaries, three solicitors, four managers, four engineers, thirty-six subordinate officials, and—two receivers! This formidable army has got crowded on to thirty-seven miles of railway, and how they can find standing room, let alone room to earn a living, is a mystery.—*London Financial News*.

—The Wagner Palace Car company has recently turned out from its shops at East Buffalo four magnificent new sleeping-cars to be used for the fast service between Boston and Chicago via the Boston and Albany, New York Central and Michigan Central roads. The cars are said to be the finest ever constructed by the Wagner company. The interior is finished in mahogany and English oak and they are provided with all the latest modern conveniences. A new feature is an annex

state room with a private lavatory connecting. The seats have high backs and are upholstered in the finest of brocaded plush.

—The lieutenant-governor of New York has this to say on the law of supply and demand: "There is a higher law that should fix the price of labor than that of supply and demand; it is the law of nature, giving to all humanity the right to an adequate living. If you bring into competition the necessities of laborers, the limit of reduction will be the line of starvation. The oppression to which I have adverted is sufficiently general to have alarmed the entire wage-earning class, and has resulted in numberless associations under the name of labor organizations, ostensibly for self-defense. They have often passed that line and became aggressive, rendering themselves subject to criticism. Before final judgment is rendered upon their actions it were well, so far as can be done, to put one's self in their place, and it is possible that overt acts would be excused on the ground of 'emotional insanity.'"

EVEN the street fakirs of Boston are "cultured." One of them the other day thus learnedly descanted on the merits of a certain salve: "That's right, gentlemen, come right up. Don't mind the east wind, which, as my friend Emerson used to say, pierces our solitude. This salve would have made the Concord philosopher stand the weather better. Only three boxes, and going way down east? How foolish! Why, as Lowell said, that is the vague orient. This salve would cure the vagueness every time. Curat minimis. Glad to see so many boys here. Macte, boys. You, too, need at least one box each. Does Joseph Cook use it? Of course he does, and Matthew Arnold called for a box as soon as he reached this country. He said he heard it was sweet and light. Move on, gentlemen. A box in each hand and two in your pocket will ballast you. Ibis tutissimus."

## COL. INGERSOLL ON LABOR.

[The leading article in the March number of the *North American Review* is entitled "Some Interrogation Points," by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, whose recent study of the labor question is leading him into new fields which look like the blasted heath. We copy at length from this notable article, striking out a few passages.]

A new party is struggling for recognition—a party with leaders who are not politicians, with followers who are not seekers after place. Some of those who suffer and some of those who sympathize, have combined. Those who feel they are oppressed are organized for the purpose of redressing their wrongs. The workers for wages and the seekers for work have uttered a protest. This party is an instrumentality for the accomplishment of certain things that are very near to the hearts of many millions.

The object to be attained is a fairer division of profits between employers and employed. There is a feeling that in some way the workers should not want—that the industrious should not be the indigent. There is a hope that men and women and children are not forever to be the victims of ignorance and want—that the tenement house is not always to be the home of the poor, nor the gutter the nursery of their babes.

As yet, the methods for the accomplishment of these aims have not been agreed upon. Many theories have been advanced and none has been adopted. The question is so vast, so complex, touching human interests in so many ways, that no one has yet been great enough to furnish a solution, or, if any one has furnished a solution, no one else has been wise enough to understand it.

The hope of the future is that this question will finally be understood.

In every country there are classes—that is to say, the spirit of caste, and this spirit will exist until the world is truly civilized. Persons in most communities are judged not as individuals, but as members of a class. Nothing is more natural, and nothing more heartless. These lines that divide

hearts on account of clothes or titles are growing more and more distinct, and the philanthropists, the lovers of the human race, believe that the time is coming when they will be obliterated.

While in this country we have no titles of nobility, we have the rich and the poor—no princes, no peasants, but millionaires and mendicants.

In some respects the common people are the superiors of the so-called aristocracy. While the educated have been turning their attention to the dead languages, and the dead ideas and mistakes they contain—while they have been giving their attention to ceramics, artistic decorations, and compulsory prayers, the common people have been compelled to learn the practical things—to become acquainted with facts—by doing the work of the world. The professor of a college is no longer a match for a master mechanic. The master mechanic not only understands principles, but their application. He knows things as they are. He has come in contact with the actual, with realities. He knows something of the adaptation of means to ends, and this is the highest and most valuable form of education.

Intelligence increases wants. By education the necessities of the people become increased. The old wages will not supply the new wants. Man longs for a harmony between the thought within and the things without. When the soul lives in a palace the body is not satisfied with rags and patches. The glaring inequalities among men, the differences in condition, the suffering and poverty, have appealed to the good and great of every age, and there has been in the brain of the philanthropist a dream—a hope, a prophesy, of a better day.

It was believed that tyranny was the foundation and cause of the differences between men—that the rich were all robbers and the poor all victims, and that if a society or government could be founded on equal rights and priv-

ileges, the inequalities would disappear, that all would have food and clothes and reasonable work and reasonable leisure, and that content would be found by every hearth. There was a reliance on nature—an idea that men had interfered with the harmonious action of great principles which if left to themselves would work out universal well-being for the human race. Others imagined that the inequalities between men were necessary—that they were part of a divine plan, and that all would be adjusted in some other world—that the poor here would be the rich there, and the rich here might be in torture there. Heaven became the reward of the poor, of the slave, and hell their revenge.

When our government was established it was declared that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was then believed that if all men had an equal opportunity, if they were allowed to make and execute their own laws, to levy their own taxes, the frightful inequalities seen in the despotisms and monarchies of the old world would entirely disappear. This was the dream of 1776. But in spite of our Declaration, in spite of our Constitution, in spite of universal suffrage, the inequalities still exist. We have the kings and princes, the lords and peasants, in fact, if not in name. Monopolists, corporations, capitalists, workers for wages, have taken their places, and we are forced to admit that even universal suffrage cannot clothe and feed the world.

For thousands of years men have been talking about the great law of supply and demand—and insisting that in some way this mysterious law has governed and will continue to govern the activities of the human race. It is admitted that this law is merciless—that when the demand fails the producer, the laborer must suffer, must perish—that the law feels neither pity nor malice—it simply acts, regardless

of consequences. Under this law, capital will employ the cheapest. The single man can work for less than the married. Wife and children are luxuries not to be enjoyed under this law. The ignorant have fewer wants than the educated, and for this reason can afford to work for less. The great law will give employment to the single and to the ignorant in preference to the married and intelligent. The great law has nothing to do with food or clothes, with filth or crime. It cares nothing for homes, for penitentiaries, or asylums. It simply acts—and some men triumph, some succeed, some fail, and some perish.

Others insist that the curse of the world is monopoly. And yet, as long as some men are stronger than others, or more intelligent than others, they must be, to the extent of such advantage, monopolists. Every man of genius is a monopolist.

We are told that the great remedy against monopoly—that is to say, against extortion is free and unrestricted competition. But after all, the history of this world shows that the brutalities of competition are equaled only by those of monopoly. The successful competitor becomes a monopolist, and if competitors fail to destroy each other, the instinct of self-preservation suggests a combination. In other words, competition is a struggle between two or more persons or corporations for the purpose of determining which shall have the uninterrupted privilege of extortion. In this country the people have had the greatest reliance on competition. If a railway company charged too much, a rival road was built. As a matter of fact, we are indebted for half the railroads of the United States to the extortion of the other half, and the same may truthfully be said of telegraph lines. As a rule, while the exactions of monopoly constructed new roads and new lines, competition has either destroyed the weaker, or produced the pool which is a means of keeping both monopolies alive, or of

producing a new monopoly with greater needs, supplied by methods more heartless than the old. When a rival road is built the people support the rival because the fares and freights are somewhat less. Then the old and richer monopoly inaugurates war, and the people, glorying in the benefits of competition, are absurd enough to support the old. In a little while the new company, unable to maintain the contest, left by the people at the mercy of the stronger, goes to the wall, and the triumphant monopoly proceeds to make the intelligent people pay not only the old price, but enough in addition to make up for the expenses of the contest.

Is there any remedy for this? None, except with the people themselves. When the people become intelligent enough to support the rival at a reasonable price; when they know enough to allow both roads to live; when they are intelligent enough to recognize a friend and to stand by that friend as against a known enemy, this question will be at least on the edge of a solution. So far as I know, this course has never been pursued except in one instance, and that is in the present war between the Gould and Mackay cables. Fortunately, an exceedingly intelligent class of people does business by the cables. They are merchants, bankers and brokers, dealing with large amounts, with intricate, complicated and international questions. Of necessity, they are used to thinking for themselves. These people had intelligence enough to say, "The rival who stands between us and extortion is our friend, and our friend shall not be allowed to die." Does this not tend to show that people must depend upon themselves, and that some questions can be settled by the intelligence of those who buy, of those who use, and that customers are not entirely helpless?

Invention has filled the world with the competitors not only of laborers, but of mechanics—mechanics of the highest skill. Today the ordinary la-

borer is, for the most part, a cog in a wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops the man is out of employment—out of bread. He has not saved anything. The machine that he fed was not feeding him, was not working for him—the invention was not for his benefit. The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that in his judgment the Government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes after, I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes, that one of his machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that only the week before he had sold two to a great house in New York, and that over forty cutters had been discharged. On every side men are being discharged, and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down, the workers who inhabited it and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away, and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen, by the force of habit, gather about the closed doors and broken windows, and talk about distress, the price of food, and the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor created. They feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansion of the employer and think of the places where they live. They have saved nothing—nothing but themselves. The employer seems to have enough. Even when employers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were. Their worst is better than the toilers' best.

The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workingman that he must be economical—and yet, under the present system, economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand every saving, frugal, self-denying workingman is unconsciously doing what little he can to

reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away helped fasten chains on those who did. So the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day, that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his only hope—that and death?

Capital has always claimed and still claims the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determine upon prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in the bank, the clubhouse or parlor. Workingmen, when they combine, gather in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine, it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason." How is it that the rich control the departments of Government? In this country the political power is equally divided among men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, the legislative and judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are? A cry comes from the oppressed, from the hungry, from the downtrodden, from the unfortunate, from men who despair and from women who weep. There are times when mendicants become revolutionists—when a rag becomes a banner, under which the noblest and bravest battle for the right.

How are we to settle the unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machine finally go into partnership with the laborer? Can these forces of

nature be controlled for the benefit of her suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workers become intelligent enough and strong enough to be the owners of the machines? Will these giants, these Titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they give leisure to the industrious, or will they make the rich richer and the poor poorer? Is man involved in the "general scheme of things?" Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just; or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal and vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller trees. The strong animals devour the weak—everything eating something else—everything at the mercy of beak and claw, and hoof, and tooth—of hand and club, of brain and greed—inequality, injustice everywhere. The poor horse standing in the street with his dray, over-worked, over-whipped and under-fed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual socialistic reflections, and this same horse, worn-out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans his head on the topmost rail, looks at donkeys in a field of clover, and feels like a Nihilist.

In the days of savagery the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advance in science, the strong the cunning, the heartless still live on the weak, the unfortunate and foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their self-denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and child through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without ever having had one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow-men. The poor

woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow-men. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the number of failures, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow-man.

It is impossible for any man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No one can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellow-men are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, yet millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth?

Is there to be no change?

Are "the law of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be the enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites with crowns, and vampires with mitres, to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the

presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed imposter's hand? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to live? Will they finally say that the man who has equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force to succeed must have a thought behind it, and that anything done in order that it may endure must rest upon the cornerstone of justice?

#### CRINGING SUBSERVIENCY.

Faithful loyal service is one thing. Cringing subserviency is another. The manly, outspoken independent railway employé, who faithfully and loyally performs his whole duty to his company, and yet has the courage and the manhood to do his whole duty by himself, his associates and mankind, in boldly protesting against every wrong and injustice, is an honor to the railway service and one of nature's noblest noblemen. The cringing, servile, slavish coward and sneak, who always rides with those in authority, right or wrong, is one of the most dispicable of all created things. He is the tool and oppressor, and becomes the ready instrument for the infliction of cruelty and injustice. He is the curse, the blight and disgrace of the railway service. Whenever there are weak, vain, foolish or tyrannical and cruel officers to govern, there be sure you will find this cringing, subordinate tell-tale sneak and coward, to breed discord and mischief.

There are men and there are things created in the image of man. The miserable, abject scoundrel, whose success in life, of whatever degree it may be, is won, by eternally cringing to those in authority, utterly regardless of right and justice, if fortunately for him, the villainous lines too plainly

written upon his face, shall not ever defer him from a just claim to "the image of man," may be said to belong to the latter class. This contemptible, cringing sneak, as we have said, is the shame and disgrace of the railway service. He obtains a foothold here he does not elsewhere enjoy, owing to the position he receives from weak-minded officers, who cannot distinguish between true merit and manly independence on the one hand, and slavish, cringing subserviency on the other; and also from cruel and tyrannical officers who find in him a convenient instrument with which to forge all the more strongly the chains of their despotism.

Better be the humblest employé in railway service with a free soul and free thoughts, faithfully preferring your duty to your God, your company and yourself, than the most pampered pet of all miserable, cowardly slaves and sneaks who have risen to apparent fortune through cringing subserviency. Better to be a man enjoying the esteem and respect of your fellow men than the cringing, subservient, unclean thing, clothed in purple and fine linen. Better to eat honest bread of poverty, than to live upon the fat of the land, if won at the expense of honor, manhood and decency. — *Wood's Official Railway Guide.*

#### THE PHONOPORE.

There seems to be no end to the marvels of electrical science. We have long known that, inexplicable as it seemed, messages could be sent through a wire in opposite directions at the same moment. But now we have Mr. Langdon Davies utilizing for telegraph purposes a form of electrical force which can be separated altogether from the ordinary electric current, and which can pass freely through insulators impassable by currents. The new instrument, termed a phonopore, can be attached to any ordinary telegraph line, as was done a day or two back in the case of a line from London bridge to Folkestone. The result was that it was

possible to send a phonoporic message over the heads, as it were, of the usual operators, who could continue all the time to work the line from either end, or at any intermediate point, and in both directions. Moreover, when the line at either end was disconnected, so that there was no closed circuit, and telegraphic messages were therefore entirely impossible, the phonopore worked as successfully as ever. — *St. James Gazette.*

#### RAILROADS NOT NECESSARILY UGLY.

Why people fancy that a railroad must necessarily be an ugly object I never have discovered. There are railroads and railroads; a long, straight, raised embankment in a flat country is ugly; but a railroad in a mountainous country adds an additional charm to the view. Few things are more beautiful than a brick viaduct across a valley, unless it be the line of steam which issues from a locomotive and hangs in graceful curves along a hillside. Why they are deemed objectionable by aesthetes, poets, and such-like persons is because they are associated with that utilitarianism which is hateful to their mooring, unpractical minds. — *London Truth.*

#### FUN IN A DRUG STORE.

Scene: Night in a drug store and no one there.

Suddenly a voice sang out from a shelf. "Hey, Rube!"

"Who do you call Rube?" asked a surly voice near by.

"Rhubarb, of course. That's your name, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you want?" growled Rhubarb, "and who are you?"

"I'm Cal."

"Cal?"

"Yes, Calomel. Ain't it a little dull around here?"

"Keep quiet," said a Truss hanging on a nail.

"Been on a bust lately?" asked Calomel, which was as serious a breach of

good manners as was ever heard in a drug store.

Congress Water said they acted as if they had been across the street and Cinnamon, Vichy ought to have done.

"Who is giving us all of that Sheliac?" said as Varnish Brush, bristling up. "Dry up, or I'll let Tooth Paste you on the nose."

"Boys, what'll you drink?" asked a Sponge hanging over the mineral-water counter in a loud voice Soda all could hear.

"You Aloes something at this bar, and you gets no more until you settle," said the Bitters Bottle.

"I'm an all-Nitre, I am," cried a sweetish voice.

"You don't any of you get a drink unless Pepsin!" shouted one who had heretofore been trying to digest what was going on.

"Sherry his nibs." cried Cognac, this thing is worse than an emetic."

"It vos all right," exclaimed a box of German pills; "a leedle fun vill Nix Vomica man."

"Bis-muth be attended to some time," lisped Pearl Powder.

"Come, now, let's shake for the cigars," said a Fever'n Ague cure.

"Make it for the drinks and In(d)go, too," said a fellow on the shelf who seemed very blue.

Then Cigar Stand remarked that it was his treat, and they could Havana cigar they wanted and not give up a cent.

Bergamot remarked that if he didn't have to give up a cent it was the first time such a thing had happened, which was a pretty good mot for Bergy.

A bottle with a picture of a polar bear on the label said it was hard to stand by and Hair Oil those bad puns without getting in a word.

"Come Brush up your wits, then, said Pomatum, "and see how it a-grease with you." At this point lunch was announced. Among the delicacies were Strawberries and Cream of Tartar, Stomach Ache and Sirup of Squills, fried liver with or without a pud, etc.

Sulph ate of Sinc until he was almost finished and Iodide of Potash.—*Siftings*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE most dangerous surplus is the surplus of statesmen.—*Puck*.

SILENCE never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

ANY one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.—*Sterne*.

ON Feb. 28 forty-three inches of snow lay on the level in the Yosemite Valley, and the snowfall for winter had been 107 inches.

It takes the first thirty years of a man's life to find out that it isn't the man with the shiniest hat who draws the biggest check.—*Philadelphia Call*.

TAKING undue advantage of a man unfortunately situated is just what the highway robber is guilty of, and yet thousands of men who claim to be honest adopt this plan in their business transactions.—*Common People*.

HE that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—*Bacon*.

BOOTH took \$21,000 from Cincinnati during his last professional stay there. Give the average Cincinnati Shakspeare at night and sausages in the morning, and his life clouds are lined with silver of dazzling whiteness.—*Puck*.

WHAT makes all savage communities poor and feeble? The same cause which prevented the lions and tigers from long ago extirpating the race of men—incapacity of coöperation. All combination is compromise. It is the sacrifice of some portion of individual will for a common purpose.—*John Stuart Mill*.



TO BE ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our nature is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things we court.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

At a recent wedding in New York the bride wore a dress more than a century old. It was made for her maternal great-grandmother in 1778 and worn at her wedding when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and General Washington and his staff were present as guests. It was worn the second time by the bride's mother forty-five years ago.

WE imagine that very few people think that a quarter of a dollar can be changed 215 different ways. The pieces used in making the changes are the twenty-cent piece, ten-cent piece, five-cent piece, three-cent piece, two-cent piece and one-cent piece. To be able to make all the changes would require one twenty-cent piece, two ten-cent pieces, five five-cent pieces, eight three-cent pieces, twelve two-cent pieces, and twenty-five one-cent pieces, making in all fifty-three pieces of money, representing \$1.38.—*Philadelphia Agents' Herald.*

THE walls of a sickroom should be finished in plain, subdued color, instead of papered in fancy patterns, as patients are liable to be rendered irritable and sleepless by prolonged mental perturbation induced by vain efforts to trace problems or in counting combinations. A case of temporary insanity is reported as occasioned by a morbid disposition to solve the possible combinations into squares of certain figures on the wallpaper of a patient's room, as his mutterings implied, which ceased at once when he was removed to a room with plain walls.

WE are told of a strange clock that is said to have belonged to a Hindoo prince. A large gong was hung on poles near the dial, and all about upon the ground lay a pile of artificial human

heads, ribs, legs and arms. The whole number of bones in the pile was equal to the number of bones in twelve perfect bodies, but the pile appeared to have been thrown together in the greatest confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of 1 out from the pile crawled first the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with quick click, and when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When 2 o'clock came two arose and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another his blow, making twelve in all, then returning fell to pieces as before.

## Are You Going to New Orleans or Florida?

If so you can go via the MOXON ROUTE via Louisville or Cincinnati, and see the Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Blount Springs, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and the Gulf coast for the same money that will take you through the dreary uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select a line to the South enjoying half the advantages that are possessed by the MOXON ROUTE and its Southern connections.

No one should think of going South without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this world-famous wonder, that it is impossible to say anything new in regard to it—it cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest natural curiosity—Niagara not excepted—and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottos must either be a fool or a demigod. From Mobile to New Orleans (141 miles) the ride along the Gulf coast is alone worth the entire cost of the whole trip. In full sight of the Gulf all the way, past Ocean Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, and Beauvoir, the home of Jeff Davis.

When you decide to go South make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the MOXON ROUTE, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville and the Cincinnati Southern Railways, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches, double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full information, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address E. O. MCCORMICK, General Northern Passenger Agent, Monon Route, 73 Clark street, or WM. S. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent, 183 Dearborn street, Chicago.

## GRAND LODGE

## Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association

OF NORTH AMERICA.

## April Assessment Notice.

NOS. 23 AND 24.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 1, 1887.

*To Subordinate Lodges :*

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS, — You are hereby notified of the following claims :

No.	NAME.	No. OF LODGE.	CLAIM.	DATE.	CAUSE.
23	John Quinn.....	4	Death.	March.	Run over and killed.
24	E. M. Yerrick.....	5	Disability.	October 6.	Lost foot in a crossing rail.

The amount of seventy-five cents is due on the above two assessments. A strict compliance with the Constitution and By-Laws is earnestly requested.

I am fraternally yours,

WALTER S. CONDON,  
Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

**GRAND LODGE.****OFFICERS.**

James L. Monaghan.....	Grand Master.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
Alexander Ewart.....	Vice Grand Master.
Milwaukee, Wis.	
John W. Drury.....	Grand Organizer and Instructor.
3633 Wentworth av., Chicago, Ill.	
Walter S. Condon.....	Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 19, 164 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.	
<b>BOARD OF DIRECTORS.</b>	
James A. Kelly.....	Chicago, Ill.
W. A. Simsrott.....	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas F. White.....	Chicago, Ill.
D. N. Collins.....	Detroit, Mich.
John T. Hurley.....	Omaha, Neb.

**SUBORDINATE LODGES.****1. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at Plasterer's Hall, cor. Lake and LaSalle sts.	
James L. Monaghan.....	Master
Thomas F. White.....	Vice Master
M. C. O'Connell.....	Recording Secretary.
330 Walnut st.	
William A. Simsrott.....	Financial Secretary
5438 School street.	
John Downey.....	Treasurer

**2. ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 4th Sundays, at cor. Nineteenth st. and Second av., third floor.	
J. L. Heyer.....	Master
A. A. Rogers.....	Vice Master
Thomas Christopher.....	Recording Secretary
2408 Sixth avenue.	
Thomas Pender.....	Financial Secretary
Frank Weigand.....	Treasurer

**3. JOLIET, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at 122 Jefferson st., third floor, over Joliet City Bank.	
Byron K. Pierce.....	Master
Edward Whitney.....	Vice Master
W. R. Davison.....	Recording Secretary
P. O. Box 937.	
John F. Boles.....	Financial Secretary
John H. Clark.....	Treasurer

**4. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings, at Forest- ers' Hall, West Ninth st.	
J. W. Larkin.....	Master
Charles Greig.....	Vice Master
James Manning.....	Recording Secretary
Argentine, Kas.	
G. R. Carson.....	Financial Secretary
John B. Snyder.....	Treasurer
J. W. Cullen.....	Journal Agent

**5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, at cor. Reed and Lake sts.	
William Murray.....	Master
Benjamin Zwick.....	Vice Master
Christ Freese.....	Recording Secretary
549 Scott st.	
F. W. Archibald.....	Financial Secretary
Mat. L. Johann.....	Treasurer

**6. BURLINGTON, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at the A. O. of U. W. hall, Fifth and Jefferson sts.	
William Nevius.....	Master
Wm. N. Darr.....	Vice Master
William Owens.....	Recording Secretary
1121 South Main st.	
I. N. Ream.....	Financial Secretary
George C. Miller.....	Treasurer
Joseph Gantz.....	Journal Agent

**7. OTTUMWA, IOWA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday evenings in each month, at Druids Hall, cor. Green and Main sts.	
G. F. Andrews.....	Master
Geo. Danforth.....	Vice Master
W. A. Brown.....	Recording Secretary
South Union st.	
J. B. Crites.....	Financial Secretary
W. A. Brown.....	Treasurer

**8. TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sundays, at A. O. U. W. hall, 186 Kansas av.	
L. G. Hammond.....	Master
J. C. Eversoll.....	Vice Master
H. D. Fuller.....	Recording Secretary
79 Adams st.	
P. J. Sweeney.....	Financial Secretary
John Nelson.....	Treasurer

**9. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.**

Meets at McJuerny's Hall, cor. Sixth and An- gelique sts.	
Charles Chowning.....	Master
James T. Main.....	Vice Master
William McNichols.....	Recording Secretary
513 Mitchell av.	
Joseph Smith.....	Financial Secretary
Michael Fitzgerald.....	Treasurer

**10. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

Meets second and last Sunday evenings in the month.	
John Mahoney.....	Master
James Coleman.....	Vice Master
James H. Rogers.....	Recording Secretary
609 Shawnee st.	
Charles R. Parish.....	Financial Secretary
James Melvin.....	Treasurer

**11. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

P. H. Meehan.....	Master
John P. Mavahill.....	Vice Master
G. M. Palmer.....	Recording Secretary
1418 S. Fifth st.	
Josiah Henry.....	Financial Secretary
William Hay.....	Treasurer

**12. CLINTON, IOWA.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. of L. E. hall, Fourth st.	
W. O. Raymond.....	Master
Robert C. Swails.....	Vice Master
W. F. Williams.....	Recording Secretary
905 Third st.	
W. H. Schmitz.....	Financial Secretary
Thomas H. Kilduff.....	Treasurer

**13. DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**

David Collins.....	Master
Thomas F. Lynch.....	Vice Master
D. P. Smith.....	Recording Secretary
Detroit Junction.	
George J. Best.....	Financial Secretary
M. J. Curran.....	Treasurer

**14. TOLEDO, OHIO.**

Eugene Sullivan.....	Master
E. B. Lewis.....	Vice Master
Wm. A. Parks.....	Recording Secretary
161 Oliver st.	
Patrick O'Shea.....	Financial Secretary
J. H. Winslow.....	Treasurer

**15. DENVER, COLORADO.**

Meets first and third Sundays in each month at Red Men's hall, cor. 17th and Larnier sts.	
Edwin Smith.....	Master
Richard Burns.....	Vice Master
J. R. Murphy.....	Recording Secretary
Sherman House, 19th st.	
J. J. Fishbaugh.....	Financial Secretary
J. J. Fishbaugh.....	Treasurer
J. J. Condon.....	Journal Agent

**16. ATCHISON, KANSAS.**

Meets second and fourth Sundays, at B. L. F. hall, corner Third and Commercial sts.  
 Joseph J. McGee..... Master  
 J. E. Enright..... Vice Master  
 Henry P. Ming..... Recording Secretary  
 1400 Main st.  
 H. P. Ming..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Danforth..... Treasurer

**17. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.**

W. F. Wilson..... Master  
 Henry Lafrantz..... Vice Master  
 W. F. Wilson..... Recording Secretary  
 17 South Fourth Street.  
 J. E. Tobias..... Financial Secretary  
 G. H. Rohrbach..... Treasurer  
 W. E. Burns..... Journal Agent

**18. QUINCY, ILLINOIS.**

A. C. Joseph..... Master  
 James F. Gaffney..... Vice Master  
 J. F. Coughlin..... Recording Secretary  
 212 Spring st.  
 N. L. Stewart..... Financial Secretary  
 P. Hines..... Treasurer

**19. FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

Meets first and third Thursdays, at 27 Calhoun street.  
 W. W. Wilder..... Master  
 John Kelly..... Vice Master  
 Ed. Morris..... Recording Secretary  
 21 Pine st.  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Financial Secretary  
 L. S. Brockeman..... Treasurer

**20. SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.**

W. A. Stetson..... Master  
 Henry McDaniel..... Vice Master  
 T. B. Curran..... Recording Secretary  
 Savanna, Carroll Co., Ill.  
 Thomas Curran..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles Robinson..... Treasurer

**21. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday nights in each month in When Block, North Penn st.  
 Wm. Broderick..... Master  
 Edwin Manzy..... Vice Master  
 J. F. David..... Recording Secretary  
 131 Huron st.  
 W. H. Willis..... Financial Secretary  
 J. L. Cravens..... Treasurer  
 W. J. Blizzard..... Journal Agent

**22. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

Henry Spiers..... Master  
 A. B. Clark..... Vice Master  
 Barty Kenney..... Recording Secretary  
 601 Lozell st.  
 James Taylor..... Financial Secretary  
 J. H. B. Chamberlain..... Treasurer

**23. CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

Meets second Sunday afternoon in the month at 1 p.m., and last Sunday in month at 8 p.m.  
 P. J. McManus..... Master  
 Jacob M. McFarlin..... Vice Master  
 James H. O'Brien..... Recording Secretary  
 33½ Phelps st.  
 J. W. Reed..... Financial Secretary  
 H. A. Heller..... Treasurer

**24. EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.**

Thomas Bowles..... Master  
 J. J. Keabler..... Vice Master  
 James A. Ward..... Recording Secretary  
 805 North Fourth st.  
 John A. Anderson..... Financial Secretary  
 Corey Nesbitt..... Treasurer  
 S. Wightman..... Journal Agent

**25. PEORIA, ILLINOIS.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons in the month at 2:30 p. m., at A. O. U. W. hall, Main st.  
 Pat C. Ryan..... Master  
 J. M. Davis..... Vice Master  
 James S. Lee..... Recording Secretary  
 230 Eaton st.  
 Fred Heath..... Financial Secretary  
 Frank Brown..... Treasurer  
 J. M. Davis..... Journal Agent

**26. CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

Meets every Sunday afternoon at Anderson's hall, 192 W. Fifth st.  
 Richard Ryan..... Master  
 Joseph A. Wallace..... Vice Master  
 Wm. Schachleiter..... Recording Secretary  
 196 Betts st.  
 Wm. Barrett..... Financial Secretary  
 Jacob Bressler..... Treasurer  
 Wm. Schachleiter..... Journal Agent

**27. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.**

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at Fireman's hall, corner Second and Adams streets.  
 John K. Black..... Master  
 Wm. M. Singleton..... Vice Master  
 E. W. Walsh..... Recording Secretary  
 Garvey P. O., Arkansas.  
 J. S. Warren..... Financial Secretary  
 James Hunter..... Treasurer  
 J. K. Black..... Journal Agent

**28. DULUTH, MINNESOTA.**

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings in each month.  
 Henry Stang..... Master  
 Henry Gephart..... Vice Master  
 E. E. Johnson..... Recording Secretary  
 518 Superior street, East.  
 Frank Maxfield..... Financial Secretary  
 Charles L. Avery..... Treasurer  
 George Penman..... Journal Agent

**29. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.**

John M. Corbin..... Master  
 E. E. Hodgkin..... Vice Master  
 J. A. Long..... Recording Secretary  
 Lincoln, Neb.  
 P. W. Pigott..... Financial Secretary  
 ..... Treasurer  
 P. W. Pigott..... Journal Agent

**30. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.**

Frank Sweeney..... Master  
 Henry Falls..... Vice Master  
 J. G. Donovan..... Recording Secretary  
 11 Second st., N.  
 J. F. Smith..... Financial Secretary  
 J. P. Lantry..... Treasurer  
 J. E. Sullivan..... Journal Agent

**31. CRESTON, IOWA.**

P. F. O'Garra..... Master  
 A. A. Simpson..... Vice Master  
 D. F. Toomey..... Recording Secretary  
 505 Maple st.  
 J. M. Eckert..... Financial Secretary  
 G. S. Hobbs..... Treasurer  
 E. E. Harner..... Journal Agent

**32. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.**

Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month, at G. A. R. hall, 183 E. Sixteenth st.  
 Daniel Coughlin..... Master  
 P. W. Hishon..... Vice Master  
 Frank Hull..... Recording Secretary  
 222 Chestnut st.  
 J. W. Morrison..... Financial Secretary  
 George McCann..... Treasurer  
 Frank Dixon..... Journal Agent

**33. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.**

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays in the month at G.  
 A. R. hall, between Nos. 14 and 16 Pearl st.  
 J. T. Hurley.....Master  
 W. H. Kelley.....Vice Master  
 Charles M. Hobbs.....Recording Secretary  
 1008 Fourth ave.  
 J. W. Jacobs.....Financial Secretary  
 Elmer Pratt.....Treasurer  
 Richard O'Brien.....Journal Agent

**34. JAS. L. MONAGHAN,**

Michigan City, Indiana.

E. D. Nichols.....Master  
 T. Phalen.....Vice Master  
 G. W. Weaver.....Recording Secretary  
 Michigan City, Ind.  
 John Hurd.....Financial Secretary  
 A. F. Schrum.....Treasurer  
 E. D. Nichols.....Journal Agent

**35. TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at  
 corner Queen and Cameron sts.  
 James B. Johnston.....Master  
 Joseph Wode.....Vice Master  
 Henry Collyer.....Recording Secretary  
 36 Turner avenue.  
 J. F. Goedike.....Financial Secretary  
 R. J. Elward.....Treasurer  
 Wm. R. Walker.....Journal Agent

**36. JOHN W. DRURY.**

Town of Lake, Illinois.

J. W. Callahan.....Master  
 James D. Correll.....Vice Master  
 George W. Clark.....Recording Secretary  
 5135 Atlantic street.  
 Thomas Winn.....Financial Secretary  
 Jerry Travis.....Treasurer  
 M. J. Keegan.....Journal Agent

**37. ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.**

C. W. Sargent.....Master  
 F. J. Galler.....Vice Master  
 J. R. Doy.....Recording Secretary  
 1430 Poplar street.  
 J. E. Shellenburg.....Financial Secretary  
 Henry J. Dailey.....Treasurer

**38. LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.**

P. H. Roller.....Master  
 Fred Base.....Vice Master  
 J. C. Noonan.....Recording Secretary  
 New Albany, Indiana.  
 John Farrell.....Financial Secretary  
 Z. Shaw.....Treasurer

**39. JOHN M. HANNAN,**

Buffalo, New York.

John A. Murray.....Master  
 William J. Smith.....Vice Master  
 William Harris.....Recording Secretary  
 257 Maokinaw st.  
 M. J. Kennedy.....Financial Secretary  
 John Sheay.....Journal Agent

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1. J. H. McCarroll, for non-payment of dues.
18. John Moore, for defrauding the Lodge.

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5th. A protection for machinists, who are brought under the magnetic influence caused by running machinery, belts, etc.

6th. Protection for breaking main-springs, caused by the so-called electric storms, or magnetic influences of the atmosphere.

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This Anti-Magnetic Shield in a new dust-proof case, made together, costs but little if any more than an ordinary case of same size; but to fit it into another case costs from \$5 to \$25, complicated works costing the most.

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